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GARDNER W. ALLEN.

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9′-51″

—*OR*—

THE JAMESTOWN'S HORIZON.

—*A*—

WEEKLY RECORD OF A CRUISE

AROUND CAPE HORN

—*IN A*—

MAN OF WAR.

BLOW THE HORN—SOUND THE ASSEMBLY.

1882.
CHAS. MEAD & SON, PRINTERS,
GOSHEN, N. Y.

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GIFT OF
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... 1916

EDITORS.

LIEUTENANT JACOB W. MILLER,
MIDSHIPMAN CHARLES H. HARLOW,
U. S. Navy.

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Vol. I. Saturday, March 11, 1882. No. 1.

LOG.

Left San Francisco...............March 3d, 6:40 A. M.
Greatest run in 24 hours.......................225'.0'
Least run in 24 hours...........................120'
Latitude N..................................14° 08'
Longitude W...............................119° 20'
Average for week...........................186'.5
Run to date.................................1480'

Weather generally fair with winds shifting from N. N. W. to E. N. E.

SALUTATORY.

The editor in the humblest village of the United States taps the telegraph wire, receives his mail daily, and gleans therefrom ample information to fill his weekly paper.—Shut off from all outside knowledge of the world's doings, we are compelled, unlike our brethren on shore, to look inward for great events. Such, no doubt, exist in the fertile brains of our subscribers. Wit is rampant hard by our editorial sanctum; we hear it in the laughter of the half deck—humor is wafted toward us in a combination of trade wind and "Lone Jack"—imagination falls gently upon us with the murmurings of the *first watch* yarn—the love light in the dreamy eye, gazing at windward sheen, is replete with poetry.

Conscious of his own shortcomings—knowing his own scanty stock in trade—the editor, therefore, looks to his

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numerous patrons to evolve and to fabricate, to let their gigantic intellects have full play in the realms of fancy, that 9′ 51″ may be worthy of the ship in which we serve.

Such a course will result in great latitude of subject, and the paper will assist in eliminating any prognosticated "mean time" and unnecessary "hourly differences."

SHIPS' LOGS.

Ships' logs are classified under two heads; namely, indicators and registers; each of which has a definite use. A speed indicator is principally useful in showing changes of speed due to any cause, such as the making and taking in of sail or the bracing of yards; but a register, as its name implies, registers distances run. Each of these instruments, however, may be put to a different usage, as for example, the distance run during an hour may be found approximately by taking the indicated speed at short intervals of time by an indicator; also the speed per hour at any instant may be estimated by noting the time of running one mile, by means of a register. The first log of which there is any authentic history is the log chip and line. This is a speed indicator, and strange to say it has been but slightly improved in centuries, and still it is considered a check on all other logs, and the writer must confess that he does not see how its use can be altogether discontinued. It is open to the following objections, namely: The difficulty of keeping the log chip stationary in the water, the change in the length of the line when wet and dry, the personal error of paying it out, often amounting to one-half a knot, the error due to the dampness of the sand in the glass, and of turning it in an upright position at the uncertain order "turn," also of stopping the line from running out, instantly, at the word "up." The attempts of most inventors have been

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to indicate the speed from moment to moment by simple inspection, without the trouble of "heaving the log."—From a cursory glance at American and foreign patents, I should think a hundred inventions might cover this class. The following are the most important principles used in their construction: First, Pressure per square inch on a certain surface towed through the water. Of this kind we have the Clark-Russell spring log, consisting of an ordinary log chip towed astern by means of a line led to the taffrail of the vessel; attached to the inboard end of the line is an ordinary spring balance, upon the index dial of which the amount of pull for the speed is shown. The greatest objection to this log is, that not only the pressure on the chip but also the pressure due to the wetted surface of the line is indicated, and the latter varies with the irregularity of the waves. This causes fluctuations which are still further increased by the jumping of the chip out of the water. The next class of logs is dependent upon the percussion of water due to its velocity. The log consists of a tube passed down vertically through the bottom of a vessel near the keel, the open end of it being bent forward and at right angles. This is the percussion log, and is an adaptation of Pitop's tube for measuring the velocity of a stream. It would seem a simple and beautiful device, but it is open to no less than four serious objections, some of which enter into logs to be mentioned hereafter: First. A vessel always carries along with it and in the same direction, a large body of water due to skin resistance, or friction of the particles of water on its sides. This renders it necessary to extend the tube underneath and to an impracticable distance from the bottom. Second. Every time the ship rolls the end of the tube is carried to different depths, the column of water and consequently the pressure varying with every roll.—Third. At speeds above eight knots the distances on the

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scale become so small that the use of a magnifying glass is rendered necessary in order to read the speeds. Fourth. There is the practical objection of having to dock the vessel in order to attach the instrument, and of those on board being unable to clear it when it becomes fouled.—The next device is similar in principle to the Clark-Russell spring log, but it is attached to a vessel. It consists of an ordinary cylinder passed through the bow of a ship and having a close-fitting piston, to the piston rod of which is secured a spring and dial, the speed corresponding to the pressure being indicated by the index. The objections to this instrument are, the varying total pressure on the piston, due to change of its projected area to forward motion when the vessel pitches. There are numerous eddies surrounding it, and it is impracticable to apply and clear; besides which, the index is not near the eye of the officer of the deck. To this same class of logs belong the vane indicators, that is, vanes placed under the bottom of the vessel and inclined to the vertical longitudinal plane passing through the keel. The amount of torsional deflection indicated on a spring scale attached to a rod passing through the bottom of the ship, shows the speed. These logs are open to the objections of the preceding, or bow pressure log; also of skin resistance; and they are greatly affected by rolling. The principle of the next class of logs is vacuum, which may be produced in two different ways. The first way is by reversing the tube of the percussion log, or bending the end away from the line of motion of the vessel, or toward her stern. The vacuum is produced by exhaustion of water from the tube, such vacuum ceasing when the water is totally exhausted; that is, if we have the end of the tube immersed ten feet, only ten inches of vacuum can be formed. If it were not for this fact, we could bow the end of a rubber tube astern or alongside and indicate the

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speed. But we are unable to keep the end of the tube at a fixed distance from the surface of the water, as it rises at high speed; consequently, we cannot produce the vacuum corresponding to the speed. The inverted vacuum tube has all the objections of the percussion log, except those of fouling, and small diversions on the scale. The next vacuum instrument is that of Bernouilli, who discovered that in a cylindrical adjutage, or mouth-piece, when water flowed through it, a vacuum was formed at a point distant about half the diameter of the tube from its entrance; and it made no difference whether the mouth-piece was stationary and the water flowed through it, or the water stationary and the instrument movable. It has also been found that the vacuum is still further increased by making the tube of a shape to conform to the natural flow of water (not unlike a speaking trumpet), the vacuum being formed at the most contracted part. This instrument attached to a vessel would be worthless, as it would be affected by the moving body of water, due to skin resistance; it would be affected by rolling and pitching, and it would also be difficult to clear when fouled. The log devised by the writer was intended to meet these objections. The advantages of vacuum were plainly seen in the increased readings on the scale. Twenty-eight inches has been obtained for twelve knots; but this scale can be reduced by changing the dimensions of the Bernouilli vacuum instrument. The long gum tube by which it is towed astern or alongside, places the instrument at such a distance from the vessel as to be unaffected by skin resistance, and it is but slightly affected by rolling and pitching. Rigged out and alongside it can be seen by the officer of the deck, who can have it hauled in and cleared when fouled. Any number of spring or mercurial gauges can be placed anywhere on the ship, and together with the log chip as a check, the distance run

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during an hour can be estimated very closely. There are many complex devices, a description of which would take up too much space in a paper of this kind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAY OF THE PORTSMOUTH,

As related by the Sole Survivor to his long suffering Messmates on the Jamestown.

Come all you fellows if you wish to hear a truthful lay,
About a cruise that's not been made for many and many a day;
From San Francisco, 'round the Horn', the good ship Portsmouth sailed,
A thing which many ships have tried—most every one has failed.

For I've been told by sailors old that since they've been to sea,
The ships that 've doubled old Cape Horn, they number but just three;
It must be so, they say it is, and it I do believe,
For I've never known a sailor, in such matters, to deceive.

And if you wish at any time for information true,
About the sea or foreign lands, I'll tell you what to do;
Just ask a sailor, d——n the books, they're only made to sell—
That's been my plan, it's made my name—you see it's answered well.

The "Portsmouth" was as fine a ship as ever sailed the sea,
Her hull, her spars, her model too, he would most foolish be
Who could desire more perfect, the champion of her kind;
Talk of your yachts and steamer boats—she'd leave them all behind.

We had on board six officers, a captain and a crew,
Of fourteen (with the ship's cook) and most of them were new;
If I had not ta'en charge myself when sudden squalls did knock her,
We would all be, this moment now, in Davy Jones' locker.

The first day out, I plainly saw—indeed before 'twas morn,
The others knew just nothing about going 'round the Horn';
And of the currents, tides and winds of the Pacific Ocean,
(Except from books and such like trash) they had, in short, no notion.

To sail the ship they knew not how, not even of her trim;
So to the skipper thus I spoke, "Cap'in," says I to him,
"If charge you'll give me of the ship, you'll see how well it pays,
I'll take you 'round the Horn and up in forty-seven days."

The Captain being a man of sense, soon saw that I was right;
Thus spoke he to his officers, indeed before 'twas night,
"For information you may want while this ship is at sea,
You hear my *order*, send at once for Ensign Wm. B——."

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"For though he's not been long at sea, yet still he knows a heap
Of tides, and winds, and calms, and squalls, things of this nasty deep
Which he don't know are not worth knowing, a thorough sailor, and
In fear or doubt, just go to *him*, for he will have command."

By following my advice we reached the "line" in seven days:
We skipped by squalls, we dodged the calms in scientific ways:
We of the "Doldrum" had no fear, for from my sailor lore,
I gave the Captain many points he'd never known before.

We reached the Horn in thirteen days. The sea was very rough:
The rest were scared and went below—declared they'd had enough;
Left *me* on deck alone, but cool; *I* was not scared, not *I*;
Lashed to the mast I swore the Cape I'd double or I'd die.

Under bare poles we flew along before the furious gale;
We made just thirty knots an hour without a stitch of sail;
'Twas just one week before, indeed, again we saw the sun:
For three long days I'd naught to eat—but duty must be done.

And when th' Atlantic we had reached, t'was four-and-twenty days,
Before we reached the Chesapeake—and that without delays.
And by my skill and seamanship I brought her safely through,
A thing I'm sure, I'm *very* sure, no other man could do.

But jealous of me without cause, soon all my messmates grew;
They said that when I talked the 'Horn,' I said what was not true;
I talked because I liked to hear my own melodious voice;
I never let *facts* spoil a yarn when'er I had the choice.

So now I've told you all, my boys, about this famous cruise;
And what a stir it made at home! and how all wished the news
Of how we did it. All declared it could no other be
That took her round, than that smart man.

Yours truly, WM. B.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Again around the festal board,
  Messmates, we meet to-night,
To drink the health of those at home,
  So far, alas! from sight.

Though far beneath the Northern skies,
  We've left them all behind,
Yet still, as we sail o'er the seas,
  They're constantly in mind.

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And those who have no sweetheart fair,
Or wife, or children dear,
Unite with us to wish good luck
To those so far from here.

As our good ship her way doth hold
Across the Southern main,
Right sure are we 'fore many weeks
We'll see our friends again.

And when secure, our voyage o'er,
We're anchored safe at last,
We'll think no more of times gone by,
Nor talk of things long past.

But snugly round the fireside drawn,
With wife or sweetheart near,
We'll then the old, old tale repeat
In each kind listening ear.

Then, shipmates, fill your glasses up
With sparkling wine and bright,
And drink the sailor's loving toast,
"Sweethearts and wives," to-night.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

True and primitive happiness can only be found in the steerages.

DEFINITIONS.

Commander-in-Chief.—The title given to the officer commanding a fleet. Since the introduction of ocean telegraphs, the duties usually devolving upon him are performed in Washington.

Dead Horse.—A species of the genus Hippo, known only to marines. First named by a Midshipman in the *Minerva* frigate, one of the Grecian fleet at the seige of Troy, who having had his horse killed under him during one of the sorties of the defenders, was rewarded for his bravery by having the price of his fiery steed checked against his account by the Fourth Auditor of Achilles'

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treasury. The long service required for his pay to cancel the indebtedness he called "working off his dead horse."

TO BE SUNG WITH SLOW MUSIC.

> An around the Horn young man,
> A three months' advance young man,
> A tailor defying,
> From creditors flying,
> A five months at sea young man.

Which ditty suggests the question:

How much *patience* is required to perfect the speed indicator?

LOST!!!!—Eighteen (18) ward room arm-chairs.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Afternoon teas now in vogue—rivalry among the caterers—weekly, also daily and *weakly*.

Straw hats of all descriptions, and cheap socks of all colors, bedeck the extremities of our younger officers.

The undershirt question is too thin for us to discuss.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S. S.—With thirteen trumps, lead from your shortest suit.

C. H. H.—Certainly, it is the nature of the fish to jump out of the water. They do it on *porpoise*.

G. W. P.—*Cheval* is not the French for shovel.

J. W. M.—The key of the chronometer box should be hand at 11:55 p. m.

COINCIDENCE, 7 A. M., 11TH—Reading of patent log, 1441; Latitude, 14° 41′.

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Vol. I. Saturday, March 18, 1882. No. 2.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours........................180′
Least run in 24 hours............................85′
Latitude S.......................................1° 29′
Longitude W..............................123° 35′
Average run for week..........................148′.6
Run to date.....................................2561′

Weather clear and pleasant, E'ly to S. E'ly winds.—Light airs at the Line.

Crossed the Equator at 8 A. M., March 17th, in West Longitude 122° 30′.

Many criticisms, both adverse and favorable, have been received at the office of 9′ 51″ upon the name selected for this paper, and our mail contains one solution of the mysterious heading. In selecting a title we were governed by the following considerations: First, that the journal should look at all matters from an *elevated* point of view. Second, that its position should be such that it would be able to have a wider range of horizon, and thus be capable of observing the various doings of our little world, free from the *refracting* influence of a too close *contact*. Third, that it is naturally the province of marine journalism to *dip* as much as possible into the vast sea of thought, and to look beyond the range of ordinary mortals around the world of letters, science, and art. These reasons seem to us sufficiently good to continue the issue of this paper under the title, "9′ 51″." [See Bowd., p. 88.]

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The impersonal editor desires to express his obligations to his appreciative constituency for the ample support given to his enterprise, and he particularly wishes that his numerous contributors would consider themselves in receipt of his best thanks for their kindness in so liberally filling his contribution box.

Telephonic, and all other connection, having been broken, we are at a loss to know what other editors are discussing. It is then, again, to the imagination of our readers that we must appeal. We ask them to go on deck during the first watches of the charming nights with which we are favored, and gazing up into the empyrean, there gather fresh inspiration for the tasks of the days to come. No longer is the Beacon Star, Polaris, of any use to us; the Little Bear has sunk beneath the Northern horizon, and bidding farewell to the Hyperborean constellations, we turn our faces toward the Austral Cross, shining in all its beauty in the new skies under which we sail; our eyes are alert to catch a sight of Magellan's Clouds, and far overhead we see Orion, with his glorious companion, the Dog star, sinking to rest beneath the Western waste of waters. As we leave behind us all the old familiar faces in the heavens, so too we leave our earthly friends, sure that they have gone but for a time, and that as our good ship cleaves her way through the waters of the great South Sea, and then turns upon her homeward course, we shall again see them in all their beauty, glad to welcome us once more to our own beloved hemisphere.

The joy of the return will be doubled, the tedium of the voyage will be lessened, if we have been able to make this cruise noteworthy as one of intellectual activity and professional zeal.

There is a slight risk of these columns becoming simply the medium for tropic sentimentalism or innocent per-

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sonal satire, begot of the doldrum life of the past few days; and, while congratulating the citizens of Jamestown upon the high order of merit displayed by our contributions, we must also lament that so little has been received dealing with strictly *service* subjects.

We are not to forget that just at this period the Navy is about to undergo a radical reformation. Ships are to be built, revised regulations issued, minor details are to be altered, and new features are to be added to our future men-of-war. It is scarcely to be expected that an essay on any one of these questions can be written on such a cruise as this, much less is it possible for it to appear in a weekly paper; but a short monograph upon the hundred and one topics discussed at the mess table, is within the reach of all. If our contributors find it out of their power—or rather let us say inclination—to do this, at least let them keep a memorandum; the antique fittings of this good old sailing ship offering a broad field for the introduction of modern improvements, and of the means of future efficiency. Such notes, even if they be not printed, will be of great service to the editor, as in a few weeks he intends to develope a plan by which they may be of service to us all and to the Navy at large. Finally, we would suggest the following subjects for thought:

"The use, misuse and abuse of the potential mood in the Navy Regulations."

"The interior lighting of ships of war."

"Improvement in uniform from an artistic point of view."

"The heating of ships."

"Distribution of fresh water on board ship."

"Bunks and wash stands."

"The need for a new sword scabbard."

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SHIPS' LOGS. (Continued.)

We next come to registers which were, no doubt, a great improvement in logs, and have in no small way benefitted steam navigation. The first of prominence was Massey's log, rude in construction and faulty in principles. It had the objection of having to be hauled in whenever the course was changed, in order to note the readings of the register. The propeller was connected by a spindle to the register, so that if one was lost both went, and the mechanism was exposed to the action of salt water. In Merrill's log there was about a fathom of line between the propellor and the register, which lessened the probability of the loss of both. The Bliss log was now brought forward, and it is considered the best in use as far as the principle is concerned. In this log the register was simply transferred from the water to the taffrail of a vessel, an improvement small in itself, but which permitted the instrument to be read at any time on any course; and the mechanism was not exposed to salt water, or liable to loss. By noting the time of running one mile, the speed per hour could also be estimated. As the propellor is at a great distance from the vessel, it is but slightly affected by pitching and rolling, the importance of which we have before referred to. The Bliss log, however, has its objections, namely: the frictional wetted surface of the line varies with its length, and the slip of the propeller is proportional to such surface; besides which, the indications at low speeds, when the instrument sinks, are very uncertain. A Board of Naval Officers experimented with this log on board a Coast Survey steamer, giving as their report that between three and eight knots it registered very accurately, but outside of these limits the indications fell short. Above eight knots with so small a propellor and comparatively

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fine pitch, the slip was increased, as was the case below three knots, when the propeller sank and the wetted surface of the line was augmented. On board the *Jamestown*, with low speed and pitching, our experience has always been that it registers too high, and possibly for this reason: that when the stern of a pitching vessel rises, the propellor is hauled through the water and registers, but when it sinks the propeller, on account of the pitch, cannot turn back to counteract this effect. Watkins' log does not materially differ from that of Bliss, except that it is stronger in its parts, strikes a bell at different intervals of a mile run, and has between the propeller and register an intervening conical hollow metal piece, upon which the vibrations due to pitching are taken. At low speed, therefore, the objections of of the Bliss log due to pitching would be obviated to a certain extent. Ensign Fish's registering log is connected electrically with a bell, in the cabin, for instance, which is a great convenience to the commanding officer. The blades of the propeller of this log, unlike the Bliss, are straight, so that at a glance it can be seen if they have been injured or knocked out of alignment. I believe this log has been very favorably reported upon by a Board of Officers. Large and long steamers can tell their speed approximately by the number of revolutions of the screw; but this fails in a sea way, and vessels are sometimes steaming ahead at forty revolutions and making no headway. The slip of the propeller also varies with the condition of the ship's bottom and the strength of the wind. At the most, to indicate speed it is not accurate, as the parts of a revolution cannot be told. For instance, say five revolutions per minute represents a knot, an error of one revolution would represent one-fifth of a knot. So important has been this question, that the English Admiralty offered a prize for the best invention

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for telling the number of revolutions and parts of a revolution of the screw per minute. The writer, before closing, feels compelled to say a word about the log chip and line. Why cannot the chip be slung with three small brass chains of proper length so that it will hold in the water? and why not, in lieu of the uncertain wooden plug, which often comes out, have a clamp, which could be easily devised. The reel might also be fitted with rollers, so that the line would pay itself out, and the personal error be eliminated. The writer thinks this important instrument might in this manner be considerably improved.

TO THE "TENDER FEET."

Young friends, I've come to call upon you
  As now you enter my domain;
I'll not be very hard upon you,
  But what I want is very plain.

In ancient days the Tender Feet
  Who ventured forth to cross the Line.
Were called upon for tribute meet—
  Say half a dozen sherry wine.

We used to have some gay old times
  When I, and Amphitrite fair,
Would come aboard a ship betimes
  With sea-weed tangled in our hair.

But now-a-days, 'tis sad to say,
  The romance's gone from off the sea,
And somehow now there is no way
  To catch a steamer "by the lee."

But when I heard that Tender Feet
  In number counting up to ten,
Were in the Jamestown, all so fleet,
  I thought, at last, I'd got my men.

But she, alas! makes steamer time,
  Her skipper says he cannot stop;
Away he goes across the Line,
  Of good old sherry I've not a drop.

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If I can't get what is my right,
  By force, like some piratic rover,
I beg you'll give to me this night
  Enough (like yourselves) to get half seas over.

I'll no more call you Tender Feet,
  But I will now for e'er enroll
Your names upon that list so meet
  Of those who sail from Pole to Pole.

St. Patrick's Day, 1882, will be long remembered on account of the furious national gale prevalent.

THE BUILDING OF THE OFFICER.

(An Adaptation from an American Poet.)

THE CONTRACT.

"Build me straight, O worthy Secretary!
  Wise and true, a Naval Officer,
Who shall brave any adversary,
  Nor at wind or wave demur."

Sage Congress' word,
Delighted, the Secretary heard;
For gold was in his heart, and the gilded heart
Giveth grace to every art.

THE LAYING OF THE KEEL.

And so
In the dear-haunted grounds of Annap'lis,
When in Lover's Lane spoons kiss
In duo,
They graduate,—these lordly cadets!
These cute, just too sweet cadets!
'Mid shouts and cheers
Of lovely dears,
Panting beneath the sun,
They take diplomas,—their four years run,
And orders to sea on probation,
To be shorn of their cadet rank,
And sea-sick and blank,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,

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Whose roar
Would remind them forever more
Of their dear mess-hall they should not see again.

STEPPING THE MASTS.

The Middy bold,
Centuries old,
Touchy in age, and scarce controlled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the fo'c's'l cold.
His vagrant thought is not at rest,
Poker and love
And punches of milk,
His beard of silk
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He looks meekly as a dove,
While stands,
Sleeves adorned with golden bands,
A gray-haired tar, Captain, his title,
Who smiles, as little by little,
In the system of sanding, expanding,
An object he is branding,
Fit to be
An officer in the U. S. Navee.

THE LAUNCHING.

Then the President,
With signature grand,
Waved his hand;
And by that sign
Lo! there was made a young Ensign,
With priceless commission,
Definite rank, assured position.
He throws away his quarter-inch lace,
And see! his face!
He starts,—he moves,—he seems to feel
The half-inch lace clear down to his heel,
For, spurning with his foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
He makes for the nearest bar!

Sail forth into the sea of brine,
O gentle, roving, gay Ensign,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!

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THE TOAST.

Thou, too, sail on, O officer great!
Sail on to Admiral with bald pate!
America with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Secretary laid thy keel,
What whiskey makes thy blood congeal.
You know each mast, and sail, and rope,
And how to furl the sails up neat,
How to belay the lee main cleat,
And now to be much married hope.
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our drinks triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

AN "EPISODE."

DEDICATED TO THE MIDSHIPMEN.

A navigator bold—the truth it must be told—
A man of virtues rare and common sense,
He once did go to sea, in the same ship with me—
The yarn I'll tell, not keep you in suspense.

This navigator then, this pattern for all men,
To keep the ship upon her proper course,
A Midshipman he took, his sights to help him book;
This Midshipman he was inclined "to horse."

The Mid. that first he chose, he thin then thinner grows
With work from morn until the dewy eve.
A "day's work" once a day, and "all night in," I say.
How he survived it all, I can't conceive.

But soon he tired grew he had so much to do,
He'd lost ten pounds, so said he'd had enough:
He'd not be made a slave, in his resignation gave,
And said his treatment was, indeed, too rough.

The next man that he took, he rather liked the look
Of his appearance; but to break him in,
He said, "I am the boss, and I intend to 'boss'
You youngster, so we might as well begin."

"Do you see there that book, step up and take a look.
You are to write it up for every day."
Now white with rage became this youngster (without name).
Thus to the navigator did he say:

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"Do you think that I'm a dog, to write each day the log?
Such duty is beneath a Midshipman.
To the Captain I'll apply, I'll not do it if I die."
Then quickly to the cabin in he ran.

MORAL.

Next morn I chanced to meet, a sitting on the seat
Before the log and writing like a "hoss"—
This youngster. From this sight take warning, it's not right
To think we *all* you youngsters wish to "boss."

FROM A FAVORITE OPERA.

A navigation class young man,
A "pick out my logs" young man,
A "how is *your* sight,
My work is all right,
The navigator's wrong," young man.

It is our painful duty to announce a sad loss to one of our number. Willie's little dog is dead. We all remember with what pride our friend would call attention to his pet while he smoked his "Powhatan" by the comfortable stove on the half deck. How his eye lit up as he described the good points of his humble dependant, and particularly how pleased he always seemed when he ended, as invariably he did, by announcing that he thought she would soon be a mother.

But alas! all his bright hopes are over. The little dog was missed the first day out and was found a day or so after, a corpse, under the coal bags.

There is a mystery about her death which will probably never be explained.

To our friend in his affliction all our sympathies go out in brotherly kindness, and we trust that Time, the Great Healer, may soften the blow to him, though we know that never can the sweet recollections of little Betty be effaced from his memory.

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DEFINITIONS.

Sundowner.—A nautical term applied by irreverent subordinates to a commanding officer, who, when the ship was anchored at Cherbourg, "desired to give them every opportunity to visit Paris, but they must be aboard every day by sundown."

Fourth Auditor.—A mysterious being in Washington whose chief pleasure seems to be to direct the Pay Officer of a vessel to check some amount against the pay of an officer or man who has been over paid, but who never, by any chance, directs him to allow any one a single cent for being *underpaid.*

Uniform.—A peculiar kind of dress, *formerly* worn by officers of the Navy, now obsolete, except for enlisted men.

Lost, strayed or stolen!!! the S. E. trade winds; a liberal reward offered for their recovery by the anxious ones.

Found! a calm, with light airs to windward; the owner may have them returned on payment of a liberal sum to the Dead Horse Men.

If the steerage wishes more drinking water we would advise them to change their caterer.

"*Poisson tous jours demand a l'eau.*"

French class will solve this, and At water is not a candidate for a l'eau's position.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Prince of Wales is wearing his hair *a la* Sing Sing this season. Several officers of the *Jamestown* are simulating his example. Now that the hair is gone, the critical observer can trace a great resemblance between the craniums of some of our fellow sufferers and those of men of fame, as witness the following:

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Ensign W. B.—Largely developed frontal bone, a characteristic of Lord Nelson.

Lieut. J. W. M.—Prominent combatative bump, a characteristic of Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth.

C. Midn. G. S. W.—Bump of musical proclivity largely developed, characteristic of the Strand.

Ensign Wm. H.—Musical bump very small but bump of invention very large, thereby combining characteristics of Paganini and Massey.

Lack of space forbids the further continuance, in this issue, of these interesting similitudes.

There being some doubt as to the regulation straw hat, several varieties flourish. In order to enable officers to conform with the regulation, we have telephoned to the Department and find that among all the officers but two have secured the regulation article, and they are two humble Midshipmen.

It will be a balm of Gilead to these two gentlemen to know that the jeers and taunts to which they have been subjected were but the idle chatterings of the supercilious. Such salutations as "Hallo, Granger! what are potatoes worth a bushel?" or "Barnum will give you a fortune for that hat," while they may have caused a passing smile, can be looked upon now only in the light of coarse and ribald jest.

All honor to the young gentlemen who have sacrificed beauty for comfort, and whose war cry is "Regulation," and not Lar-dy-dah!!

Mr. Littrow came on board at the Line and delivered an interesting lecture on "My Method, or Patience vs. Perseverance in hot weather." He left by the *delta* of one of his own altitudes at 11:30 a. m.

He was accompanied by an undecided young gentleman of apparent Teutonic origin who, in a suave manner, laid

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before the Commander the virtues of certain methods of determining latitude by the rate of change of altitude near the prime vertical. He forgot to state, however, that "the method does not admit of much precision, and is entirely unavailable near the equator."

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the speed indicator like a whale? Because it is a big thing and has no scale.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. S. M.—No; the growth on the upper lip does not correspond to the diminution on the cranium.

R. G. D.—The temperature of the flat-iron should be independent of the density of the sea water.

F. B. V.—It becomes a weapon of offence after 9:30 p. m., even when touched by "*Gaily the troubadour.*"

R. H.—You are mistaken, the Alarm is not a side wheel steamer.

J. L. P.—Your letter has been received. We will take pleasure in recommending you to the Department, as you desire, for heroic conduct on the night of the late disastrous conflagration in the metropolis of the Far West.

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Vol. I. Saturday, March 25, 1882. No. 3.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours........................155′
Least run in 24 hours...........................39′
Latitude S.................................13° 19′
Longitude W..............................128° 11′
Average run for week.......................115′.1
Run to date................................3337′.9

Weather clear and pleasant, with occasional passing showers. Exceedingly warm. Winds S'ly, E'ly and "up and down."

THE NAVAL APPRENTICE SYSTEM.

Inasmuch as some of our number will, no doubt, be retained on board of our good ship on our arrival at Newport, we desire to give them the benefit of our experience in the Training Squadron. To this end we will introduce a few points which may be of service in the future.

The first great requisite which must either exist or be cultivated by such officers as may be connected with this great work, are patience and forbearance. They should never lose sight of the fact that the average apprentice boy is selected from a class of society far beneath that of the officer. His early education has been neglected, wholly or in part, and he is therefore slow and timid in grasping anything new or unfamiliar. As a ship with her tackle and equipment is quite a wonder in herself, the instructor should never feel discouraged at the slow progress of the first few months, remembering always that the apprentice

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has never been away from home, and suddenly finds himself surrounded by strange scenes and strange faces.

We all remember how dull and how dreary were the first few weeks at the Academy, how desolate and homesick we all felt.

The very first lesson to be taught the apprentice is the need of cleanliness—a habit which is foreign to the majority of recruits. With time, the reverse of the old proverb may be taught—a necessity which is equally essential to the great majority of boys. Much time should be taken to see that each lad takes proper care of his person and of his clothing. Make him realize that he can only have so much clothing, and that he must be neat in his appearance on all occasions.

His respect for all officers on board the ship must be cultivated to the highest degree, and to that end no orders ever given him by one officer should be countermanded by another unless, were such order executed, an injury would be done the service at large.

When on an errand each and every officer should assist him in the delivery of his message and, so to speak, point him fair. All mistakes should be corrected with a kind word, and every means taken to win his confidence. Study his individual nature, take the best side of the subject to work on and the result will always be satisfactory. Let your instructions be in the narrative style as much as possible, and in most cases you will succeed in fastening such points as you may desire firmly upon his memory. We have seen some of the worst characters moulded into the brightest and most handy topmen in the ship by the exercise of leniency and patience, firmness and discretion.

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ON THE LINE, March 17th, 1882.

Star of the pole, who from thy station high, o'erlooks't all beings underneath thy sky,
How many various things to-night there be, from icy Arctic floes, to tropic sea,
Within thy vision—deeds both good and bad—and wondrous Nature—scenes both gay and sad.
And thou hast watched man's inhumanity to man, since his creation and the world began.

Farewell, old friend! for many days we'll miss thy old familiar light:
For thou hast been our guide so long in heaven's canopy of night.
It makes us sad to part, and thou wilt watch o'er those we love most dear—
But if our wishes could be facts we'd be with them and not be here.
And as we gaze on Southern skies, we see naught there to please our eyes
Like thee: and wish we always might dwell in the regions of thy light.

And as you sank from out our sight, and kissed horizon's misty brow,
So sank our spirits, for we thought of home and friends so distant now.
But when we meet again, and you each night will rise from high to higher,
So will our longing hopes ascend until we see our heart's desire.
And then no longer sad we'll be, as when you kissed the tropic sea:
And laid yourself to quiet rest, on peaceful ocean's throbbing breast.

IN THE DOLDRUMS, March 24th.

Beneath the Eastern waters sinks that Gate
Called by men the Golden. Our adventurous bark
Fanned by the favoring gale, ploughs swift her way
O'er Ocean's blue expanse. The tho't of home,
And those we love seems to have reached the ship herself
As fast she holds her South'ard way. Polaris sinks,
And old Orion climbs into the zenith. One by one
The Southern Stars appear, and soon the Cross shines forth,
In faint attempt to emulate the glories of the Northern sky.
Day after day the wind holds fair and joy fills all men's hearts,
The sailor's pride with gladness hails the tho't,
That perchance if such good fortune still doth hold
The passage may be made so quick that none shall ever rival,
Of our naval craft, our time from port to port.
We cross the Line—old Neptune's cruising ground.
But times have changed since first the *Jamestown* put to sea.
No triumphal car with Nymphs and Amphitrite
Now parades the deck, no Neptune's trident now demands

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Submission from those shallow sailing ones
Who seek the deeper waters of the Great Southern Sea.
All, all is changed; no libations now are poured
Down Neptune's thirsty neck;
No licensed Saturnalia
Now holds sway. But softly, swiftly, smoothly glides the ship
Into that region of light airs which Jack Tar calls the Doldrums.
Light though the breeze, there's naught it seems can stop
Her onward progress: the tow rope, led around the Horn,
Is still kept taut, and wives and sweethearts vie
To keep us on our way.
Methinks I hear them sing
With glad refrain, a song like unto this:

Over the summer sea
The good ship holds her way,
Our dear ones soon will be
At anchor in the Bay.

CHORUS—Then pull away and sing
Ye wives and sweethearts all,
Our sailors home we'll bring
With a yo, heave ho, and haul.

Over the summer sea
We'll help them all we may,
And soon the ship we'll see
At anchor in the Bay.

CHORUS—Over the summer sea
For many and many a day,
We'll pull until we see
Them anchored in the Bay.

THE WONDERFUL SEA SERPENT.

OBSERVED IN LAT. 91°, LONG. 181°, BY THE OFFICER OF THE —— WATCH.

There have been many accounts, principally unauthentic, of marine monsters seen at sea in different places, but it has been our fortune, if such it may be called, to have witnessed one of the aforesaid animals from the bridge of the U. S. S. *Jamestown*. First, we must apologize for not recording the event in the log-book, as has been done in the case of the numerous bo'sns seen flying about the

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ship, giving as an excuse that the only witness to this natural wonder beside ourself was a marine, and as the tales of marines are so often ridiculed we refrained out of consideration for that genus of seafaring men. The fact, however, should be made public, and we therefore crave space in the impartial and truthful columns of 9′ 51″.—Second. We wish to have it noted that this wonderful and curious monster was *not* seen from the deck of the *Portsmouth*, a fact which is greatly to be regretted, as any corroborative testimony from the log-book of that notable ship would tend greatly to enhance the probable existence of this hitherto supposititiously mythical creature. Third. We wish it to be known that this is written in a thoroughly professional spirit; in truth, it is a Professional Article. Fourth. We are naturally a quiet, silent man, not given to romancing, hence the following narrative may be relied on as fact, pure and simple.

It was a calm night; the flapping of the sails alone disturbed the oppressive silence. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the water. Our first impression was "a man overboard." As the ship was almost still such orders as "Hard down," "Let go the life buoy," &c., were unnecessary. In haste we rushed to the end of the bridge, when a sight met our eyes which caused the blood to freeze in our veins, although the mercury stood in the eighties. It was nothing more or less than an immense serpentine creature plainly distinguished by the phosphorescence in the water. Its length, taking into account its undulating body, must have been 40 feet. Its diameter nine inches, and the size of its head—which was not unlike that of a frog—about three feet. Its eyes were green and, strange to say, there were three of them. The centre one being not unlike the lately lost green shade of the running light, giving us the impression that the monster had in some way procured it; but the idea was

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quickly dispelled from our minds, remembering that this would have been observed by the vigilant Middy and the wary Lookout. We quickly ran to the marine at the life buoy and pointed it out to him, and he quickly distinguished it, being struck with wonder. We then made up our minds to catch the animal, but how to do it was the question. Hooks were quickly found and applied separately to the numerous patent logs trailing astern of the vessel. We then waited for developments. First the monster took a look at the speed indicator, but a vacuum being quickly produced near the instrument, it was not relished. Then it took a look at the Bliss log, but as it could not do two things at once evidently, *i. e.*, remain near the vessel and at the same time take a bite, and it could not do the latter because the log, according to its late readings, went faster than the ship, so the creature had to desist. We then gave up the attempt to catch him, first, however, observing him closely with the marine glasses on the bridge furnished to the officer-of-the-deck, by using which we have thus been able to give such an accurate description.

The animal then left, and thus disappeared one of the greatest phenomena seen on the cruise of the *Jamestown*.

A STRANGE MEETING.

A TALE OF PATAGONIA AND THE TROPICS.

It was a calm, sultry night in the Doldrums. The moon rose early from behind a bank of trade wind clouds and bathed the heavens and sea with her soft, golden light. The little stars twinkled and twinkled and twinkled, and the planets waltzed around merrily in their spacious orbits. The waters ever and anon changed color; now green, now golden, then blue, like one of those cheap kaleidoscopes which our infancy associated with side shows

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and the circus. The whole scene was a fit subject for a chromo.

On board of the good ship *Jamestown* there was a general feeling of security and therefore of listlessness. The officer-of-the-deck, ensconced in a halliard rack, had great trouble in sustaining duty against inclination, the latter being on the side of slumber. The sails flap lazily. The timbers creak as the ship rolls easily to the long swell.—Morpheus has claimed every one for his own. Every one, did we say? Pardon us, gentle reader, for we anticipate. Amid the changing shadows of the port side of the half deck two forms can be traced, firmly glued to two steerage chairs. What dark deeds of crime can they be concocting? Shall we sound the alarm? Does the honor of our flag demand that we should ring the fire bell or yell "man overboard" in order to arouse the sleeping sentinel and have these conspirators seized? No; let us watch and listen. Hush! One of them speaks. 'Tis he with the form of a cannon ball tosser.

"You may have heard me mention that I once doubled Cape Horn in that staunch old craft, the *Portsmouth*. I am a modest man, and do not care to circulate yarns about my superiority as a seaman. I will leave that for history to decide. But as you are an old Horn cruiser yourself, I will tell you something that will surprise you."

He paused. Only the snoring of the First Lieutenant disturbed the silence. Gently pushing his cap toward the back of his head, the form resumed his story in a whisper which was almost ghost like.

"One night while hove to in a gale off the Horn, I determined to go on a little exploring expedition; so I took the whale boat, with the Captain's permission, assuring him if I did not return by the time the gale abated, I would certainly rejoin the ship at the line.

With dextrous handling I brought my little gondola

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safely to the shores of Patagonia—that land supposed to to be peopled by a tribe of savages. Imagine my surprise upon stepping ashore, at being received by a large crowd of people of my own color. "Good morning," said one of them, calling me by name, "I come to offer you the welcome of the Queen of Patagonia and her royal spouse, King Louie." My journey to the Capitol of the country was one succession of *fetes* and receptions. When I arrived at the royal palace, the Queen received me in person. The King was nowhere to be seen. I feared some treachery, but my long experience as instructor in the art of self defence on the *Minnesota* assisted me in being firm. One night, a female friend in disguise warned me to fly. She said that the King was plotting my destruction. So I flew. In time I rejoined my ship, as I had promised. But I thirsted for revenge. That King came between me and mine and thwarted my plans for becoming Secretary of the Patagonian Navy. If I ever come across him, I will———"

The speaker stopped abruptly. The moon light stealing through the partly closed port, was blood red. Mars fairly reeked in gore. The second figure, tall and thin, moved nervously.

"If you ever came across him you would ———"

His voice failed him. Only a gurgle finished the interrogation.

"I would wipe up the deck with him."

A wild shriek rent the air. The officer of the deck jumped from the halliard rack as if it were eight bells. The snore of the First Lieutenant was hastily broken off by one loud snort as he sprang from his bed. A dozen figures in pajamas rushed hither and thither. During the excitement one of the lookouts shouted hoarsely, "Po-o-o ort cat head," &c. He had not forgotten his duty.

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When the gas was lighted, a strange scene was revealed. On the deck was stretched the almost lifeless form of a Midshipman. Bending over him, with an expression of fiendish glee, was the form of a ward room officer of high rank. It was the man with the form of a cannon ball tosser. In his hand he held a manuscript. He passed it to the editor of "9′ 51″," and said hoarsely, "Read." This was what it was:

THE CONFESSION OF A KING.

I know how rash I am to try and keep my awful secret from the world; but if I reveal it, my happiness is ruined. The past must remain buried. I will write my confession and wear it in a monk-bag around my neck. No one shall fathom the mystery while I live. This is my story:

"Chance once found me in the city of San Francisco, and being fond of a sea-faring life, I shipped on board the lively *Edith* for a cruise 'round the Horn. I will not dwell upon the good qualities of the *Edith*. I have said that she could put four hundred knots behind her in twenty-four hours, and I never feared the fate of Ananias while saying it. I was the Captain's darling. He always had me in the cabin, and called me pet-names when opportunity offered. I fared well; and in due time we arrived off the Horn. One day it fell calm, and while I was aloft, knocking the ice out of the quarter blocks, I saw in the distance a fleet of small boats paddling toward us. It proved to be the Queen of Patagonia on a cheap excursion. It is unnecessary to state that the Queen fell in love with me at first sight, and at her earnest request, the Captain sent me, with half the crew, to form a dynasty. I accepted the position of Secretary of the Patagonian Navy at first, but in due time became King Consort. I would not, however, give up my Navy portfolio; and when, a few years later, a schemer from

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the *Portsmouth* invaded our domain and attempted, on the strength of his reputation as a sailor, to become Secretary of the Navy, I objected. I had known this man at the Naval Academy, so I did not present myself lest he should recognize me. I was afraid of him; for I knew that he had received sixteen medals for bravery, and also that hundred-pounder dumb bells were playthings in his hands. I managed to arrange a conspiracy which compelled him to fly; but the Queen got wind of this affair, and finding out from a treacherous courtier that I was afraid of this man, she disowned me. Ordering the Royal Horse Marines to be harnessed, she drove me out of the kingdom at the point of the bayonet.

"The next year found me in the U. S. Navy; but wherever I go, I tremble lest the aspirant for the Patagonian Navy Department should find me out and take his revenge.

"I am almost tired of life with this terrible secret upon my mind.

"It is wearing me away by inches.

"Empty is the cradle, baby's gone."

As the First Lieutenant finished reading the document, there was not a dry eye in the house.

Everyone knew that the worst had happened.

The ex-King of Patagonia, formerly of the *Edith*, and the would-be Secretary of the Patagonian Navy, formerly of the *Portsmouth*, had met on the half deck of the *Jamestown*.

YARNS.

The *Tadley Adley* was fanning along under all plain sail with a light breeze and a glassy sea, when all hands were suddenly startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" "There is nothing on board of a vessel which creates for

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the moment a greater excitement or spreads a more general panic over the whole crew. Their best feelings and energies are suddenly excited, and forgetful of every other consideration than that of extending an arm to save a fellow being, they rush aft in a body without a thought or settled purpose of action. Here the influence of the officer must be exerted promptly and on the instant to turn their feelings and energies in the proper direction to the only mode of rescue." Lieut. X. bearing the above in mind, in fact having just repeated it to himself, was equal to the emergency. True the ship was not hove to, but then she was not going ahead very fast.

With a rapid glance X. seeing that no marine's shirt was stopped to the boats falls, called the life boat away and though perfectly cool and collected, jumped on the strong back to take charge. The crew being seated, the falls cast off and X. about to step in, the forward fall carried away and dropped the crew overboard. Seven men were now in the water with no life preservers or buoys—the former not being at hand and the latter, as usual, not dropping. Captain H. now appeared, taking command, relieved Mr. X., who was still on the strong back congratulating himself on his fortunate escape.—The Captain had the balsa launched. This useful life raft capsized leaving oars, etc., underneath and not come-at-able.

The ship going about three knots many men hung on the grab lines, and when coming up on the stern ladder were rapped overboard again by the hitherto obstinate buoy, crushing in the skull of the Coxswain, the highest man on the ladder—rank taking precedence in all cases. The Captain then had a line formed from forward and the life preservers stowed in the brig for the convenience of the prisoners were passed up and hove overboard. A

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hundred or so were thus disposed of before the second life boat was shoved off successfully.

That we were not hove to was then discovered, so the evolution was gone through with more as a matter of form and because recommended by Luce than for any other reason. One boat picked up men and life preservers and returned. The boat whose fall had parted was lowered so that she swamped, and then her falls were hooked.

Mr. X. again in charge of the deck, desiring to get this boat up successfully, had the falls well manned and stood by; then with a good run, up she came.

Of course she broke in two, but then that let the water out—not a bad way.

Everybody on board was cool and calm. There were no mistakes—there was no fuss. Accidents will happen, you know, and a combination of untoward and unforeseen circumstances rather interfered with the complete success of the maneuvre, but Luce was followed out to the letter.

PATIENCE RHYMES.

Conceive me if you can,
A forecastle watch young man,
A patent log reading,
Pap-bottle feeding,
Very wet-nursed young man.

Conceive him if you can,
A gray-headed deck.watch young man,
A Franklin Square reading,
Say! Is the wind leading?
A smoking port half-deck young man.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. P.—

Does any one think that this ship could sail,
Through wintry storm and snow and hail
And fully half the globe be spanned,
And still her scuppers free of sand?

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Dr. J. M. B's company might prove very acceptable to the steerage officers on the half deck, but at present his room is preferred.

C. H. H.—Under the genus "beards" we can find no species in which to classify your production. We have therefore named it a "*Chinchilla*."

I. M. B.—No, sir! We can recommend no tailor to let out your trousers. Covers for fire tongs are better when of leather.

R. G. D.—You are wrong; corned beef does not give corn-densed milk.

G. W. P.—Yes; there is a great difference between a dissipated tear and a dissipated man. One is a drop dropped and the other never drops a drop.

Dr. M.—The distiller cannot be used for any such purpose, for corn is scarce and is needed for *corn bread*, to take place of *spuds* and butter in the mess.

"Now, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, "Watch the weather flue of the main royal and keep your eye on the stranded rumpus. Keep your ears and eyes open and you will soon learn to be a sailor, and will pass from a dentrifice to a coordinate seaman—if Mister Barn-slider continues his confessional destruction."

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Vol. I. Saturday, April 1, 1882. No. 4.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours..............................178′
Least run in 24 hours..............................7′
Latitude S..............................22° 40′
Longitude W..............................123° 03′
Average run for week..............................78′.5
Run to date..............................3997′.4

Weather calm, with light and variable airs.

In this nineteenth century, full of inventive talent and replete with comfort-giving appliances, it is strange that so few improvements have fallen to the lot of those who go down to the sea in ships. Especially in the Navy, conservative thought and traditional methods of construction still cling to the past, though foreign men-of-war and merchant vessels are adopting innovations of all descriptions.

Men and officers, sapped of their life for want of oxygen, still swelter upon unventilated decks, and virile stamina gives way before the fumes arising from enclosed and poisonous bilges. Much has been written upon this subject—little done. In a few ships, patent ventilators have been placed. In more, the clumsy air port stopper has given way to a neat hinged substitute.

The agitators for reform were not incorrect in their diagnosis of the causes that produced foul atmospheres, but they have, as a rule, proposed changes too radical in

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their nature to be adopted in the ships now in commission.

We are at present on one of the old type of sailing vessels. Let us this week walk through the wardroom country, and, glancing at the holes called rooms on either side, note the changes which for a few dollars—perhaps resulting in a year in the actual saving of many—would make the officers' quarters habitable both in cold and warm weather. Beginning aft is the pantry, full of provisions and damp linen, used continually for washing greasy dishes, with no current of air to reach it; a loitering place for the servants, and in its darkness, away from the eye of First Lieutenant and caterer, it is a great sewer of pestilence. Take it away, and place it in the forward end of the wardroom, near the hatches and windsails. Then we can carry the bulkheads of the after rooms further amidships, and give the junior officers a bed which it will not require a ladder to reach. Two ventilators should here run into the country, and be carried aft to just abaft the hammock nettings on either side; these in place, there would be no objection to putting a bath tub in the extreme after part of the wardroom. The bulkheads are all too heavy. They should be made of 1¼ inch stuffs, the material ash or other light colored wood. The doors should slide on rollers from above. The upper part of the door should have perpendicular blinds, thus doing away with curtains, which are liable to become mouldy in warm climates. The lower part should have an independent sliding aperture which could be left open at night to give free circulation. All of the fittings of the rooms should be of light wood, and washstands should be abolished—two brass rings holding pitcher and basin. This matter, though seemingly trivial, is of importance. Much of the dampness in our rooms is due to the enclosed wash stand. Each room should

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have a pipe leading up to the hammock nettings, there opening outboard, with a wire gauze over it and a closure to be shut in very bad weather.

Carpets, or any fixed floor coverings under which dirt may accumulate, are detrimental to the health in an apartment below decks. Rugs or movable mats should take their place. The decks should be inlaid or shellaced. The only paint about a wardroom should be on the ceiling, which may be white, or better, of light dove color.

In connection with this subject it is well to ask the question, Cannot a substitute be found for the primitive windsail? Why not replace it by a metal ventilator, which should be carried from the keelson up to the spar deck, sliding doors being put in on each deck so that it could at pleasure be used to ventilate any portion from the bilge up. In bad weather it could still be kept open, the rain falling into the bilge. The portion above the deck could be made telescopic, and an iron bar at the top could render it available as a shell or powder chute. We trust that these few ideas concerning interior alterations may be supplemented next week by others relative to the steerage and berth deck.

THE RECENT WESTERLY WINDS.

We have heard so many times during the past few days the question asked, "How do you account for this wind?" that we offer an attempt at an answer.

Contrary to the generally received opinion, *i. e.*, of those who have only the usual knowledge of most officers—the S. E. trades of the Pacific do not extend, as a constant wind, beyond the islands to the west of the Samoan group. Small as is the extent of these spots of land, yet they seem to have a sufficient influence to seriously interrupt the course of the "trades," and even to reverse them.

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This is also not unfrequently the case even in the Low Archipelago, which lies from 600 to 1000 miles to the westward of our present position.

West of 140° at this season of the year (October to April) N. W. to S. W. winds prevail and Captain Cook, the great circumnavigator a century ago stated that in his opinion the westerly winds often proved strong enough to encroach upon the limits of the S. E. trade and even to force it back producing variable airs and a S. W. swell.

On the other hand, a reference to Maury's Pilot Charts of this portion of the ocean in which we have been lately, shows that of 114 observations in March (equal to 38 days) not one showed the wind from N. by W. to S. by E. around to W.; hence we think it is a fair conclusion that while Cook's remark is true for the longitude of 140°, yet that our experience has been an exceptional one in finding the winds of the past few days so far to the eastward.

The calm of the 24th was undoubtedly caused by the interference of the two systems of winds, in which the westerly one proving the stronger got the advantage.—Then came the fresh north-westerly breeze of the 25th, decreasing at sunset and followed by a night of squalls with much development of electricity. The meeting of the warm westerly and cool southerly winds would unquestionably produce such an effect. Gathering strength with the day break of the 26th, the breeze again increased hauling to the westward and southward as we got further south; this would be a natural result of the electrical phenomena referred to, which by creating a partial vacuum would cause a fall of the barometer and an inrush of the heavier air; it is reasonable to suppose that the heat of the sun would tend to increase this.

It is not unlikely, it seems to us, to prove that there

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has been a series of fresh or heavy gales to the westward which have produced the results of which we have both taken the advantage and suffered the disadvantage; the latter by the continued presence of a southerly wind which ought soon to disappear and be replaced by the regular S. E trades.

THE NAVAL APPRENTICE SYSTEM.

In last week's article we touched in a general manner upon a few of the primary rules governing the training of the apprentice. In this issue we would enter into more details respecting the subject of cleanliness to person and clothing.

First, cleanliness. In order to wash, all that is necessary is a bucket and water, but inasmuch as each part of the ship is limited to a specified number of deck buckets—generally not enough to allow one to each three men in that part of the ship—the green, inexperienced and diffident stripling is made to wait until all the men have had a wash; the time is thus taken up, and when the boy can get a bucket it is time to wash down the deck, and he is either deprived of his bucket altogether and made to assist at the routine work, or else is reported for skulking and shirking his duty. Once reported for such an offence he takes pains never to be caught again; he therefore goes without washing the next day unless he is very certain that he has plenty of time. The result is a disinclination to make any attempt to keep clean, uncleanly habits and perhaps disease. The same remarks hold true in regard to the scrubbing of clothing.

As a remedy, we would advise that each morning the Captains of each part of the ship should themselves see that all the boys are supplied with buckets, and that all scrub themselves thoroughly, stripping to the waist when-

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ever the weather permits. They should be made to roll up their trousers as high as possible and wash both legs and feet. Having seen their boys washed in this manner, make each petty officer report to the officer of the deck that such has been done, and let a school master or the Master-at-arms, if reliable, make a daily inspection of them before breakfast and report any infraction, if there be such. Should such be the case punish the petty officer, not the boy, and we venture to say that the infraction will never occur again.

Whenever clothes are scrubbed make each petty officer see that every boy scrubs one suit of clothes unless, upon overhauling his bag, all clothes are found clean. The fact that a boy has "nothing to scrub" should be sufficient cause to have his bag overhauled by the Master-at-arms. By all means use every endeavor to make the petty officer who has charge of the boy responsible for these things, and the result will soon be a marked improvement in the apprentice. A towel line should be gotten up and used for no other purpose. This will teach them to avoid the untidy habit of hanging towels in every conceivable place.

The following inscription is attached to the gig of the U. S. S. *Saginaw*, which was brought from Mare Island Navy Yard, Cal., on board the U. S. S. *Jamestown*, to be sent to the U. S. Naval Academy:

Gig of the U. S. S. *Saginaw*, which vessel was wrecked on Ocean Island reef, Lat. 28° 36′ N., Long. 178° 25′ W., Oct. 29, 1870. The boat was fitted out on Ocean Island, manned by a crew of five who volunteered to sail to Honolulu, distant 1600 miles, for the purpose of saving their shipmates. Sailed Nov. 18, 1870. Arrived off Kauai (one of the Hawaiian group) the evening of Dec. 18, 1870. Capsized the morning of Dec. 19 in surf while trying to

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land at Kalihi Kai, island of Kauai. Four of the five volunteers were drowned, viz:

Lieut. J. G. Talbot, Quarter Master P. Francis,
Seaman J. Andrews, Seaman J. Muir.
Coxwain W. Halford, sole survivor.

IN MEMORIAM—1870-1882.

What, ho! my gallant mariner
What is this boat so old,
You carry on your upper deck
As if t'were made of gold?

Oh! Well may you inquire my friend
What is that boat so old;
To many men once on a time,
T'was better far than gold.

Have you ne'er heard that you do ask,
The story widely told,
How gallant Talbot and his crew
Were wrecked in day of old?

There is not time to tell you all,
The half *could* not be told
Of the brave deed that then was done,
By men of heroes' mold.

Two thousand miles across the sea
They sailed, with rations doled
In search of succor for their friends
In this frail boat so old.

And when, at last, the land they gained,
All worn they could not hold
Their little craft within command,
The waves were o'er them rolled.

And thus they died save one, by whom
Their tale was quickly told,
And succor sent their comrades dear,
On Ocean reef so old.

This boat we bear to other scenes,
Where, when the tale is told,
All hearts shall throb with wild acclaim,
At this brave deed of old.

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ON THE SAGINAW'S GIG.

I ask you, friends, to take your thoughts from hence,
And bring to mind that company of sailors true,
Who, in years agone, were, by a mishap of the sea,
On Ocean Island cast away ; an isle so far from land
That rarely was it visited, save by some stray sail.
Starvation stared them in the face : Should succor not arrive,
Nought was before them, save a slow and lingering death.
'Twas then that TALBOT volunteered to cross the watery waste
In search of help : with him four other brave adventurous spirits,
Who led by him, set sail in this frail boat you see before you.
For days and weeks onward they went, guided by Talbot's skill.
Weary and worn were they with constant watching : with water scarce
And rations scant, still they struggled on, until at last they saw
The land they sought. With gladness in their hearts at this success,
And happy thoughts of those for whose relief they toiled.
They looked to beach their craft. 'Twas night ; by some mischance,
What, we ne'er shall know, the boat was caught by that huge surf
That beats on Kauai's shore, and overturned ; so frail and worn
Were these brave men, that all save one there perished ; on the very eve
Of safety, they yielded up their lives : but they accomplished
The task they'd set themselves, and in their noble deaths
Gave proof that in this world of ours, so commonplace, we think,
There still doth live that spirit of self sacrifice
So like to that of our fair Master, Christ. He himself hath said,
" What greater love that this, than man his life lay down
For those he calls his friends ?"
This craft which we now bear,
So reverently, to a place in our Valhalla,
Shall to all future time, the noble lesson teach
Of life laid down for others sake :—who will e'er look
Without a thrilling heart, and admiration for the brave deed
Of TALBOT and his men ? And at the last great day,
Who would not wish to stand beside those men so brave
And hear the plaudits of the Master : " Well done, ye good
And faithful ones : faithful unto death, henceforth to you
Belongs the crown of life : enter ye into your Lord and Master's joy !"

LINES TO THE SAGINAW'S GIG.

We have on board our ship my friends, a boat of memory dear,
To those who love brave, noble deeds and like of them to hear.
A frail and gallant craft she was, and she was freighted then
With what's more precious than aught else, the lives of true brave men.

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Her history, perhaps you know it well, how on the coral reef
The "*Saginaw*" struck in Ocean's midst, far off from all relief.
And how this chosen band of men, in this frail boat set sail,
One thousand and six hundred miles, to bear to friends the tale.

And how throughout this Ocean's waste, they all in safety passed,
Until their longing eyes gazed on the promised land at last.
And how the treacherous surf o'er rolled this boat when close to land,
But one of five was left to tell about that hero band.

Oh! Talbot and companions bold, heroic men and brave,
It seems unjust in Fate that *there* you died beneath the wave.
But if you're dead, your memories live and when *we* all are dust
Men 'll speak of you who gave your lives and died as heroes must.

But God is just and he'll reward those loyal hearts and brave
Who risked their lives in this frail bark, their shipmates wrecked to save.
And always may their gallant deed be classed among the host
Of noble deeds our Navy's done our honor, pride and boast.

THE SHARK'S LAMENT.

A rover wild of the Great South Sea,
From my toils, all foes, e'en man doth flee;
The "tiger shark," they have named me well,
For of braver deeds could a tiger tell?

My pilots two were the best of fish,
They served me as well as shark could wish;
One always knew that the sick were dead,
The *other* knew all 'ere their spirits fled.

We had cruised for years in the tropics' belt,
The harpoon thrust I had often felt.
Of hooks, my mouth would show a score
And I've broken at least as many more.

One day the pilots returned in haste,
Of "*Soup and Bully*" just one good taste,
Had put them in the greatest glee
For they knew the flavor of Uncle Sam's *Navee*.

In a gun deck port sat a midship mite,
A *Trenton* lad with trowsers tight;
And in his face, so the pilot tells
Was an exact resemblance to Commodore ——.

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The pilots led me to this glorious prize,
When her shadow fell could I believe my eyes;
The good ship *Jamestown* of the grand old Navy,
If this be false may I go to Davy!

I was well convinced I had naught to fear,
For in the old *Navee* they use the spear.
And the hook, 'tis true, but no bottled powder,
And electric wires that make fine shark chowder.

I rose to the surface to show my form,
Which with sand and canvas that very morn
Had been cleaned and polished, smooth and bright,
As I intended to call on Miss Shark that night.

I was justly proud as I rose to display,
Charms which in sharks are not seen every day;
But my high flown pride had an awful fall,
For right through my nose went a Remington ball.

I turned in rage and took one look,
And I 've noted three names in my vengeance book,
They are Benjamin A. and Billy B.,
And the *bo'sn* makes up the shameless three.

That this should happen on the *Jamestown* old,
Is a tale that I might better have left untold;
It pained her more than the shot pained me
For from her hawse fell two tears in the sea.

A FEARFUL CONTEST.

In which are introduced a few pirates to make it interesting. All rights reserved and patent applied for.

CHAPTER I.

"Sail ho!"

A thin, piping voice from the fore topsail yard uttered these mysterious words. The officer of the forecastle was in the midst of a pleasant dream, wherein the delights of navigation were exchanged for the vagaries of a free lunch at Newport. He had in his mind just finished his tenth plate of clam chowder, when the words above mentioned fell from the yard and struck him. By the way, we had almost forgotten to say that this happened one

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beautiful afternoon in March on board that "sovereign of the seas" commonly known as the *Jamestown*. This is what the officer of the forecastle yelled in fog-horn tones:

"Where away?"

"Ten pints ahead of the smoke stack," came the answer clear and loud; there was a second class fireman on the topsail yard.

Armed with this valuable information the forecastle officer went aft, and with the little fingers of the hand in rear of the seam of the trousers, "told his tale in his own peculiar way."

The news spread like wild-fire, and in a few moments the lee side of the quarter deck resembled the polls at Hoboken during a Presidential election.

Every one who could rake up a spy-glass became a hero, as, surrounded by a crowd, he issued bulletins every two minutes. As the interval between the bulletins increased, there was a vague fear that some were going behind the returns, but this was dispelled by a shrill voice, exclaiming, "It's a pirate!" Five officers were carried below in a comatose condition; they had fainted. The twenty-four who remained drew more closely together. They spoke in hushed tones. All eyes were turned toward the Commander. He looked pale, but firm. The fog having lifted, the stranger could be seen bearing down upon us. Like all regulation pirates, she had a black flag. Her hull was also painted black. No sand was in the neighborhood of her lee scuppers. In a word, no doubt of her identity could be entertained. She carried ten 8-inch rifles, and every available point bristled with Hotchkiss and Gatling guns. Anyone who doubts this knows where to come for satisfaction.

The Commander spoke:

"We have met the enemy, and the natural question

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arises, whether she is ours or we are hers. Let the battle begin."

But here a difficulty arose. It appeared that there was originally only one tank of powder put on board, and that the caterer of the wardroom mess had thrown the powder out in order to use the tank for stowing codfish in. One of his enemies facetiously remarked that nothing but codfish balls were left for carrying on the contest. A few filled shell were known to be on board, but no one could tell where. Perhaps they were under the ice —who knows? In the face of all these difficulties the men stood firmly by the guns. One of the survivors tells with tears in his eyes how the Division of Apprentices, cheered on by their noble officer, went through the formula of "How much a hundred-pound solid shot weighed," "What arms No. 10 wore," "Who cleaned the starboard gangway bright-work in port," etc., etc., just as if nothing was going on.

This presence of mind is known to have been the death of the pirates, at least. Brave little heroes! Will not posterity have some leather medals struck off for them?

The other divisions also made the most of their time. The officers of the first division loaded their guns with coal, and tried to fire them with the speed indicator. The celestials of the powder division were instructed in the use of flat-irons and clothes-pins as hand grenades. "We can at least *die!*" said one brave officer. "Me likee vely much catchee dead," was the heroic reply of an *American* seaman standing near him.

CHAPTER II.

One hour is supposed to have elapsed between the first and second acts. The scene is the same materially. There may be a few more clouds drifting lazily towards the western horizon. A few officers, with coats buttoned,

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are visible on the decks of the *Jamestown*. Where are the others? Time will show.

The pirate chief had just come on board, and was received with the customary salutes. Diamonds bedecked him from crown to toe. At some time in his career he had evidently been accustomed to a coach and six. He wore a broad sombrero, from the summit of which a white rooster plume floated to the perfumed breeze. His garments were made from some rich Eastern fabric, with the exception of a few patches: these were evidently of red flannel. The *tout ensemble* was picturesque.

Strange as it may seem, his first demand was not for blood. Only pirates made to order indulge in such foolishness. His request was very modest—"I am the boss pirate of Ducie Island, where I have a wife and twenty-three children starving. Show me to your treasure." One moment, and one moment only, the Commander hesitated; and then his features were illuminated with a smile which made him look like Daniel in the lion's den. "Follow me," he said. The attendant pirates amused themselves by whetting their knives on the belaying pins while the two Commanders went below. "There," said our Commander, pointing to a regiment of boxes lashed to the ship's side. "Behold—gold, silver and jewels, for freight or safe keeping. Take them all. I can also throw in two sewing machines and any quantity of household furniture." In less time than it takes to tell it, the pirates had seized their booty and were putting gaily for their ship. The First Lieutenant grasped the Commander's hand. For a moment neither spoke. After several struggles, however, the former managed to say in husky tones, "Commander, you should be in Congress." "Thank heaven," replied the Commander, "she will now carry a little lee helm."

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CHAPTER III.

The time that has elapsed between this chapter and the last is left to the imagination of the reader. The scene is still the same, with the moon thrown in; for it is night; the night after the frightful battle where so many poor fellows fell—only to rise again as soon as the danger was over. Our ranks seem almost depopulated. Where are the missing ones? From the official report we glean the following: One paymaster, given up for lost, was found ensconsed in a bean barrel in the store room. One tall, thin Midshipman put a bucket on his head and lying down beside a gun successfully passed himself off for a rammer. An auburn-haired Midshipman put his head in a box and attempted to pass muster as a magazine light. Having been foiled in this brilliant attempt, he contented himself with the position of port side light.

The Navigator was found snugly stowed away in the chronometer box. He afterwards attempted to explain this action by solemnly swearing that he was after a comparison. This line of defense was completely broken down by the fact that the box was unlocked and the key on the outside. Nothing but temporary mental aberration could have induced the gentleman to thus leave his chronometers to the mercy of pirates and Midshipmen.

Store rooms and shot lockers were filled with the dying. To the best of our knowledge none of them "shuffled off this mortal coil." Probably some of them are still trying to die, but, alas! in vain.

According to the most authentic accounts, only one pirate "passed in his checks." He read the last order to the Navigation detail, and with the farewell request, "Give my chewing gum to sister," dropped dead in his tracks.

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The sequel of this heart-rending tale is told in the following extract from the *Newport News:*

The. U. S. S. *Jamestown* arrived in port to-day. While in latitude unknown and longitude uncertain, she was overtaken by a most violent hurricane. For some time fears were entertained that she would founder; but at the last moment the idea was conceived of heaving the freight overboard. This done, wonderful to relate, the wind went down, the sea stood still, the clouds passed swiftly away, and the *Jamestown,* thus enabled to pursue her course, gained sixteen days on the *Portsmouth* at once, and came into this harbor yesterday, beating Maud S.'s fastest time by five seconds. There will be a Charity Ball to-morrow night at the Opera House, for the benefit of those who lost the necessities of life by the accident.

It is left for the pages of "9′ 51″" to give to posterity the true inwardness of this fearful catastrophe.

AN APPEAL TO THOSE AT HOME.

Oh! Wives and sweethearts dear!
Have you forgot us here
That you the tow rope have let fall,
Instead of keeping up your haul?

How can we ever hope to be,
Safely taken o'er the sea,
If you no longer give a tow,
Leaving but wind with which to go.

The wind has failed us now,
Its not on either bow,
Nor can we find it on the beam,
Where Sirius' silver rays do gleam.

We cannot think that you've let go,
'Cause dead horse stock 's not low;
Oh! please now give another pull,
And once again our sails 'll be full.

So shall we keep our onward way,
Till we 're safe anchored in the bay;
That rolling o'er the summer sea
Safe by your side we soon may be.

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PATIENCE RHYMES.

Twenty grey-haired Middies we,
  Middies all against our will;
Twenty years hence we shall be
  Twenty grey-haired Middies still.

Twenty haughty Ensigns we,
  Haughty Ensigns by our will;
Twenty years hence we shall be,
  Twenty haughtier Ensigns still.

BECALMED.—FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

The S. E. Trades are a delusive snare,
The wind don't blow from anywhere;
Its a Paddy's hurricane or else a calm,
Which to T. M. B. is a *healing balm*.

SHAKINGS.

Commander—"Well, Mr. H., what do you think of this *trade?*"

When asked this question the S. E. trade was blowing by some mistake from the S. W.

Mr. H.—"I am not up to the tricks of the *trade*, sir."

The Commander, having no further questions to ask, the trade having suddenly become dull, withdrew.

[Scene, the schoolroom on the gun deck. The instructor has up a pupil, a bit of a blockhead.]

Instructor—"What is that, my lad?" pointing to an 8-inch gun.

Pupil—"Don't know, sir."

Instructor—"A gun. Put your hand upon it and keep it there so that you won't forget it."

"All right, sir."

"Now then—What is that you have got your hand upon?"

"A cannon, sir."

"No! What did I just tell you?"

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"A *shot gun*, sir."

"Patience, firmness and discretion will accomplish wonders in the training system."

Full attendance at St. James' last Sunday, and a marked improvement in the fine choir.

The theoretical polar limit for the S. E. trades in *March* is 31° south. Yesterday's calm, like the latitude, was several degrees too æsthetically 2 2.

The navigator's trawl and the cabin floor have both got in a scrape.

The game of "throwing light" has given an effulgence to the half deck this week heretofore unattainable by the *lardy-dah*-oil of the antique bulkhead lamp.

Notwithstanding the proverbial Saturday cleanliness of the ship many "*saw dust*" on the steerage mess table at breakfast, but nobody was "cot-ton" the turnovers at dinner.

STOCK REPORT.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

A hoist in "*dead-horse*"—Trade Winds Disliked.

March 31st.

Expectations of a rise in trade winds, caused by their being so unexpectedly light for some days, were not realized.

While matters remained so dull for holders of trade winds, *dead-horse* bounced up many points.

Owing to the fall of trade winds, the quotations for loans went from 3½ to 6, closing at 6⅛.

Dead-Horse—Opened at first call at 171¼; asked, 173; offered, 171¾. No stock for sale.

A few trade winds went off for a pint of lager, though a quart was asked. Market closed dull, and with a prospect of a change.

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NOTE.—The Editors regret to say that No. 5 has miscarried in Uncle Sam's mail. We can certify that the Navy performed its duty and safely delivered the M. S. at Newport. We will see that the next Congress overhauls that part of the land forces which may be left after the Star Routes are disposed of, unless the missing number is found in time for insertion in the back part of this volume.

Vol. I. Saturday, April 15, 1882. No. 6.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours........................204′
Least run in 24 hours............................41′
Greatest speed per hour..........................11′
Least speed per hour............................0′.5
Average run for week..........................152′.5
Run to date..................................6178′.0
Latitude S...................................50° 32′
Longitude W.................................100° 48′

Weather generally overcast. Week beginning with light breeze from E'd, gradually hauling to N'd, and freshening to moderate gale on 14th. Very high barometer.

If any modern ships should be built for our navy it may be assumed that they will be furnished with searching electric lights as a safeguard against surprise by torpedo boats. These searchers will require an electric machine and a steam engine to give the necessary power.—But the searchers would not be used except in time of war, or occasionally to test them. Why not, then, use the means at hand, and which would ordinarily be lying idle, and light the ship by means of electrigity?

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Every one appreciates the discomforts caused by the lard oil lamps now issued. The common ones known as standing lights, universally leak when the ship rolls, and then go out in a fume of smoke, causing disagreeable odors and subsequent headache. The so-called patent lamps are only a trifle better. When in cold weather the oil freezes and must be thawed out, and the running lights are especially liable to become useless. All this would be avoided by using the electric light. The running lights would always burn clear, and would besides be far more powerful than at present, diminishing the dangers of collision. The decks could be thoroughly lighted, to the great convenience of every one. Moreover, no one will deny that well-lighted decks are a great essential to discipline. Between the guns lamps could be fitted, and so the men be given light to write and read by. Lamps could also be placed on the berth deck opposite each mess table, giving the men as well lighted a dining room as the officers; and what is of more importance the cooks could see and properly clean everything, and the executive officer have light enough to make thorough inspections, which is now a matter of difficulty. In the officers' room a single lamp would be fitted, the cabin and wardroom countries might be lighted by a single large lamp or by several smaller ones. All these electric burners would be lighted or extinguished by the simple turning of a key. Light wire screens to prevent breakage being fitted to any exposed lamps requiring them. From rough calculations made by one of the young officers of the Navy, it would actually be cheaper to use electricity than oil for lighting ships, and when the greater convenience and efficiency of the former are considered there seems to be no good reason for not adopting it.

For our deck lanterns, if the Navy ever gets far enough advanced to use electric lights, it will probably have ac-

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quired by that time sufficient nerve to use mineral sperm. Candles would, of course, be carried as a stand by in case of accident.

CAPE HORN WEATHER.

From the logs published in Maury of ships rounding Cape Horn in April, we have found in every case records of strong winds from the S. W. to N. W. with frequent heavy squalls accompanied with rain, snow and hail. The temperature was, however, comparatively mild, varying from 45° to 38°, and the sea water at least 3° higher.

The study of the barometer in these latitudes appears to be of special interest; for in its sudden oscillations may be foretold the direction of the coming wind. In general, a rise indicates a south-westerly wind and a fall a north-easterly; but it must be remembered that these oscillations occur about a much lower normal than in lower latitudes. This sudden rise or fall from the normal does not necessarily indicate a stronger blow, unless there be a sudden rise when the wind is blowing from the direction indicated by a mercurial fall, and *vice versa*. As it falls below 29.50 strong north-westerly winds may be expected, with a drizzling rain, but as soon as it ceases to fall and commences to rise, the weather will clear and the wind shift to heavy south-westerly squalls. When it falls slowly, with a south-westerly wind, a shift to the south-east may be expected; the winds are variable in direction within two or three points, and increasing wind from north-west backs toward the north, and from south-west hauls south.

The Antarctic drift current in the Pacific is a body of water between 45° and 55° south, setting to the eastward. In about Long. 110° West a division occurs; the southern and larger branch still flowing to the eastward as far as

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85° west, where a second division occurs between the parallels 42° and 47°; the southern branch flowing E. S. E. to S. E. and from 150 to 200 miles in width. It follows the west coast of Patagonia, and finally forms the Cape Horn current. After rounding Terra del Fuego it sets N. E. into the South Atlantic. The drift is the greatest south of the Cape, being 1.2 knots per hour.

In the South Pacific floating ice is encountered at all seasons and in quite low latitudes. From April 1st to October 1st, floating ice may be expected between 53° and 60° South, and from Long. 158° West to Cape Horn. The course of icebergs follows the current above referred to. From September to January they are common up to 42° South Latitude, and are frequently seen in March and April. The following signs indicate their approach. A peculiar light, known as an *ice-blink*, which may be seen at a great distance even on a dark night. On approaching the iceberg, the effect is of a white cloud settling on the rigging. Falling temperature of the water as compared with the air is a certain indication. Often the waves breaking over them may be heard at a great distance.

Piddington makes no mention of cyclones off the Cape; so we may expect all of our gales to be straight away and from the south-west.

WATER.

In the last number of "9′ 51″," the advisability of a large water tank aft for the use of officers was brought to your attention. Why not have a large tank aft and water to be drawn from it, as it is at present from a large tank a little farther forward? Cannot a small tank be placed in each room between the beams and carlings, holding 2½ or 5 gallons, and connected with the basin by a pipe and stop-cock arrangement? And cannot the

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basin be fitted with a waste pipe, allowing dirty water to go to the bilge, and thus abolishing the filthy slop bucket?

Forward there should be wash basins for the men, which could be fed with either fresh or salt water. Scuttle butts should be abolished, and a simple spigot and pipe aft on the gun deck or at the break of the poop, under the eye of sentry and officers, would prevent the large waste and thieving of water constantly practiced.

To effect the distribution of water above recommended, it would be necessary to have one receiving tank in a ship (which might be placed anywhere) and fitted to the ship. A 500-gallon tank could be made of such shape and size as to fit between the beams; or a flat tank could be secured and boarded over so as to form a table; or, on a spar deck, it could be put to other uses if desired. By making a locker on its top, jiggers or pea coats, and many other things now lying about the decks and in the way, might be stowed therein. In boats, tanks under the stern sheets with lock cocks, would do away with the breaker; the tanks to be made part of the boat, like the chambers in a life boat. But it will be remarked that we want the chambers for air. This is somewhat true, and in the next paper, wind, weather, time and space permitting, ship's boats will be written up.

NONSENSE RHYMES.

"There was a young man of *Jamestown*
Whose digester was all upside down;
But I'll fix you up
With my little cup,
Said a doctor of famous renown."

So this doctor of famous renown,
Who also did live in *Jamestown*,
With his cups and his plaster
Repaired the disaster,
And fixed his digester up brown.

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BECALMED.

Becalmed—the sails flap idly 'gainst the mast:
The glassy sea, scarce rippled by a breeze,
Throbs with the long pulsations which foretell
A conflict 'twixt the elements in distant seas.

And what a useless, helpless thing she seems,
As thus she lies on Ocean's quiet breast.
Ah! how we miss the life with which she's filled,
When dashing through the billows' foaming crest.

And she, our gallant ship, she seems to feel
With us, that we are wasting precious time:
Her timbers sigh and groan as if with shame,
That thus she keeps us from our native clime.

Oh! for a breeze—a strong and steady breeze—
To fill our fluttering sails and give us life;
To bear us from this ocean's desert waste,
Each one to loving friends or own true wife.

GOING ROUND THE HORN.

Nor'west winds are blowing
And the main sheet's flowing,
Topsails with a reef;
Away the ship goes rolling,
With her bell a tolling,
Truly past belief.

Now shifts the wind to west,
Blowing not its best—
The ship is rolling on;
Now she slacks her speed
When of it she's need,
And the bell is tolling on.

Now she gives a turn,
A wave is at her stern,
And her galleries give a crash;
Down with a thud they sit,
And you think another hit
Will knock them all to smash.

Now the wind is south
And a bone is in her mouth,
As faster still she runs;

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In space of time too brief
In goes the *closest* reef—
    Its blowing now great guns.

So they lay her to,
There's nothing else to do
    But to wait until the morn;
And they go to bed at present—
Bless me *aint* it pleasant
    Going round the Horn?

SOCIETY NOTES.

Owing to the inclement weather Forecastle Park has presented an exceedingly desolate appearance since our last issue. The bright sunlight of to-day, however, called out a number of Fashion's devotees, anxious to make the most of the closing of the season. Conspicuous among them was Mr. Geyer, gayer than ever in a remarkable new cap of the fall style.

Mr. Leonard, the justly famous caterer of No. 4 mess, produces charming *de jeunes.* The excellence of his *cafe noir* and *petit pain dur de la mer* attracted a number of people to the gun deck during the rain last night.

We have been both pained and surprised to notice the alarming increase of certain evils in our midst. In the proper place and at the proper time we do not object to a convivial glass ourselves. But to observe many, who have held heretofore unblemished characters, staggering and falling about in the state of beastly helplessness exhibited during the past twenty-four hours is sad! sad!!

We do not wish the enlarged nasal appendage of one of our number to assume a more painful prominence than at present, but we feel obliged to warn him as to his future behavior.

The ladies in the suburbs of *Jamestown* give a dinner this evening to a ward-room officer of high rank. From

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the glimpse of the invitations and *menu* afforded us (no members of the press were invited) we can safely say the affair will be most *recherche*.

Light stockings have disappeared, as also low shoes; the latter from jealousy, as they did not wish to be·like the thermometer, too low for comfort.

It is stated that duriug the past week Mr. B. A. Rometer has been indulging in high jinks, and that the natural reaction having afterward set in, caused him to have a sort of *lowfit*.

We hear that during the coming week Mr. T. Mometer will display some of his favorite tricks of ground (not lofty) tumbling.

Cape pigeons on Thursday.

The ship *galely* completed 6000 miles at noon yesterday.

The commanding officer of a ship is, ex-officio, the best informed man on board. Like the many-eyed Argus, the many-limbed Octopus, he remains snugly ensconsed in his cabin and still sees and feels everything that goes on about him. As the brain is in instantaneous communication with all parts of the body through the nerves, as the heart responds to the great toe's demand by the arteries, so the Captain is told of and provides for all those who sail with him. In spite of all this, an incident occurred a few days ago unknown to him, which a sense of duty forces me to divulge, and an uneasy conscience refuses to any longer retain.

It was my good fortune to be the officer of the forecastle on the night of April —. I say good fortune, not because I regard this duty as particularly desirable, but because I esteem it a privilege to enjoy the beauties of the gloriously studded arch that nightly revolves about

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us, to commune, as it were, with the heroes of ancient days whose valorous deeds have won for them their high estates. I had chatted with the Pleiades, charmed with the accomplished manners of these famous Grecian ladies; I had hob-nobbed with Orion in regard to hunting hares, when, with the flash of a meteor, my thoughts reverted to that delightful branch of architecture known as air castle building. The sparkle of Orion's jewel studded belt, the glories of the most brilliant constellation, the moon's dazzling brilliancy, all fade before their glistening walls as tower succeeds tower, turret caps turret, and they rise to a proportion which their uncertain foundations, "leave," would scarce warrant. Their halls resound with the echoes of joyous laughter, the tread of merry feet. So firm they stand that I begin to feel that the reality was before me when with a crash they fall and disappear, as a material echo conveys information in regard to *capita felicium* and the condition of those faint attempts to rival the sheen of Sirius and Mars, known as side-lights. In vain do I attempt to raise from the *debris* some faint resemblance to the former palaces. No sooner would they assume a form than some rude request to "heave the log" would clash them to hopeless ruin again. Relapsing into an apathetic state, I was startled by the cry of "Light ho!" "Where away!" burst simultaneously from the vigilant officers of the watch. "One point off the weather bow, sir." The officer of the deck then came forward and relieved me at once from any responsibility I might have felt in regard to the proper direction for avoiding collision. "Red to red and green to green, shiver your timbers and go between," all such were dispelled, and I felt grateful. A passing cloud tempered the bright rays of the moon and made more visible the side-lights of what proved to be a large steamer. She had evidently

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made us out, for she was bearing down upon us. "Ship ahoy!" rang clearly across the water, as we carefully luffed and lost our headway. "Aye, aye," was the response. "What ship's that?" "The U. S. S. *Jamestown*, Commander Brown, round the Horn for Newport; what ship is that?" "The *Anaconda*, Captain Andes, thirty-five days out from New York, bound for Callao. I have some letters for you, will you send a boat?" was the startling reply. "Aye, aye, sir; call away the life boat." I need not speak of the length of time it took to clear this away. Time was no object to us, although worth $500 an hour to the *Anaconda*. Suffice it to say, we got started at last, and I headed her for the steamer. Lightly we danced o'er the billows, *a la* cork and sunfish, until I clambered up the line and stood on the deck beside the gallant Captain, and received from him the precious packet. Grasping his brawny fist, making a faint attempt at thanks, and I was again in my boat, with the bundle carefully stowed away in my blouse pocket. The boat was safely hoisted before I ventured to draw it forth, when, shades of Ananias and Munchausen! could I believe my eyes? There were only four, and all addressed to me! The faint ripple of mirth's gentlest zyphers may be lashed to billows by the gale of uproarious laughter; in other words, gentlemen, "you may smile" at my conceit, but it is so, "a fact, I assure you." All the letters that came aboard this ship at that time were for *me*, and for no one else.

Now somewhere in the course of my reading I have seen it stated that sailors are in the habit of reading their letters to one another, one letter doing for many. I could not but feel that I was an object of envy, particularly to the poor officer of the deck whose anticipations were so rudely dashed, so I decided to allow him the privilege of hearing them read, and by the faint light of the quar-

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termaster's lantern, I read the following: "My dear son: Following the instructions of your last, I address a letter to Callao, in hopes of your putting in there. From being a patient waiter for something to do, I have become a very busy man. A week ago I engaged as classical teacher in the Institute in the place of Mr. Pollard. I enjoy it very much, having been idle so long." Then followed information of a private nature, which I omitted. Resuming again, I read: "You talk of resigning. Let me speak to you with thirty years of experience to consult. I daily meet business men who uniformly deprecate the idea of resigning a position in the Navy with the prospect of slow but sure promotion, and a social position in the only titled order that we have as a nation, for the few prizes and many blanks of business. The ups and downs of mercantile life, the monotony of a clerkship to one who has had the experience you have already been favored with, would be as hard to endure, and as distasteful as solitary confinement to a captive. I want you, for your own sake, to cultivate a spirit of patient contentment with the position to which a kind Providence has led you, and to dismiss the idea of ever making a change or voluntarily seeking one. Take a long look ahead and a frequent look upward, and regulate your daily course with respect to things ahead and above. No voyage can be made with safety and success except by having a port in mind, and a frequent daily observation of the heavens and consultation of the chart. You know what both these metaphors mean, and what they here signify. Heed them. Affectionately, Your Father."

It was with a feeling of pride that I looked up to note the effect this had on the officer-of-the-deck. *He was asleep!* Whispering in his ears the magic words "eight bells," however, revived him for letter No. 2.

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"NEW YORK, Mar. 10, '82.—Sir: Honor to inform that agent in San Fr—— writes that you hold 100 certified shares registered stock in Getem and Scoopem Consol. Min. Co., and that owing to accident in main shaft value has depreciated from *your* par value 108 to 13. Also, in order to facilitate repairs an assessment of $5.00 per share has been levied. We anticipate no serious damage to registered stocks, but in default of immediate remittance will be forced to confiscate for collateral. An immediate reply is requested.

"Yours, &c., F. RAUD."

"Great heavens!" says I. "Great heavens!" says he, "I have got 200 shares in that mine myself!!" Visions of Knob Hill palaces, silk socks and diamond studs had flitted successively before my mind as I tremblingly tore open the envelope and then to be so ruthlessly disappointed. Ruin alone stared me in the face. Two bit socks and Naval Academy jewelry were painfully prominent as with a sigh I turned to letter No. 3:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 29th, '82.—My dear ——: Yours of the 18th received. I have called on my cousin in the Detail Bureau, and he tells me that your application to be sent to the North Pole, or any other place rather than the Training Fleet, is being considered. The Department is seriously contemplating the experiment of seeing how long the system will stand without any Midshipmen to do all the work. Some doubt is felt as to the length of time it will survive.

"The report of the Advisory Board has been accepted, the Minority Report rejected, and Congress has appropriated $37,000,000 for a permanent construction fund. Five new steel cruisers are to be ready by November.—You had better join the Mutual Aid and *pull* for one of them. The Ensign and Mid'n bills have both passed, and also one to retire all the officers in any grade above Master who have held their commissions for five years or more. The Lieuts. are *quite indignant*, but they will have to knuckle under. Mrs. —— presented me with a pair of twins last week, and I have named one after you and

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the other *Bismark*. So long, old fellow, write when you get a chance, and believe me as ever, yours, ***"

"Thank goodness I am only a Master!" was the only comment this produced. Then I turned to my fourth letter, the one I prized the most since I reserved it for the last:

"My own, my own!—Heart broken and desolate I seek a balm for my bruised heart by communing with you. Darling, where are you? In your last loving message you told me to measure off 120 miles for each day. I have done so, but it tells me you should be here at my side, not torn from me by the cruel billows. There was no scale on the map I used, so I took the one from the next page. Have I made a mistake, dearest? if so, don't laugh at me, for you know I never could study arithmetic for thinking of you! Do you remember once telling me something about a cherub, etc.? Well, I have been thinking of you lately as a cherub sitting up aloft with nothing on but a pair of wings. Oh! that my wings would grow, my feathers might sprout, and I could join you.

> "On my mission of love I'd fly o'er the seas,
> Like the dashing young girl on the flying trapeze,
> My pinions should swoop from my feet to my neck,
> Ne'er resting till folded at last on thy deck.

"Darling, do you know that thoughts of you sometimes inspire me? It seems as if my very pen could not restrain from poetry, so madly do I love you. Do you think of me as you said you would? Does each twinkling star but reflect a smile from me? Ah! the stars have lost their brightness for me. I now fix my thoughts on that *dear* lamp-post in front of our house, and think of the night you leaned against it to rest your wearied frame. *Its* light is sweet to me. Ah! were it not that we were to be married in August, I believe I should *die*. You say that you enjoy your nightly vigils; that you see in each sphere a pleasure which, like that sphere, is but one of the countless millions which go to make up your life when with me. Ah! darling,

> "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
> And multiply each through countless years;
> One minute with *thee* is worth them all.

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" And while your bark the ocean cleaves,
Like an old snow-plough thro' the autumn leaves,
Come to your darling and we'll 'hire a hall.'

"My feelings o'erpower me. I can write no more. Adieu! Adieu!! Adieu!!!"

Vol. I. Saturday, April 22, 1882. No. 7.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours	201′
Least run in 24 hours	67′
Greatest speed per hour	10′.5
Least speed per hour	0′.0
Average run for week	147′
Run to date	7130′.8
Latitude S.	58° 00′
Longitude W	74° 34′

Week began with overcast weather, fresh winds from W'd. Heavy gale Sunday morning. Strong S. W'ly winds Monday and Tuesday; moderating Wednesday. Heavy gale from N'd and W'd Thursday. Strong gale from N'd on Saturday.

Friends and patrons of "9′ 51″," we ask you at the half-way point of our journey, off the redoubtable Horn toward which we have so eagerly and so anxiously turned our attention for the past seven weeks, to pause a few minutes while we review the efforts which have been made through our columns to entertain, instruct and amuse you.

In its original conception, "9′ 51″" was a feeble two or three page journal, intended to have been printed each

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week and distributed among you. The failure of the press in its infancy forbade this, and subsequent editions have proved that it would have been impracticable, if not impossible. The most sanguine expectations of the editors could not have anticipated a journal of the *dimensions* that has been read during the past four weeks. With perfect confidence in its stability, they launched it on the sea of intellect which they well knew was tossing about them. Boldly it glided into its element, and with each succeeding week we saw it equipped with the choicest materials from the storehouses of the Muses, the humorist and the scientist. Freighted with good intentions and the interests of all, it has been wafted by the favoring breezes of unanimity and friendship, until now, all a'taunt, it starts on its homeward way, confident of a successul trip from the assurances of the past.

We claim that the paper has been a success, not from the testimony which the anxious gatherings on the half-deck gives each Sunday evening, but from the fact that its pages have revealed in our midst no mean rivals of Longfellow, Mark Twain and Edison; that the interest in its weekly production has been kept up in spite of tropical heat, biting cold, and a most complete variety of unpleasant weather; that a care is manifested in the contributions worthy of a more widely circulated journal, and, lastly, that genius hitherto dormant has been aroused to a proper sense of its worth through its attractive columns. It is to this genius, with the help of our already faithful contributors, that we look for a continuation of the success which we claim, and that we trust you will endorse.

PERSONAL HYGIENE.

In our issue of a week or two ago, we made a few remarks for general application. This week, it is our in-

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tention to say a word on personal Hygiene, as it applies to particular individuals. We will first allude to the uses of tea and coffee. The active or potent principles of both are identical. The chemical composition of each differs in a few minor details. The *mate*, used in South America as a beverage, has been found to contain the same principles as both. The peculiar wakefulness, the increased mental activity, and the often nervous restlessness which are induced by strong coffee, are familiar phenomena to almost every one. These symptoms are largely due to the active principle which the coffee contains. The foregoing remarks will also apply to tea. When large doses of either of these beverages are imbibed, we find an increase in the frequency of our pulse, tremulousness, excited mental action, which may finally pass into a form of delirium, with confusion of thought, disordered vision, and finally deep sleep. More often an intense physical restlessness and a very uneasy condition of the mind is induced. After this passes off, there is persistent and active thinking, together with obstinate wakefulness. All of these feelings are due to the action of the active principles of tea and coffee on the brain. They are strong stimulants to this part of the nervous system. The enormous use made by mankind of these drugs indicate that they are, in some way, directly of use in the wear and tear of daily life, and, indeed, it has been proven that they do check tissue waste. The withdrawal of the accustomed cup of coffee is keenly felt by all who use the beverage, and many would rather go without their morning meal than without their coffee. It has been found by actual experiment that men will endure cold and dampness for a longer time, and be in much better spirits and health, by the use of warm coffee, than they would if they had received alcohol or had not received anything. Strong coffee, as a stimulant to the

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brain, should be used by all who have much mental work to do. It is a remedy that should be always tried in cases of nervous headache. It acts in these cases by stimulating a wearied brain. On account of its stimulating action on the brain, it is a very useful article in opium poisoning. Some persons possess an idiosyncrasy for the use of coffee. This will probably explain, in part, the headaches produced in some persons by the use of either tea or coffee. The use of either coffee or tea is beneficial, both mentally and physically, to almost every one. Very often, the preparation of coffee is ruined by ignorant cooks. Few know the proper way to prepare coffee so that it will be palatable. Coffee must not be boiled, or the aroma is in part dissipated; but if made with water of 180° to 200° Fahr., the coffee only gives up 19 to 25 per cent., whereas, it ought to yield 30 to 35 per cent. In order to get the full benefit of the coffee, after the infusion has been poured off the grounds should be well boiled in more water, and the hot decoction poured over fresh coffee. Some persons use too much coffee, and thus abuse the good which should accrue from its use. Every one will have to be his own criterion as the amount and quality of the tea and coffee he uses and finds good for himself.

WHAT IS IT ??? ??

GUESS THE FIRST.

Now, perhaps, you've all heard of this wondrous invention,
The like's not been seen since the days of Noah's ark;
The gifted, the talented, clever inventor
Will in this world's history, make surely his mark.

Nor can all the genius of Sir Isaac Newton,
Humphrey Davy, Charles Darwin or Napoleon,
Copernicus, Edison, Morse, Watts and Bacon,
And Henry Ward Beecher all rolled into one;

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Nor any known scientist or mathematician,
Mechanic, inventor or bold engineer,
Compare with our hero's gigantic brain-power,
Which conceived and attempted this novel idea.

GUESS THE SECOND.

The machine it consists of a vacuum expander
Which is towed by a rubber tube o'er the ship's rail:
That's attached on the desk to a speed indicator
Which shows at each instant the speed that we sail.

But this is the least of its many perfections,
It can work a day's work or a *Phi* and *Phi*!
A Sumner, Von Littrows, a versin or lunar;
It can steer the ship well and it regulates time.

It works on a principle abstruse and novel,
No wonder it never was thought of before;
The inventor's a prodigy; this is the secret,
That "Nature a vacuum does always abhor."

The speed guage being hollow is filled with a vacuum
Condensed and compressed to the smallest degree;
As the vacuum expander is drawn through the water
So the vacuum is drawn through the tube to the sea.

When the vacuum on exit meets with the salt water
It expands and regains its original size,
And the heat by the friction—that's by the speed governed—
On the dial then causes the pointer to rise.

With decomposed vacuum, this machine it is able
To do all those other things which I've told you,
For the various elements—rightly directed—
Will subserve Nature's laws to the plans we've in view.

GUESS THE THIRD.

He's in your midst—a man with broad, expansive brow
Which bears the traces of the working of a master mind.
A smile both sweet and placid lights his face just now
Which shows he's satisfied most with himself of all mankind.
But if we all could do as well as he,
We'd be more clever than we seem to be.

A REMARKABLE YARN.

My long midwatch was well nigh o'er
To the land of dreams I longed to soar,
When an old sea-dog with locks all white,

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Like a spectral form in the fair moonlight,
Addressed me thus—
Sir, you've heard say that them as goes down
To the sea in ships, be he king or a clown
Sees wonderful sights in the Lord's great deep.
"And many's the time that life is held cheap—
Yes, life is held cheap and I've seen the time
When to heaven I thought we all had to climb;
Tho' the devil, I know, had his clutches on me
But here I am now still sailing the sea—"
Here he winked in a very sly way.
"I've sailed thro' all seas for many a year
And still of their dangers I never feel fear,
But once on a time I near dropped my bones
Into long shipping articles with old Davy Jones.
'Twas on a fine ship—the new *Mary Kate*,
Bound on a cruise to New York from the Gate,
And I, a poor 'prentice,' alone and forlorn,
Was working my passage around the old Horn."
Here he shifted his quid as he spoke.
"'Twas in Forty-one South and the same distance West,
A place by all sailors one often hears blessed,
But strange to relate the wind it fell flat,
Tho' this spot you will find off the broad river Platte.
The skipper was mad and each word was a growl,
When up from the cabin sprang the Mate with a howl:
'Oh! Captain, to the glass come quickly,' he cried,
'For the bottom's fell out or else I have lied,'—
The sky it was clear and of clouds not a speck,
But we stripped her right down from the truck to the deck;
And just as we stowed the very last sail,
We were suddenly struck with a whole living gale.
The sea gaskets parted like so many threads,
In a second each sail was torn into shreds,
Weather lanyards were cut, the masts went by the board,
That we didn't *turn turtle* we owe to the Lord."
I listened with wide open ear.
"Irish Mick was our cook—a good worthy man—
When over she heeled, to the cathead he ran:
On righting we heard an ominous crash,
And down with the anchor went Mick with a splash.
Eighty fathoms ran out before we brought to,
For out of the hawse hole the chain fairly flew,
But Mick with a smile as he sank in the deep,
Sang out in a voice that would make a Sphinx weep—

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'I'm sorry my boys, I can't with you all stay,
I've been bate on dry land, and now I'm bait in the say :
Tho' I'm stuck on this fluke, I'll give devil a squirm
For I would'nt be plased to be tuke for a worm.'"
He was game to the last.
"There we lay an the ocean a pitiful wreck,
Every mast but the mizzen gone flush at the deck,
Eighty fathoms of chain with Mick as a bait,
Hanging under the bows of the poor *Mary Kate.*
The skipper growled long at his unlucky plight
When the ship gave a quiver as if from a fright,
'By Jove' says the old man 'something's nibbling at Mick.'
'Go stopper the chain,—get along my lads quick.'
The chain was well stopped, the Captain was right,
For he suddenly felt a tremendous strong bite.
Then the chain tautened out till we heard the links crack,
We 'broach to' then 'wear' and the next moment 'tack.'
Our submarine friend pulled and tugged for an hour,
Then on a straight course exerted his power.
Right North was our head, not a point East or West,
And may I be blanked if he took a moment to rest"—
This wonderful monster unknown.
"Talk about steaming, you should see the *Kate's* log,
Sixty knots every hour through storm, rain and fog.
Nor could we observe the Rules of the Road,
For no mention is made 'by a fish being towed.'
The sixth day from the Platte we were in 41°,
Further north says the skipper 'tis useless to run.
So we cut all the stoppers and the cable let go,
And rigged jury sail for an Easterly blow.
Rare fortune stood by us for on the third day
We came safely to anchor in good Boston Bay,
Just fifty-three days after leaving the Gate,
One bright summer morn in the ship *Mary Kate.*"

THE REASON WHY.

In April 1882 as I have heard them tell
A very curious fate a famous craft befell ;
To Eastward she was bound around the stormy Horn,
Yet she had to beat from eve to dewy morn.
The gales they came upon her from out the Northern sky,
And so the stormy Cape, they couldn't get them by ;
They wondered and wondered why thus they should be treated

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Forgetting in their haste that Neptune's wrath's deep seated,
For the trident bearing king had whispered in the ear
Of rude and boisterous Boreas not to let them come anear,
But to give it to them hot and exact a heavy fine
Because they hadn't 'ponied up' when they crossed the line.

MORAL.

Now all ye gallant sailors ye should a warning take,
And when this *easy* passage you are about to make
Don't let a mistaken feeling for the youthful "tender feet,"
Keep you from letting Neptune exact his tribute meet.

We feel a deep repugnance to calling into question the action of so distinguished a personage as Her Majesty, the Queen of Patagonia, but the impartial accuracy of the press permits no interference between personal feeling and public duty. We say duty, because the conduct of her Majesty for the past few days has been, and still continues to be, most reprehensible. How is it possible for her to reconcile her former devotion with her present persistent exclusion of Her Royal Consort, and so notable an official as the ex-Secretary of the Patagonian Navy? Yet the wind holds direct from her realms! Can it be that she is inconstant, that another possesses her charms, that another directs the destinies of her armed fleets? Some may pretend that she does not know who passes her shores, others that she cannot control the winds she sends forth—that they are her sighs; but we cannot think so meanly of a mighty Queen.

There dwells near Patagonia's rocky coast,
  A royal widow wrapped in cares of State.
Bereft of all on earth she valued most,
  She lives a lonely life—a Monument of Fate.
Long days ago when Fortune favored well
  A score of husbands had this potentate.
But one was lost. 'Twas—but no! I'll never tell—
  The other nineteen she fricasseed and ate.

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Hail on Tuesday, when the thermometer fell to 41°. Thursday night, wind logged 11. Saturday noon, barometer 28.77. No albatross since Wednesday. Cape pigeons can be caught with line and small hook. Waves yesterday were twelve feet high. Home longitude.

A REGULATION GALE.

There was no doubt about our going to have a gale. The wiseacres of the port side of the half-deck had finished their regular diurnal dissertation on the laws of storms; the young man who has a monopoly on wind and patent logs, reeled off a dozen quotations from Maury, Luce, Hersshel, Bowditch, and the rest of the boys, but with a studied suppression of the authorities. He attempted to palm off the whole thing as original, but was met half way by his habitual antagonist, the "cannon ball tosser." A whirlwind of repartee ensued, in which wit ran rampant. The old veteran who comes to shake up the fire had to hide his emotion behind his horny hand. Things must be in a fearful state when Billy Moore, able seaman, gives himself up to hilarity.

The cabin orderly had his hands full that day. The barometer had been up so high that the advisability of putting a mansard roof on it was seriously considered. Suddenly, with a fearful crash, the mercury ran down to zero and put on a spring overcoat. It continued to run down, like a broken constitution, until the Captain of the Afterguard discovered the leak, and safely plugged it with a quid of Navy tobacco. Then the thermometer got on the rampage. It commenced to blow off at 230°, and if it had not been for the presence of mind of the gun-deck sweeper, who saw a life-saving medal in the distance, it might have exploded. He turned on the salt water feed, thus extending the natural life of the author

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and a few others. The "Aneroid" made two complete revolutions before landing on its feet, thus fulfilling all promises made on the posters and small bills. The speed indicator produced such a terrible vacuum that the dead bodies of whales and flying fish came to the surface in cart loads. The exhausting of too much oxygen had hurried them to premature funerals. Nor was this all. The chronometers sent forth a deathlike "tick-tick, tick-tick" that froze the water in all the coolers. This certainly betokened evil. The carpenter's mate, with blanched cheek, reported the pumps choked with emotion. Fate certainly seemed against us.

The sun set wild and fiery, with all the colors of the barber pole. It looked as though you might walk right over to the western horizon and get your hair cut. The very waves seemed to gurgle "Next!" The wind, in hollow, fitful gusts, blew up and down the masts with frightful velocity. The sails flapped viciously, as if resenting the fearful strain they were compelled to bear. A flock of Cape pigeons, with a bow-legged old albatross in command, flew hither and thither, then thither and hither, filling the air with unearthly shrieks that made one's blood run cold. Oh, there was no doubt about its being a regulation gale!

The Commander, in the interests of humanity, called a council of the officers to decide what should be done. "The wealth, the beauty, the intellect of the Navy," he said, "are here assembled." Every one smiled a grinning acknowledgement of the compliment; but it was observed that a certain Ensign looked daggers at every one else, as much as to say, "Gentlemen, I can scarcely pardon this assurance. The Commander evidently refers to me alone;" and he drew in such a heavy breath at this supposed honor that his bosom, swelling with pride, carried away five buttons on his service coat. By unani-

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mous request, he was sent into dry dock for extensive repairs.

Order being restored, the Commander resumed: "The United States expects every man to do his or her duty. This is no time for idle speculation. What we want are facts, and those of the commonest kind. Will Lieutenant Montmorency oblige?"

A solemn stillness held the air as the Lieutenant arose. We all leaned forward to catch every word on the fly. As he stood there in the flickering light of a tallow dip, one might have easily imagined that Apollo with his lyre had come on board. We refer, of course to the musical instrument of that name. We are not the man to impeach the integrity of any officer or gentleman.

With one hand the orator threw back a mass of kerosene-colored ringlets from his macadamized brow, and with the index finger of the other he pointed to the brilliant corruscations of the blue empyrean. "I have but one dying request," he said. "Lash a Midshipman to the fore tack and sheet and let her flicker."

The applause which greeted this oratorical outburst was deafening. The chairs fell on their backs under the shock. The very beams grew weak at the "knees." At that moment the ship's cook came rushing in with startling intelligence.

The wind had increased in force to 1, and the smokesail had split from clew to earing, despite the efforts of both watches to reef it. That in the excitement, Mr. Boots, Midshipman, had been carried down the galley funnel, and having landed in a pan of batter, was only saved from being converted into a "turn-over" by the heroic conduct of two Celestials. These brave heathen, stripped to the waist, and with a triumphant yell, plunged headlong to the rescue. The Bo'sn clapped a jigger on their pigtails, and the whole crowd were rescued. Upon

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the receipt of this sad news, the Commander sent up word that Mr. Boots, Midshipman, would be excused from working Navigation that day. The two Chinamen were rewarded with eight hours' extra lookout.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and approved, the council continued their deliberations. Mr. Snodgrass, Ensign, the hero of a thousand trips around the Horn, and author of that popular treatise, "Where was Moses when the Light Went Out; or Twelve Years Man and Boy before the Mast," was brought to his feet with the assistance of a derrick. As he stood there, a mental mountain among the mental mole-hills, a caustic critic was heard to remark, *sotto voce*, "What a fine cut for the *Police News!*" Another whispered, "Take it out and stuff it!" Still another said in sepulchral tones, "Tell me what it is and I'll give you half." But he did not mind the hollow mockeries, and hissing the one word, "Vampires!" between his nostrils, he spoke:

"I have seen the only cyclone ever born in captivity; I have hunted squalls among the vine-clad summit of the eternal Alps; I have gunned for gales in the far-away jungles of Kalamazoo and Kansas City; and what have I learned from all these Simultaneous International Meteorological Observations?' I repeat, what?" Here he struck the table a fearful blow with his fist, and looked around for applause. The man who had been paid five dollars by the orator upon condition that he would come in heavy on "cat calls" at this stage of the proceeding, struck for higher wages. A dead silence ensued. Some one yelled out, "Conundrum; give it up." "I'll tell you *what!*" This was said savagely. "In all my vast experience I have found that no method of procedure in a gale can be given in fewer words than those used by that illustrious seaman, George Washington, during the engagement between the *Tuddly-Addely* and the British

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fleet off Podunk. 'Men,' he said, 'before the wind stern sails may be becalmed by a spoke of the wheel, but the royal has no buntline.'" [See Luce, page 441.]

The speaker fell back, helpless from mental excitement, and speedily found solace in a bottle labelled "Hair Dye. Use as directed."

"Gentlemen," cried Dr. Topnoddy, excitedly, "there is no time for experiment. But one thing remains to be done. Put a mustard plaster on the mizzen rigging to draw the wind aft, and give the Quartermaster an emetic so that he can throw the helm up. Do this, or we perish." "Don't forget your seamanship," yelled a blonde Midshipman, name unknown, but nose very prominent. "Remember those little verses we sang so sweetly when, mere children, we gamboled on the green:

'With the gale before the wind,
Your whisker jumper you must mind;
And when the gale at last is seen,
Just port your helm and go between.'"

He sang this to the tune we have all learned to love so well: "Father's pants will soon fit Willie."

Still the gale rolled on. Danger lurked in every air port like some hidden fire, only awaiting a chance to burst forth and take a chattel mortgage on the whole concern. But hark! What sound is that? It is the cat! No, 'tis a footstep approaching on horseback. On it came, nearer, deadlier than before. Merciful heavens! what is it? Tremble not; it is only Drachler, the intelligent messenger. He speaks:

"Off'sr deck says as how the wind's blowin' a good 3. We *tried* to 'lay her to' under close reef winds'l's, but the lee bo'line carried away. The whole crew have been blown up against the lee riggin', and are singin' 'Pull for the shore' for all they're worth. Any minute may be our next, sir. I fear it's all hup."

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There was no time for further parley. The meeting adjourned *sine die*, and all the participants rushed on deck. Panic ensued. Horn stock went up so high that it never came down, and preferred Newport stock sold for little or nothing. The winds having shifted in the direction of the hands of an eight-day clock, we knew that we were in the dangerous hemisphere. The ship went over and lay with her keel in the water, at which awful moment Mr. Macrime, Midshipman, and five yards of lace were washed overboard. Stationed hands for cutting away the cat-head. By great exertions, Master Pills and several Midshipmen succeeded in securing themselves on the weather broadside and in cutting away the clothes line, when three suits of pajamos and half a dozen variegated socks went by the board, and the U. S. S. *Jamestown* righted with twenty thousand gallons of water in the hold—mostly in tanks.

By morning the clerk of the weather signed the pledge and sobered down. We were thus enabled to set about rigging jury windsails and clotheslines; after which, having picked up the "trades," we arrived without further incident in Newport harbor.

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Vol. I. Saturday, April 29, 1882. No. 8.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours	154′
Least run in 24 hours	54′
Greatest speed per hour	9′.1
Least speed per hour	0′.0
Average run for week	117′
Run to date	7851′.1
Latitude S.	53° 23′
Longitude W	54° 18′

Week began with fresh E'ly breezes, gradually backing to N'd and E'd, becoming lighter, until calm on Tuesday. Wednesday, gentle to moderate breezes from S'd. Moderate to stiff breeze from E'd on Thursday, with hail and snow, shifting to W'd on Friday and growing light. Friday afternoon wind came out fresh from W. N. W. Week ended with moderate breeze from S. W. Weather cold, with frequent squalls of wind, hail and snow.

It may, perhaps, surprise you to learn that you have in your midst a messmate whose connection with the cruise is as well established as that of the commanding officer. Born near California's sunny shores, he passed his infancy under the nourishing influences of a temperate zone. With anxious care we watched his childhood expand into youth. Like a thrifty palm, the pride of some tropical forest, he rapidly assumed those proportions which promised a useful existence. The influences which tended to

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enervate us all, only added to the gracefulness of his form and imparted a healthful glow to his cheek. Arrived at manhood, the temperate zone again exerted its nourishing influences. The frivolous dreams of youth were laid aside, and his subjects of thought became more serious. Professional topics occupied his attention, and he sought to instruct as well as to amuse his shipmates. Each day added bone and sinew to a frame which was soon to be called upon to endure the test of adversity. During the past week our friend has been ill. The late discomforts and exposures made sad inroads upon the strong constitution reared in Pacific climes. Each day found him lower and lower, until last evening, when the crisis was reached and safely passed. To-day he appears before you a well man, confident in his strength to live safely through all the changes of the coming weeks. He greets you as "9′ 51″."

We have indulged in the above metaphor to describe the condition of affairs in the sanctum on Friday afternoon. Last week we expressed our confidence in "9′ 51″'s" success. Firm in this belief we saw each day pass by—and still no contributions. Friday came, the day before press, and still none. Never doubting, never fearing, the editors simply waited, trusting in that support which is the reward of faith. Behold the result!

BOATS.

The boats of a war ship are for use in action. In battle, whether attacking or retreating, whether bearing dispatches or acting as guides, whether carrying reinforcements or wounded, speed is of paramount importance. It is in view of this fact that the boats of our Navy are made light, narrow and long. It matters not whether the engagement takes place in the smooth waters of a

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harbor, or on the tossing waves of the high seas; if a boat be called into action, its speed is its greatest recommendation and most essential requisite. In these quiet times, however, we do not want boats for action, but boats to carry us safely and quietly when in port, and comfortably and securely when taken to at sea.

Two kinds of boats are built especially for service, the whale boat and the life boat. The whale boat is long, low, narrow, light, and very fast. It pulls six long oars, carries leg-o'-mutton sails, and is used by all whale ships. The life boat is short, high, narrow, light and very fast. They pull ten or twelve oars, are double-banked, sharp at stem and stern, and generally made of iron or steel. They are able to stand the roughest sea and weather the heaviest gale. The points of similarity in life boat and whale boat are lightness and speed. The length of the whale boat renders her unmanageable in breakers. The metal of the life boat renders her impracticable on board whale ships. Metallic boats are easily injured by the wear and tear of ship's use, and to repair them necessitates skilled mechanics. Speed is deemed an essential qualification in a life boat as well as in a whaler's boat, and much is sacrificed to secure it.

Comparing the boats of our war ships with the above, it may be readily seen that our two kinds of boats correspond as nearly as may be with the whale boat of the whaler and the life boat of the Coast Guard.

The whale boats of our men-of-war should be made with an inner planking going up as far as the seat strake, as in merchant whale boats, forming an inner air chamber; and tight compartments might be made in the head and stern sheets; in one water might be kept, in the other perishable provisions. The boats are then ready for sea in time of peace, and equally ready for arming and away in case of attack. The square stern of our

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double banked boats is objectionable in rough water, and no life boat should have one. Circumstances, however, render square sterns necessary, carrying space being thus found. Cutters could also be lined, and should have compartments at either end, thus becoming useful life boats as well as war boats. All boats, when at sea, should be thoroughly provided for abandoning ship. Though such a contingency may never arise, it should be anticipated, and everything be in readiness. The boat which carries barrels of provisions, water, stove, etc., should have them in her. Boat boxes, compasses and other fittings should always be in place in the boat, securely lashed and ready for service, so that, if at any moment boat and crew were adrift, every possible necessity would be provided for. In an emergency, the struggle for positions of safety prevent men from bringing up from the hold and store-room provisions and boat gear. Preparations to meet the occasion should be complete.

No ship carries boats enough to hold her crew. Exactly how to remedy this is not clear. Life rafts are very good theoretical life preservers, but impracticable in times of great excitement and haste. Where to stow more boats is an equally difficult problem. Many of those we have are sufficiently inaccessible. Large waist boats should be hoisted at davits like other boats, and swung inboard and chocked on railways. To launch them, rigging them out should free them from the chocks, and they would be ready to lower. Such davits as support our launches are hindrances, and should be discarded as soon as possible. In ships with light top gallant forecastles and poops, four or more launches can be kept on railway chocks in the gangways. In some foreign ships this is done.

A few words about securing boats for sea. Boats should be slewed so that their keel will be out. As they

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secure at present, they fill in heavy weather and break adrift, or break in two. In securing with keel out, that portion intended for the water takes the water. This fact is known to merchantmen with low rails, and to whalers. We should observe and profit.

PERSONAL HYGIENE.

It occurs to us that a few words on the use of tobacco would be hygienically useful. Tobacco, in its various forms, is so familiar an article of every-day life, that we will refrain from a description of it. The potent principle of tobacco is a substance called *nicotin*. It exists to a variable extent in different kinds of tobacco. Thus, we find a large quantity of it in the "Cuban" tobacco, and, conversely, we find a small quantity in the light colored tobacco raised in the North. We are reminded every day, by our olfactory organs, of the varied qualities of the many brands of tobacco. Thus, we find the fragrant Havana odor intermixed with fumes from cabbage leaves and potato tops. We will say little or nothing about the disgusting habit of "dipping," or, to use a more refined expression, the practice of snuffing. It is to chewing and smoking that we will call our readers' attention. Upon those who are not habituated to its use, tobacco acts as a very powerful depressant, producing horrible nausea and vomiting, with giddiness and a feeling of intense wretchedness and weakness. Not so in those who have manfully and bravely borne up through the trying ordeal before mentioned. The taste for tobacco is entirely artificial, and until one acquires that taste, tobacco is altogether foreign to his happiness. How all of you who use this drug can look back and recall the sickness, the vomiting, the intense feeling of wretchedness and all-goneness you experienced when first you chewed

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the "weed," and smoked your first cigar, because you thought it looked manly. How careful you all were not to let your mothers, or fathers, or your sisters, or your cousins, or your aunts know that you were a tobacco fiend. Perhaps some of you carry out this precaution still! But we are wandering from what we intended to say. It is the desire of the chewer and smoker to use the "weed" to his heart's content. It will be sufficient to allude to only a few of the ills caused by the use of tobacco. Of the two more common uses of tobacco, by far the most injurious is smoking, because there is a much greater quantity consumed, it comes in contact with a more extended surface, and, being in a gaseous state, is more readily absorbed. It has been reported that a poultice which contained half a drachm of tobacco produced death. The smoke of half an ounce of strong tobacco contains enough nicotin to kill. Anyone can collect some of the harmful substance in tobacco smoke simply by blowing it through a piece of cloth. *Nicotin* acts with lightning-like rapidity. Thus, there is reported a person who took an unknown quantity; he dropped instantly to the floor, gave a deep sigh and was dead in about three minutes. It is hardly likely that any of you use tobacco in quantity—and quality—sufficient to produce the aforesaid symptoms; therefore no fear need be entertained of your being poisoned in that way. It is to the gradual, slow and sure poisoning that we wish to call attention; and it is to the reprehensible and pernicious habit of the inhalation of tobacco smoke that we would more particularly allude. When tobacco smoke is taken into the lungs, it meets with many thousand little air chambers, which are lined with a very thin and highly delicate membrane. Absorption through this membrane is very rapid, and when the tobacco smoke comes in contact with it, the poison is quickly taken up and hurried

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off by the blood to all parts of the system. Little solid particles may adhere to this delicate membrane, or may be arrested in other parts of the air passage, and thus cause an intractable or incurable cough, and, it may be, fatal disease. Enlargements and palpitations of the heart are well known effects of tobacco. It is useless to further refer to the constantly congested state of the mucous membrane lining the mouth, nose, throat and air passages; for nearly all smokers who use tobacco to excess are acquainted with these ills.

We do not excuse the tobacco "chewer" because he says he does not inhale smoke. He, too, is liable to heart-burn, disordered digestion, nervous phenomena, and is at the same time guilty of robbing his throat and stomach of the saliva intended for them. Our remarks are sufficiently extended, and we will now simply indicate the remedy to be used for all these ills we have enumerated. Moderation in the use of the exciting cause is the remedy. We do not wish to discourage the moderate use of tobacco; and we will go further, and say that we think a wisely moderate use of tobacco is beneficial. A cigar made of good tobacco and used after meals, a small piece of tobacco chewed, will do a great majority of persons, who are in good health, no harm. Be sure you use an article you know to be *tobacco*. We so sincerely hope to see the day when a practical reform will be initiated in the use of tobacco as it now exists. Then it will be that the moderate use of tobacco will be conducive rather than deleterious to health. Let us then, each and every one, springing forward in the vigor and enthusiasm of renewed youth, do what we can to aid and encourage a reform in the use of tobacco.

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A REVERIE AND A DREAM.

The dancing crests of snow capped waves
 Were gently touched by the moon's pale light,
Gilding the path of the mariner brave,
 As fearless he entered the shades of night.
I silently gazed in the starlit sky,
 Strange fancies froliced within my brain—
I wandered amidst the orbs on high,
 My thoughts were free from worldly stain.

Of the many stars near Orion bright,
 An emerald light with fitful sheen
Enthralled my soul and charmed my sight;
 Its unknown story I fain would glean.
My voice went forth in plaintive cry,
 A prayer I breathed in accents low,
Nature's deep mysteries in the sky
 I fain would learn while here below.

"Oh, Sirius—star of beauty bright
 Fierce glowing in your station high,
Through the long depth's of winter's night
 Thou add'st fresh lustre to the sky.
I wonder if thou cans't unfold
 The history of thy birth and life,
Can'st tell the story, ne'er yet told
 In what doth end the Christian's strife?

"Pray tell me, do not be unkind,
 An answer man yet ne'er has found;
'Tis far too deep for human mind,
 'What makes our merry world go round?'
And does thy light of emerald green
 Shine down on worlds like unto earth?
And have these worlds a race e'er seen
 Of men, whom God has given birth?

"Beyond thy orb, I see but space,
 And azure sky and drifting cloud;
Pray tell me, can'st thou further trace
 From your lofty station high and proud,
The boundless sky and still advance
 Into the future veiled to man?
Perhaps your own bright, darting glance
 Both Heaven and Earth may even span."

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My reverie ended—lost in thought
  My prayer was made:—unanswered all,
The secret I had vainly sought
  Could ne'er to human mind befall.
Then o'er my eyelids fell a sleep,
  A sleep to me unknown before;
So calm and blessed, sweet and deep,
  To Heaven above I seemed to soar.

Before my eyes was the starlit sky
  That had heard my anxious, longing prayer:
From Sirius came a voice on high,
  Soft and low through the balmy air.
"Full many an age I've heard in vain
  The pleading voice of living man,
Though never yet such prayer did gain
  An answer since the world began."

"At last a human voice did rouse
  My pity towards thy race on earth.
Behold the land your God endows
  To Christian souls of righteous worth!"
My soul was roused to wild desire,
  Each word sank in my listening ear,
The secret set my heart on fire
  As these thrilling words I thus did hear.

I saw a world divinely grand,
  A vision unconceived in dreams;
Rays brilliant bursting from the land,
  Sea sending forth bright emerald beams.
And Nature had with generous power
  O'er Paradise strewn beauty rare
The leaves were each a fragrant flower
  Lending sweet perfume to the air.

On this heavenly sphere, this land divine
  Were angel groups, supremely fair,
They worshipped at a golden shrine
  A chant rang gladly through the air.
And faces buried in the grave
  Were mingled in the angels' band;
Loved faces sunk beneath the wave,
  Had gained at last the promised land.

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Then spake again my spirit guide,
  The God of Sirius—God of Light
I turned and found him by my side
  In a blaze of glory, dazzling bright.
He pointed to a twinkling star,
  Outshone by many a brilliant ray
And said:—"That light you see afar
  Is the sun that gives to earth its day."

"There's mourning when a soul departs,
  You pray that God his life will save;
His memory lives in broken hearts—
  With tears his friends bend o'er his grave.
Why mourn you that a life of care
  A life of strife, of sin, of woe,
Has risen to this Kingdom fair
  Creator, King and God to know?

"Yon sphere you see, 'tis Alcyone
  About which all these stars revolve,
And stars to worlds are each a sun,
  Their number, mind will never solve.
And man inhabits every sphere,
  The sky 's to him a mysterious sea
A soul that is born in Godly fear
  A crown may win in Eternity."

"For each Christian life, an angel form
  Is born within my happy realm;
No more he 'll battle with life's storm
  For Death, Life surely 'll overwhelm.
We quickly speed towards Alcyone
  Revolving in our orbit broad,
This angel world has a heaven won
  For Alcyone is the 'Throne of God.'"

AN AWFUL MOMENT.

Into the stormy climes we'd passed,
  Cape Horn's wild waste of wintry sea;
The sea bird's shriek and bitter blast,
  Anon disturbed my reverie.
I conversed with Nature's grandest form
  The heaving sea and shrieking wind,
A thousand demons drove the storm
  With hatred deep and fury blind.

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Our good ship rode with careless grace,
  With hawser reefed and try-sail small:
When from on high, in Heaven's face,
  Like flaming words on a sea of gall
In the lightning's flash, I read our fate
  And senseless fell my quivering frame.
In words of fire, just Heaven's hate
  Like Belshazzar's curse, the warning came.

And as I fell and reason fled,
  I heard a voice in accents shrill:
For though the storm in fury sped,
  To that one voice, all sounds were still.
As the lightning flashed in heaven above,
  As I read the mystic symbols crossed,
I heard the sound of the voice we love,
  "The jibtack's gone, we're lost, we're lost."

My brain was worked to frenzy wild—
  Whence came this voice beyond the sky?
The master mind so justly styled
  Knew well the "penguin's plaintive cry."
The signs *I'd* seen, the lightning flash
  Were answered by a *smaller* mind:
On watch I'd called him Georgie, dash
  He'd felled me low with blow unkind.

IN THE ATLANTIC.

Once more our prow is Northward turned,
And joy fills every heart. The Southern Cross
Which but ere now was in the zenith,
Begins to lose its lofty altitude,
And soon gives place to Northern stars.
Ah! who shall tell the joy that each one feels
When once again he sees the old familiar face,
Of Ursa Major—with the Dipper—and that cynosure
Of them that plough the trackless ocean.
The star we call *Polaris!*
No man can talk about "the other side,"
For now at last we are upon the broad Atlantic:
And tho' still far enough from home and friends,
Yet we can e'en feel that each day brings us nearer them.
We've passed the stormy Cape, have had our share of gales
And still are safe in spar and hull.

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For these and all the mercies He vouchsafes,
We thank that kindly Providence that overlooks the sailor
And bringeth him in safety to his desired haven.

"Oh! where did you come from my pretty bird?
And what was the latest news you heard?"
"I came from the land of Terra del Fuego,
To see why you didn't come near Diego."
I'll give you chloroform until you're dead!
Nobody asked you, sir! the birdie said.

So he took the bird in its robe so white
And plunged it into death's dark night:
He skinned it and tanned it and put it away
To go to the Smithsonian another day.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

We desire to express our sense of the deep obligations under which we rest to the eleven gentlemen who this week contributed original poems on "The Beautiful Snow." When "9′ 51″" is published, not one shall be omitted; but at present we will hold them in reserve—in our editorial wicker basket—safe between our editorial feet. Ah! what mementos of home, and friends, and hope, and purity, and zoölogy, are called up by the lines beginning:

While the gentle, silent snow lightly falls,
I am dreaming of our Minnesota balls;
And as o'er the rolling deep our vessel crawls,
I am thinking how the plaintive penguin squalls,
While the soft, pure snow continuously falls.

And then this:

Ah! look you to wind'ard
  And look you astern;
Oh! glance you to leeward
  And your eyes ever turn
To North, South and East,
And West not the least,
And tell me brave lad
Does the weather look bad?
  When from one of these points
The wind we have had?

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The weather looks bad
  And the wind it doth blow,
And *galely* descends
  The Beautiful Snow;
And drop after drop
When I *hail* the main top,
  Disputes my own *reign*
On the deck all a mop.

Or something after Gabriel Rosetti like this:

The oscillatory scale of the mercurial flow
Betokens lethargic verbosity of psychological glow—
Such translucent empyreal perorates I trow
No exuberant contusions like
Beautiful Snow!

LINES INSPIRED BY A

MORNING WATCH ON THE FORECASTLE.

"I love to hear the morning light
  Resound across the deep,
And the crystal song of the woodbine clear
  Lulling the rocks to sleep."

"The blood-red moon in blaze of noon
  Embalmed in crumbling dew,
And the wolf rings out with glittering shout
  Te-wit, te-wit, te-woo!"

"The festive goat and sportive cow
  Hilarious skip from bough to bough,"
While the mud-hen warbles her silent lay
  Into the ear of the sow.

But rather I'd glide the dewy deck,
  And bask near the fragrant head,
Or tickle the merry holy-stone
  That jokes with the deep-sea lead.

I love to feel the silv'ry smoke
  Soar up from Charley Noble,
And listen to the bean a-cooking below,
  In stomachs to borrow trouble.

The quivering sigh of the snoring crew
  Is like to the plaintive cry
Of the penguin, as on lambent wing
  It flits aloft in the sky.

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The musky cook in dulcet tones
  Breathes soft in his downy hammock,
The shy Katy-did with the hopper-grass hid,
  While my heart is going ker-slammock.

My love lives by a babbling swamp,
  Where the frog sings in his nest,
And waits for her lover on the bristling deep—
  Just go to her for the rest.

A MODERN ANCIENT MARINER.

What ho! my ancient mariner!
  What tale have you to tell?
Whence come you in your gallant craft
  That you should love full well?

He grasped my hand with all his might;
  He shook it fast and hard;
He said, "I could a tale unfold
  Were I an ancient bard."

Oh! mariner from o'er the seas,
  Thy tale I pray thee tell;
And if thou sing'st not like a bard,
  I'll pardon thee full well.

His shifted quid now gave a chance
  For him his yarn to spin;
"Now listen to me friend" he said,
  "For mine's a grievous sin."

Whilst I was sailing o'er the seas
  From San Francisco bound,
For seven long and weary days
  We beat the Horn around.

'Twas there while we were in a calm,
  I did the grievous deed;
The boatswain caught for me a bird—
  I soon did make him bleed.

Forwith I took his feathers off,
  Left nothing but the meat;
The skin I stowed it safe away,
  The body I did eat.

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I split his body down the back,
  Was ever such bad luck?
And when the cook had broiled him well,
  We said "the taste is like to duck."

And now as I go wandering forth,
  Myself the sea bird's grave,
I feel that I have done a deed
  That wasn't very brave.

For every now and then I think
  Perhaps the bird will sprout;
And I myself with wings and tail
  Will soon be breaking out.

Then what a cruel fate 'll be mine,
  As forth I skim the sea,
Caught in some other fisher's snare
  I'll skinned and eatén be.

Pass on, oh! ancient mariner,
  And come to me no nigher;
You're far too old and tough, I trow,
  To be placed before a fire.

A gladsome smile lit up his face,
  As then his way he wended;
And thus his tale like the poor bird
  Was quite completely ended.

THE STORY OF AN AFTERNOON.

PREFACE.

One pleasant afternoon, as the ship rolled slowly over the long swells, and the "sun rolled slowly toward his wonted West," certain events occurred that nearly culminated in tragedy. As an example of the curious connection of trains of thought and incident, we will relate the whole without reservation or extenuation.

CHAPTER I.

Two well known Midshipmen, whom we shall designate as Messrs. Knot and Splice, were in a passion. This, in itself, is remarkable, and worthy of notice in "9′ 51″";

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for, be it known, a Midshipman is the most long-suffering and harmless of all the sea-faring genus; but we do not intend to emphasize the fact, only to state it. That Messrs. Knot and Splice were in a passion—earnestly, terribly, dangerously angry—was beyond doubt.

And why? naturally arises the question. Because of oppression, injustice, and tyranny unparalelled! After two years and nine months sea service as man and boy, they were not allowed the trivial responsibility of a regular deck watch! Burning with that laudable ambition that fills the breast of every zealous young officer, they had inadvertantly broached the subject of watch, with the above painful result.

"Let us obtain some pistols and slay the gulls and Cape pigeons," hissed Mr. Knot. "We can imagine them the fossilized oppressors who monopolize the deck watches of to-day."

"Yes," returned Mr. Splice; "and John Louis says these birds are the souls of dead sailors; perhaps we might get a crack at John Paul Jones, or Captain Kidd."

And they arose and departed.

CHAPTER II.

But the kind Commander said, No! The gulls must suffer for science only. They are protected by the traditions of the old Navy, and the "Society for the Extension of Cruelty to Animals." However, he did not object to shooting tin cans. They swallowed the tyrannical edict. A tin can might represent a tyrant. Accordingly *soup and bully* cans, with bits of pork tied to them, were attached to the patent log line astern, and preparations made for sport. If pigeons fooled around those cans and got hurt, whose fault was it?

Alas! Anticipation is not realization! The pistol cartridges were a part of ten billion cartridges supplied

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the United States Government by a Spanish contractor during the *Virginius* troubles, and not one would go off.

CHAPTER III.

Two hours later, many wardroom officers lingered about the half-deck, in hopes that the visiting Midshipmen would vacate the chairs around the stove. The hands of the clock showed two minutes of five. A Midshipman, occupying the post of responsibility at the stove door, began to stir the fire. Its rich, warm glow shone on his tender yet manly features as he put on a layer of coal, then, unseen by the rest, a box labelled "Ten Pistol Cartridges U. S. Navy. Calibre 50." As two bells struck he disappeared down the hatch.

CHAPTER IV.

During all the sumptuous dinner our two friends were abstracted. In vain were wine and song. In vain the mess chat passed gaily from topic to topic—monsoons, jinny-rickshas and sampans, the relatives of a famous Commodore and the trial of Warren Hastings on the Strand, recollections of Jimmy Lyons and Billy Winder. Once they took a passing interest in a dispute between Count Galway, a near relative of Lord Harleigh, and a Marquis known as the author of a history of Rome. It involved a triangular re-distribution of the mess crockery, which was considered detrimental by the majority present, and stopped when just becoming interesting.

Still, a happy smile would from time to time illumine their faces at sudden sounds from above, only to leave them in deeper gloom when nothing more was heard, and the realization came that the noise had only been the thump of a sea under the bow.

Dinner over, our heroes ventured to peep over the coamings of the steerage hatch. The stove was red-hot, and about it, grouped in comfortable attitudes, were many line officers of high rank. With a deep sigh Splice mur-

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mured: "Luck's against us! We'll get no regular deck watch this cruise." Then he walked boldly to the fire. A little pool of molten lead shimmered in the red light of the ash pan.

CHAPTER V.

Yet an hour later. Again our two friends. They are seated in the loose powder of the magazine. The fitful light of a purser's dip only renders the darkness more intense.

Between them is a box. It contains one thousand pistol cartridges. They are dissecting a specimen cartridge. The end is near. Knot whispers awfully: "My diagnosis is completed; the caput is dislocated, and the corpuscular tissues will soon flow," and suiting the words, he withdraws the loosened ball from the shell and pours forth the contents.

They gaze in each other's faces, and fall weeping in each other's arms. The candle capsizes among the piles of loose powder.

EPILOGUE.

Our tale is finished. The Spanish contractor had not loaded his cartridges with the usual proportions of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal. He had not employed them at all. He had used—SAWDUST!

NONSENSE RHYMES.

There was a young man who did blow,
"There is one thing I certainly know,
Some fine frosty morn
While rounding the Horn
The thermometer will sink to zero."

Another retorted: "Look here!
I'll bet you a bottle of beer
That in none of these latitudes,
Notwithstanding your platitudes,
The mercury acts quite so queer."

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It then began to grow cold,
Which disturbed the last sailor so bold;
He thus took the attitude,
That we'd passed the Cape's latitude,
And his theory began to unfold.

So they argued and had conversation,
On the true and accurate relation
Of the term round the Horn,
With the course that we've borne,
And yesterday's noon observation.

It was all very funny, no doubt,
But still you are both of you out;
A quart bottle of ale—
In a calm or in gale,
Around is defined as *about*.

AN EPISODE.

It was in the good ship *Jamestown* that there occurred the facts which are now first given to the world. The old craft had been through all sorts of weather, had rounded the Horn without coming within 250 miles of it, and was staggering along one morning under all plain sail to royals (except a double reefed storm spanker, which was kept furled in order that the inhabitants of the cabin might get a respectable draft for the stove), staggering along, we were saying, at the rate of four and a half knots before a tremendously moderate breeze, with occasional light airs and squalls to windward. Soundings had been taken the night before, and the heart of the Navigator had been much lightened of its heavy burden on finding that Pottinger's Bank had not suspended specie payments, but was still in the same old place, handing out the sand to whosoever asked for it, provided he appeared armed in the proper style with a check in the shape of a *dipsy* lead.

At the hour at which our tale opens, the shades of night had not yet gone down on the wintery sea, and a

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snow squall mingled with hail and imprecations shut out from the view of the vigilant lookouts the surrounding scenery.

Reposing special trust and confidence in his subordinates, the Commander (whom the regulations suppose to be always on deck) was sound asleep in the cabin, while the various other officers and the watch below were likewise gone to the Land of Nod and were there embraced by the arms of Morpheus.

Suddenly, from somewhere—whether above or below it is impossible to tell—came a weird and plaintive cry. In an instant the lookouts awoke the officer of the forecastle, cried "Sail ho!" and the officer of the deck, in dulcet tones, said, "Oh! what was that, quartermaster?" All ears were now opened, when the strange sound once more was heard. Was it from some sleeper, giving audible evidence of his oblivion of all that surrounded him? It could not be; for as the cry again filled the listening ears, it was pronounced to be like the bray of a jackass, a stray jackass that perhaps had wandered away from the fold, and, like the people of the *J.*, "wanted to go home." This familiar sound of the barn-yard caused great consternation. The main topsail was laid to the mast; the lead again allowed to sink into the ultramarine depths in search of Mr. Pottinger's Bank; the Midshipman, whose onerous duty it was to sit by the stove on the gun deck, was set to work at the reckoning, as it was feared that the bottom might have come too near the top, and that the old craft was about to lay her weary bones to rest in some Falkland Island barn-yard. Thanks to the active measures thus taken, the ship was soon pronounced to be safe. The bank honored the check with the usual discount of ten fathoms of slack line—the amount corresponding exactly to that found by the Knight of the Stove—and the snow squall cleared away disclosing at a short

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distance a penguin, whose chattering gibes were again heard as he swam off to his rookery. All breathed more freely; and the whole affair would have been unknown had not a meddlesome antiquary found enshrined in the *Jamestown's* log a mention of "the penguin's plaintive cry."

Vol. I. Saturday, May 6, 1882. No. 9.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours........................221′
Least run in 24 hours...........................91′
Greatest speed per hour........................10′.7
Least speed per hour............................0′.0
Average run for week...........................152′
Run to date....................................8854′
Latitude S...................................42° 27′
Longitude W..................................35° 08′

Week opened overcast, with moderate breeze from S. W., backing to W'd with very fresh breezes. On Monday, blowing a gale from N'd and W'd, continuing till Tuesday evening. Wind shifted to S'd and E'd by way of South, falling calm on Wednesday morning, succeeded by increasing breeze from N'd and W'd becoming a gale on Thursday morning, gradually dying away to a calm on Friday; then again coming out from N'd, freshening to a stiff breeze on Saturday.

"Lying to" from Monday 6 p. m., till Tuesday at 9 a. m.

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THE NAVAL INSTITUTE.

In various issues we have taken occasion to justly praise the amount of talent displayed in the writings of our contributors. Now that we are past the Horn, and once more approaching latitudes where it will be possible to write in comparative comfort, we would call our readers' attention to the fact that there is a broader field before them than that given by the columns of our humble journal. We refer to the "Proceedings of the Naval Institute." It is not generally understood that the pages of that publication are open to all, and that any article of acknowledged use to the service are thankfully received by the Executive Committee.

We hear it frequently said that there are not enough practical papers published by the Institute. This, we think, is a mistaken idea, as a glance at the index of the periodical will show; but, granting the fact, why should not some of our able writers on "Logs," "The Training System," "Boats," "Constellations," and other kindred subjects, show the Navy at large that one small ship, at sea, on a long, stormy passage, has so improved her time that on her arrival in the United States a large mail of MSS. will be forwarded to the Secretary of the only literary society in our profession.

In this connection we cannot refrain from giving our tribute of gratitude to those officers who, by pen and act, have nursed the infant association. Christened many years ago, with a score of godfathers, and ushered into the world of letters with the weakest of constitutions, it nearly died in its infancy. After those years its whole existence was transformed, and freed from the trammels of official etiquette and rank-endowed patrons, it has since grown to strong adolescence. Let each and all on board the *Jamestown* do their best to help the Institute toward a broader manhood of future than it has yet attained.

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THE CRUISES OF THREE BOATS TO FOUR FAMOUS ISLANDS.*

INTRODUCTORY.

That the "*Jamestown*" was to be put in commission excited little or no comment. She was needed as a training ship in the Atlantic; a fact noteworthy in no special respect. She would necessarily have to double Cape Horn, and afforded a good school for the "young navy." So said the "old timers," toasting their gouty feet over comfortable firesides, the while murmuring, "excellent experience," and sipping an extra glass of the "ration." A sweetheart, a wife, or a mother, tearfully talked of the dangers of the stormy Cape; and then, lingering adieux, and the "29" were off for San Francisco.

So much to the outward eye. Let us read between the lines of the orders, and examine the true inwardness of the cruise, and develope some peculiar and strange circumstances connected with the commissioning of this redoubtable old sailing ship.

I. A double complement of officers was ordered to her. Why?

II. The ship, though completely ready for sea, was, for no apparent reason, detained for one entire month at Mare Island.

III. Several officers, intimately connected with official life at the Capital—one of them of known inventive genius, another a standard authority on the meteorological data of the Pacific—were summarily ordered from the gayeties of Washington life to the monotonies of a long cruise. Hints must have undoubtedly been thrown out to them of the novel features of the voyage which we

*The editor having often been requested by friends at home to write a description of some of the South Sea Islands, the following articles were compiled. The descriptions of scenery, natives, etc., are correct; while the boat voyages are, of course, apocryphal.

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are about to relate. Again, two other officers, who have made Cape Horn passages a specialty of their lives, and who certainly needed no experience in such latitudes, must certainly have been sent to the ship to impart to others their own valuable information. I might enumerate more talented specialists, were it not that the following pages will show the animus which prompted their selection for duty among us.

IV. It may be remembered that one of the causes which detained us at Mare Island was the fitting up of the fresh water condenser and the various appurtenances. A pretext and a delusion; the true delay being occasioned by the tardy manufacture of the contents of a certain cask, marked "Zinfandel Claret," which never saw the wine press, but was quietly transported from the Bureau of Steam Engineering and unostentatiously placed in the cabin. We all remember it there, and with what care it was guarded. What did it contain? and where is it now?

V. A few hours before we left the Yard, that relic of noble souls, the "*Saginaw's* gig," was placed on board. It was boarded over from stem to stern, and tarpaulins completely covered it—ostensibly to protect its timbers. Did any one have the curiosity to peep within its so-called emptiness?

VI. Was it for no reason that, after choosing the course best adapted for good winds, the commanding officer should, contrary to all the sailing directions, deliberately, on March 29th, place the ship in Lat. 22° S., and Long. 122° W., a spot always avoided by sailing vessels, and of which Dampier says:

> "Ye South Sea sailor is sure to rue
> Ye ghostly figure twenty-two,
> In Latitude or Longitude."

VII. What became of four officers who disappeared

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from our midst on March 29th? They were said to be in the cabin ill; but the service of the doctor was never called upon; and when they *recovered* on April 10th, their bronzed and rugged cheeks showed that they had been exposed to sea and winds, instead of ensconced in the after part of the ship.

Other points there are which go to prove that certain of the ship's company have been absent from the ship. Fresh potatoes have suddenly appeared at the wardroom table. A land bird was found on the berth deck not long since. Why was the water-whip on the main yard on the morning of April 10th? A jumper is unnecessary in a light breeze. All these signs have not been lost to our editorial eyes; but it was not until we laid them all in order, and digested them thoroughly, that we came to the conclusion that there was something happening in our midst of which the majority were ignorant. Then we sent our interviewer to the Commander, with a copy of what we have already written.

He was naturally surprised, and at first angry, at our acumen and perspicacity in thus discovering what he had supposed to be an official secret; but on our representation that no article in "9′ 51″" could possibly be put in general circulation until long after any official communication would reach Washington, he consented to impart the following information:

A double complement of officers was placed on board the *Jamestown* because it was intended that some of them should be sent from the ship, as soon as she reached certain latitudes, to communicate with several islands in the Pacific. The original conception was to order the gentlemen intended for these expeditions to their various destinations in some steamer; but as one of them had just completed a life boat of great speed, and boasted safety against wind and sea, and another had invented a

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new motor which would propel the life boat at hitherto unheard of rapidity, they begged hard to have their boat tested by long ocean voyages. The Department at last consented to their wish, and gave orders that three of these boats should be constructed, each being a trifle smaller than the other, and forming a nest fitting compactly in the *Saginaw's* gig.

The motors, though small, were exceedingly powerful, and were contained in a large cask. The propelling fuel —whatever it may be (we are bound by journalistic oaths not to reveal the principle of the motor, or the secret of construction of the boats)—came on board in a barrel marked "Bass' Ale." In passing, it may be remembered that the wine caterer has, of late, been greatly exercised over the loss of a keg of this precious beverage. Let him set his mind at rest. The one he tallied on the morning of March 2d was the property of the Government and of the inventors of boat and motor; its contents have long since been strewn over many a hundred miles of Pacific waters.

With these few introductory remarks, we will let the four gentlemen who left the ship on the night of March 29th tell the story of three of the most remarkable boat journeys on record. Their letters are necessarily limited to a general description of the islands they have visited, and to such other facts as the Commander has seen fit to allow for publication; but we trust they will be none the less interesting on that account. When the full history of the exploit is told, all will admit that America has gained another victory in diplomacy, and the Navy an increased reputation for pluck and inventive talent.

NOTES FROM THE LOG OF THE JIMBURG: WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HER RECENT TRIP TO THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

Since the secret of our journey has become an open

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one, there can be no impropriety in relating the manner in which we were enabled to leave the ship unnoticed on the night of March 29th. At 10 p. m., the officer of the forecastle was sent below to "write up the columns." In addition to this, his usual duty, he was ordered to inspect the lights, and to take an accurate measurement of the amount of water distilled during the previous ten hours. Thus *he* was got out of the way. No other officer was on deck, except the one in charge. The majority were at that hilarious occupation known as Wednesday evening French class. The remainder were either turned in, or reading in their rooms. The weather being calm, the greater part of the watch were asleep. The few about deck were selected for the crews of the boats; while old reliable Jones took the wheel, and sent Hennessy to me for coxswain. At 10:10 the four boat officers met at the mast. The crews hooked the water-whip to a spar around the *Jimburg*, and taking the fall to the motor-geared windlass, we hoisted ourselves, so to speak, "by the straps of our boots" from the *Saginaw's* gig, and lowered away without mishap to our destined element. By 10:30 all three of the boats were in the water, a cable's length from the ship. At 10:45 I shaped my course N. W. (p. c.), and was off at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, bound to the Marquesas.

Notwithstanding the westerly winds which had been experienced by the *Jamestown* during the preceding week, we caught the S. E. trades in Lat. 20° S. and Long. 130° W., and running free, made the whole distance, 1,200 miles, in a little over two days. Once the sea became so heavy that we feared for the safety of our small craft; but by paying out fifty fathoms of the hollow tubing, and ejecting the oily substance produced by the electric generator, we quieted the following sea.

Of the details of our voyage, much could be written of

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the lovely nights, succeeding still more perfect days; of the strange sensations awakened in one when for the first time he sails in a boat whose gunwale is scarcely above the surrounding water; of the innumerable schools of flying-fish, which at one time nearly filled the boat in their short-ended, short-sighted flight over our magnetic net. One incident deserves special notice. In anticipation of the mid-watch, I had lain down, on the evening of the 31st, for a short nap, but was aroused by the cry of "Breakers ahead!" Rubbing my sleepy eyes, I saw a line of discolored water on the starboard bow. At the same time I noticed that the sea about us had become perfectly smooth, and that the water had changed from that dark blue of the open ocean, to a light green of so transparent a hue that I could see far into its depths, whence the reflected moonlight threw back weird shadows from the white contour of branch and sponge-shaped coral. Away to the northward there rested upon the water, or rather seemed suspended above the sea, a dark green wreath, apparently a mile distant and half a mile in circumference. 'Twixt heaven and earth it hung, with no visible support, like that sixth wonder of the world, "The hanging Gardens of Babylon." On towards it we race, and now, close to their mystic circle, see the leeward spray from the combers lighting up the S. E. side with phosphorescent light of snowy foam; then penciled columns come to view, upholding the verdure from the brown reef below. With helm hard-a-port we run through a narrow channel, and are at anchor within *Coral At ll*, which once visited is never forgotten, and when seen on a bright moonlight night for the first time is one of the most ghostlike beauties of nature which the South Pacific gives to a sailor's eyes. We christened our newly discovered continent "Jaqueville," but have since come to the conclusion that it is the islet put on the chart as

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San Pablo, though lying about 2° 30′ North of that "reported danger."

The next afternoon we made out Fatu-Hiva, the southeast island of the Marquesas group, and the one first discovered by that doughty old Castillian, Alvaro de Mendana, on St. Magdalen's Eve, in the year of grace, 1595, and then and there given the name of that patron saint.

In an hour we are well in among the islands, passing close to Dominica, where we saw a reverend Padre pensively walking through one of the numerous cotton fields dotting the low hillsides. As the sun sets with that prismatic beauty peculiar to the trade wind region, we are abreast of a lofty barren rock, of square form, evidently uninhabited, and which was first seen in 1774, by a Midshipman on Captain Cook's ship, who afterward became distinguished in English and American waters as Lord Hood.

The beauties of our night journey towards Nuka-Hiva cannot be overdrawn by any word painting. The moon was nearly full, and shed its amber light over the calm sea, softening the gorges and gulches, and obscuring the rugged ridges of Washington Island. The whole mass seemed some titanic cathedral, above which towered its double spires until they met the feathery scud 2,400 feet above the Pacific waters.

As I did not wish to enter Port Anna Maria until daylight, the boat was run behind a rocky island at the western end of Washington, and anchored close to a large stone, jutting out of the water—a weird monument to a sunken whaler, wrecked at its southern extremity.

At dawn we stood over toward Nuka-Hiva, on a W. by S. course, and rounding the south-east end, ran close to Cape Tikapo, with its natural tower and outlying rock of boat-shaped form. Passing Taipi bay, before us

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was the conspicuous basaltic dike, on the eastern side of the entrance of Anna Maria harbor, the verticle cone being at first mistaken for one of the cascades so common on this coast. Nearly at right angles to this peculiar stratum in the rock, runs another of light color, the two forming an almost perfect cross.

Running between the two "sentinel rocks," and "dousing" sail to the fitful gusts which blew from the ravines, we were at anchor in the old crater. Fifteen fathoms of water succeed the molton lava which, centuries ago, produced the surrounding volcanic amphitheatre. The view from the bay is surpassingly beautiful, rugged masses of rock alternating with the brilliant tints of the landscape, and adding their sombre effects to the gentle incline of the intervening valleys.

Immediately after our arrival we were surrounded with a score of canoes, whose occupants—of either sex—disdaining the conventionalities of civilization, were arrayed in the sketchy costumes of the primitive man; a contrast to the *aiguilleted* uniform of the French Governor, who soon returned our official visit.

In the afternoon I strolled on the shore, landing on sandy beach at the bottom of the bay. Here I was immediately surrounded by a crowd of Marquesas, in that truly affectionate manner proverbial to the fair ones of the land. Their beauty, however, has been greatly overdrawn by early writers; and the jessamine blossoms with which their raven locks were adorned failed to counteract the odor of cocoanut oil with which their persons were profusely scented. Bidding adieu to the fair sex, I chose one of the sterner for my guide to the ruins of the old fort, built on the eastern side of the bay by Captain Porter, in November, 1813. This guide was my constant companion during the next two days, and as he was a

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typical native, from the island of Dominica, his appearance merits description.

Five feet ten inches tall, with muscular frame, Fatu-Mua had undoubtedly been, by nature, a handsome man; but the art of the Archipelago had destroyed all his beauty. A broad band of India ink was tattooed across his forehead, a circle pricked in either cheek, and another band across the nose. His straight hair was thrust through two hollow bones, which lay over his forehead; to his ears were pendant large pieces of mother-of-pearl; while his sinewy arms were marked with deep scars, each voluntarily inflicted by thrusting burning splinters in the flesh after the death of some favorite relative. One wound, deeper than the rest, was afterward explained to me as being a *Tabu* sign; in other words, Fatu-Mua was once placed under that fearful ban, and death could only be avoided by the severest personal agony. Below the scanty *tapa* of his loins, his hips were blacker still with India ink; and, as he strode on before me, he seemed anything but a pleasant companion for a lonely trip in the woods. At last we reached the fort, and while sitting on a mound which might have been a portion of an earthwork, I read the following description of a portion of one of the most extraordinary voyages of the old Navy.

"On the 23d October, Captain Porter reached the Marquesas in the *Essex*. The situation of this ship was sufficiently remarkable at this moment to merit a brief notice. She had been the first American to carry the pennant of a man-of-war around Cape Horn. More than ten thousand miles from home, without colonies, stations, or even a friendly port to repair to, short of stores, without a consort, and otherwise in possession of none of the erquired means of subsistence and efficiency, she had boldly steered into this distant region, where she had found all

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that she required through her own activity; and having swept the sea of her enemies, she had now retired to these little-frequented islands to refit, with the security of a ship at home. In one short year she had not only protected the American ships in the Pacific, but captured 4,000 tons of English shipping, and made nearly 400 prisoners.

"Cooper then describes the scenes of activity of the next month, when the prizes were fitted out for the home trip, and the fort constructed under the supervision of Lieutenant Gamble, of the marines, who volunteered to remain on the island during the contemplated cruise of the *Essex*. On the 12th December the *Essex* quitted the harbor. She had no sooner disappeared than disturbances began with the natives. The men, also, became mutinous; and at last a party of them took the prize *Seringapatam*, wounding Mr. Gamble in the encounter which took place. Scurvy added to the difficulties of the situation, and Gamble was at last compelled, with eight men, to set sail in the *Sir Andrew Hammond*, another prize. Although unprovided with charts, he reached the Sandwich Islands in safety, only there to be captured by the *Cherub*, and learn that the *Essex* had been taken by the English. Luck deserted Porter after his visit to these islands."

The next two days were spent in diplomatic conferences, and visits to the interior in quest of ———*

On the morning of the 5th, laden with fruit and vegetables, I started on my return trip. On the 6th we had to lie to in a southerly gale, but the oil bombs fired to windward decreased the head sea so effectually that we again made over fifteen knots, and joining Mr. ———'s boat, we had a race for the ship of 100 miles, during

*The author has evidently here feared to reveal an official secret, for he has erased the next few sentences.—Editor "9' 51"."

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which we reached the maximum speed of 26.2 miles per hour. At 10:20 p. m., April 9th, we reached the *Jamestown* in Lat. 37° 50′ S., and Long. 117° W.

In our mail from Pitcairn was a letter from William Story the famous sculptor and poet. It explains itself:

My dear M——. "Yes, I recollect the evening you speak of. We were all sitting under a huge chestnut tree near the Hotel Pavilion arguing 'whether all present happiness was not more or less alloyed by doubts of the future.' The following, I find in my scrap book, may be the verses you allude to * * *

"O love of mine, we sit beneath this tree,
We smile, and all is exquisite to see:
The moon, the earth, the heavens are all so fair,
The very centre of the world are we.
And yet, 'neath all our happiness, there lie
Dim doubts and fears, forever lurking nigh:
We are so happy now, one moment's space,
Then Love, and Life, and all take wing and fly.

"Here with a little bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness:
Oh, wilderness were paradise now.
Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that cheers
To-day of past regrets and future fears;
To-morrow! why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

THE GUN DECK STOVE.

The fire is out, the stove is cold—
Because the weather 'll soon be hot;
No more we'll see its cheery glow,
Which drew us all around the spot.

For cold and damp the deck had been,
No matter how thick our attire,
We could not smoke, nor chat, nor yarn,
Unless we'd had this genial fire.

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It was a regular "bar-room stove."
  On cold, wet nights it was a treat,
Before retiring to sit around
  And toast one's toes, and warm one's feet.

And handsome 'twas, but neat and plain,
  With tapering neck, and large, full waist,
And shapely legs—I should say limbs;
  I would not shock fastidious taste.

It took but little room on deck;
  Our family hugged it all the day,
And loved it wisely, not too well—
  'Twas never in "the family way."

But now no more shall Billy Moore,
  With horny hands the hot coals turn,
Or wrestle with the red-hot door,
  And swear his fingers did not burn.

His tottering walk, his frame bent up
  With age, his hoary locks so white,
His deafness, and his genial croak
  Will long be pictured to our sight.

We'll miss that cheerful fireside game,
  Where t'other Billy's voice was heard;
"Its made of wood and iron: and
  It's a contrivance--guess the word."

But at this game "he takes the cake,"
  (Although he answers sometimes silly)
For all acknowledge in giving words,
  He is a very handy-Billy.

And what a wise and learned look
  He would assume. And one could see
He thought that none could equal him—
  This very self same Billy B.

And now the ward-room officers,
  The *stove* can gather round about.
Its former patrons, they have moved
  Across the deck—the fire's out.

And if that stove could only speak
  And tell the various things its heard
Around its warm, hospitable sides
  These winter nights, 'twould be absurd.

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Discussions wild, and yarns *piquante*
And prophesies (that ne'er came true)
Of wind and weather; and just what
The barometer's going to do.

The stove's out of commission placed;
Its duty's done—the winter's past.
And may it answer just as well
Next winter as its done this last.

MAY DAY—1882.

From time immemorial ancient custom has prescribed that on the first of May are to be held certain festivities. These differ in their nature, according to the latitude and longitude wherein they are enacted. In New York, the day is celebrated by the moving of huge truck-loads of household goods, the breaking of looking glasses and table china, the scouring of the best parlor furniture, by cold meals, by the changing from one uncomfortable house to another still more uncomfortable, but probably in a different way, by jammed fingers as the bedsteads are set up in the new domicile, mingled with occasional squabbles between the head of the house and his subordinates, varied, perhaps, by a swear word or two, as the jack hammer strikes the thumb not intended for it, and the carpets fail to fit in their new location. No doubt such scenes were enacted, *ad nauseam*, in the metropolis.

In the country, we think of May Day as one full of green grass and budding boughs, of sweet blossoms, of early flowers; the shy arbutus is sought beneath the carpet of fallen leaves which has protected it through the winter's frost; groups of youth and maidens, accompanied by baskets containing various kinds of provender, wend their way to some bosky dell, wherein they seek their pleasure in that romantic fashion known as a *picnic*. To the casual reader, whose knowledge of the country is limi-

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ted to an occasional glance at a farmyard, as he is whirled rapidly by upon the railway, this sounds very fine. One of our good country poets has said:

> "May Day seldom looks
> Up in the country, as it does in books;"

and such, we fear, has been the experience of many a May Day party this present season. Let us for a moment imagine the imbecile condition of mind which causes people (otherwise sensible) to deliberately spread their lunch upon the damp ground, instead of taking it in orthodox Christian fashion within the four walls of a dining room. How can they bear the prospect of that almost invariable sequel, a cold in the head? Surely Phillis will please Corydon the better if, two days afterward, when he makes his evening call, she does not talk through her nose! But to be Queen of the May, or a lady of honor, or a squire in waiting, are, we fear, baits too tempting for the average young woman or young man of to-day, when æstheticism and Queen Anne are all the rage. So they hie them to the picnic ground; and while the attendant swains go off for a smoke, the damsels unload the hampers and prepare the feast. Invariably the salt and the sugar are hopelessly and inevitably mixed, and fortunate it is if the pepper and the mustard are kept apart. As they sit in various uncomfortable attitudes, their garments absorbing moisture, the ants, finding their domains invaded, organize a raid upon the intruders and make it rather uncomfortable for the sitters. Occasional spiders glide up the cloth, causing the timid maids to shriek, like little Miss Muffit; and then comes the gallant rescue, followed by the untimely death of the inoffensive web-spinner at the hands of the young woman's adorer. And still they sit and sit, and the damp and the ants ascend together; and as they chatter sweet nothings, of a sudden their teeth begin to chatter upon their own account, and they

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awake from their dream of bliss. Awake!—have they ever been asleep? at least since the ants took umbrage at their advent and began measures of reprisal. By this time the inevitable shower has made its appearance; and drenched to the skin, with draggled skirts and dripping trousers, the pleasure (?) seekers flee to their respective domiciles, there, with hot tea and other decoctions of like potency, endeavoring to repair the damage done their physical organizations.

What a contrast to these and such like uncomfortable scenes was one May Day in the good old *Jamestown*! With a "brau west wind," the day opened by the brilliant record of forty-one miles for the middle watch, the greatest four hour run yet recorded. As the day broke, and the brilliant orb of day ascended from the bosom of old ocean, the wind freshened, and still, with sail reduced, the good old craft kept on. Stronger blew the wind, more and more heeling over to the pressure of the sails was the helm carried a-weather. The sea increased likewise, and an occasional roll of thirty-five or forty degrees to leeward, sending the loose chairs and various other articles (human and otherwise) flying down the incline into the lee scuppers, only served to give variety to the peaceful character of the day. And who will pretend to give equal weight to a shore picnic as compared with the picnic *we* had, as, with dishes sliding from one side of the table to the other, with capsized beer glasses, and with oscillatory soup plates, we strove to provide for the inner man? Clinging to the table with our knees as the ship gave an occasional lurch, grabbing frantically after a fork or a stray mustard-pot that was *chasseeing* toward our opposite neighbor, we were at least spared the mortification of a mixture of salt and sugar upon those alleviators of life, the cakes of buckwheat (or of flannel), with which we were that day re-

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galed. No draggled plumes were ours this lovely day. The sun went down, and a glorious moon rode full orbed in the heavens, as, "rocked in the cradle of the deep, we lay us down in peace to sleep," when, with sails reduced, the good ship bowed obeisance to the seas which took her on the weather bow as she lay to with close reefed topsail on the main. Who could indulge in vain regrets for shore on such a night? Who would exchange for the bustle and bore of moving day with the dampness and the ants of the picnic ground, the dry decks, the genial card table, and the pleasant company assembled here so far at sea?

Who knows what chimneys may be toppled over, what signs have blown down? carrying wounds—perhaps death itself—to those luckless wights whom our May Day found ashore, instead of

> "Afloat, afloat, on the boundless sea,
> Ever glorious! ever free!"

A RED HOT ROMANCE.

Cyril St. Cyr was plunged into the innermost depths of despair from communing with his own conscience. He sat lazily twirling his base-ball moustache, and watching the cloudlets of tobacco smoke that were going out on bail through the half-opened window. His thoughts would fain follow the smoke out into the busy world, into the noisy street. A plaintive voice outside was calling, now and then, "Ice cream! *Ten* cents a dish!" and a tinkling bell filled in the intervals with its silvery sounds. The lowing herd wound slowly through the neighboring alleys, seeking their downy beds in the distant barnyards. Still Cyril sat wrapped in thought and heeded not the fleeting show of the outside world.

Cyril St. Cyr was nothing but a Midshipman in the United States Navy. One could tell by the luxurious

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surroundings that Cyril was a spoiled child. His room was in the sixth story of a Washington hotel, and conveniently near a fire escape. The hangings and furniture showed that the landlord had a keen insight into the character of his celebrated guest. The floor was inlaid with costly pine. The furniture was of the same material, upholstered with cane and rushes. Some beautiful specimens of New Jersey pottery ornamented the wash-stand, which, upon closer inspection, showed antique tracings of Spaulding's glue. Newspapers, almanacs and hand-bills were thrown around in endless confusion. Upon the table were strewn numerous unopened letters. To these Cyril turned his attention.

He opened the first one, and a look of disgust crept over his fair face. "Oh, why am I thus tortured with the matter-of-fact in life?" he cried, as he threw it down. "Why is an æsthetic mind like mine brought face to face with dollars and cents?"

There is certainly nothing poetical in a dun. Tradesmen are not ethereal. "Mid'n Cyril St. Cyr, to Wm. Bellows, Merchant Tailor, Dr. To balance of account, $300." That was all the note said.

Cyril opened the remaining hundred carelessly. They all told the same plaintive story, although some were more violent. Dark hints at arrest and confinement (with or without irons, single or double) were thrown in as gentle reminders. All thirsted for filthy lucre, only this and nothing more. Does the reader catch on to the dreadful position of our hero? Oh, your anxious look shows that you, too, have been there. But we digress!

Cyril St. Cyr sighed as he took up a dainty note which he had hitherto neglected. He read it, and the sigh rippled out into a smile. Suddenly a thought struck him —struck him hard. He hesitated—paused—then hesita-

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ted again—but finally sprang to his feet with a cry of triumph.

"Away with melancholy; I'll be a slave to creditors no more. The blood of the St. Cyr's can not, will not flow sluggishly in these veins. I *can* do it and I *will*."

In order to find out what Cyril St. Cyr *can* and *will* do, the reader is respectfully invited to cross over the line of stars of the first magnitude which divide one epoch in this romance from another. Here are the stars; count them.

* * * * * *

Euphemia Potts sat in the parlor of her father's elegant residence on K street.

She has received several callers during the afternoon. Two or three government clerks and a handful of foreign legation *attaches* had dropped in as a matter of duty. For Euphemia's papa had struck oil the year before and was reported wealthy. True, Euphemia had carrot-colored hair and a wart on her nose; but riches cover a multitude of defects.

Euphemia's number eleven shoe tapped the floor nervously; she was evidently expecting some one.

The door-bell rang. An intelligent freedman in a costume of the time of Louis Quartoze, brought in a card on a silver-plated salver. The card bore this legend: "Cyril St. Cyr, U. S. Navy." "'Tis *mong chair* Cyril," she whispered to herself, in North American French, unable to conceal her pleasure. With a great effort she regained her equilibrium, and was proud Euphemia Potts again as her visitor entered the room.

"Mr. St. Cyr," she said rather coldly, with a deep courtesy.

"Miss Potts," he returned, with emotion.

They sat. The conversation turned on ordinary events—the theatre, the last horse race, the effect of the barometer on westerly winds. Slowly but surely Cyril was

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leading around to something serious. His uneasiness made the prospects for patches on his trousers most brilliant.

There was no time to be lost. He had sworn to do it, and he would. Without any note of warning he flung himself at the feet of the fair enchanteress.

"Euphemia, I must speak," he cried, clutching her hand in his, and raining postage stamps upon it. If he thought she was going to hinder this little side show he was sadly mistaken. "Pitch in, dew-drop," was all she said. "Euphemia, I love you madly, devotedly," he continued. "I am a son of poor but honest parents, and have nothing but my salary to depend upon. With you, Euphemia, life in some rude cottage would be ecstatic bliss, for there I might be your willing slave. Say but that one sweet word which gives consent, and make me happy for ever. My fate hangs upon your lips."

Visions of a swell wedding, and the old man's coming down with a hundred thousand, flitted through Cyril's brain as he thus knelt before the heiress.

Her only answer was to throw her arms around his neck, as she called out excitedly, "Take me as I am, Cyril, wart on my nose and all?"

A series of sounds, like drawing corks from beer bottles, finished the compact. Mrs. Potts, the mother of the fair Euphemia, who had taken in the whole scene through a crack in the door, rushed in with congratulations. The fearful deed had been consummated.

Cyril St. Cyr returned to his hotel that night with visions of Saratoga, Newport, and a foreign tour. He also saw one hundred creditors smiling upon him, with their bills all paid. But there was a dark speck on the horizon; so will introduce a few more stars, and pass to a new scene in the drama.

* * * * * * *

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A knock on the door of Mr. Cyril St. Cyr's room. It is a servant with a letter.

Cyril recognized the crest of the Potts family—an oil can *d'argent*. It was an officious-looking envelope. Cyril broke the seal and read:

MY DEAR MR. ST. CYR:—Euphemia has told me what has passed between you, and that you are a suitor for her hand. Knowing, as I do, that you are a most deserving young man, and that you seem to enjoy a prosperity possessed by few young men of your age, I give my full consent, with a father's blessing. You have plucked the bud from the parent stem, and the flower is in your keeping.

Yours truly, WASHINGTON POTTS.

"At last, at last!" cried Cyril, "I see my bills all paid and a free mess awaiting me. True, Euphemia is not a beauty born; but what matter! Oil wells in Pennsylvania cancel that. By the way, here's a postscript."

Alas, for the instability of human greatness! Alas, for the stern decrees of fate that find us here to-day and there to-morrow! Cyril St. Cyr read that fatal postscript, and fell fainting, fluttering, fuming, fuddled.

"You will be glad to hear," it said, "that you will not have Euphemia for her own dear sake alone. The bottoms have fallen out of all my oil wells, and I owe about fifty thousand dollars on bad investments. Your dear mother-in-law and I will, therefore, be compelled to make our home with Euphemia and you, so that you both can support and comfort us in our declining years. How your bosom will swell with manly pride at being thus enabled to assist your Euphemia's papa in working off these horrid old debts."

Introduce a galaxy of asterisks here, dear printer; the end approaches.

* * * * * * *

Scene—Bureau of Navigation and Office of Detail, Navy Department, Washington. Chief of Bureau and

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surrounding satellites discovered running the Navy. Enter Cyril St. Cyr, greatly agitated. He speaks: "I want orders to sea; somewhere—anywhere."

Chief (eying him closely): "Have just the ship for you. *Jamestown*, goin' round the Horn; good prospect for running into the South Pole and filling a hero's sarcophagus."

Cyril (in tears): "May heaven reward you for this kee-yndness!"

A moment later, Cyril St. Cyr was on board of the lightning express, *en route* for 'Frisco.

More asterisks; slow music; red fire.

* * * * * * *

They broke into his room on the sixth floor of the fashionable hotel. Washington Potts headed the delegation. Hysterical Euphemia rent the air with howls. Haberdashers, shoemakers, tonsorial artists, etc., cursed and swore. "He has escaped us!" hissed Washington Potts, as he drew his carving-knife from its sheath. "The fire-escape has failed us!" shouted Mr. William Bellows, *Marchand Tailleur de Paris*. "Cyril! Cyril!" shouted Euphemia, as she walked the deck like a competitor in an eight-day walking match; "give me back my Cyril." But her cries were drowned by the rattling of a passing omnibus. An empty bottle bearing the plain inscription, "Ayer's Ague Cure," and a half-consumed cigarette paper on which was written in an unsteady hand, "Ta, ta!" were all they found.

"He has poisoned himself!" shrieked Euphemia, as they bore her lifeless form away on a shutter.

The reader will again oblige us by "seeing stars." Heigho! 'Tis the last time.

* * * * * * *

Midnight on the *Jamestown* off Cape Horn. A solitary figure walks up and down the forecastle. Up and

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down, up and down! The billows roll, the tempest roars, the lightnings flash! "One plunge, and all will be o'er!" he said, as he looked over the side into the black, seething waters. But he did not plunge; he went below and got pencil and paper. Every night at twelve he goes through with this same pantomime. What dreadful secret haunts him? What is he doing?

It is Cyril St. Cyr, gentle reader, and he is calculating in how many years a monthly allotment of ninety dollars will cancel five thousand dollars in debts and defray the expenses of a breach-of-promise suit. When he gets the answer, it will appear in "9′ 51″."

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Vol. I. Saturday, May 13, 1882. No. 10.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours........................249′
Least run in 24 hours..........................25′
Greatest speed per hour.........................11′
Least speed per hour...........................0′.0
Average run for week...........................142′
Run to date...................................9834′
Latitude S...................................29° 46′
Longitude W..................................26° 37′

Week opened with a violent gale from N. N. E., and with rapid fall of the barometer; continued from a fresh to a strong gale during the entire day. On Tuesday, the wind was fresh to light airs in force, having hauled by N. to S. W., and freshening on Wednesday to a very fresh breeze from S. S. E. Heavy sea. Quantities of whale birds about the ship. Albatross disappeared and Cape pigeons very scarce. Thursday, wind variable in force and direction, continuing during Friday, falling calm at night, and coming out on Saturday night from N'd and W'd. Sighted several sail, and exchanged colors with an American barque. Greatest run thus far, 249 miles, on May 10th.

ALMA MATER.

It is undeniably the fact, that among the graduates of the Naval Academy there does not exist that general feeling of love and respect for their Alma Mater that appears

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to be evinced by civilians who are college graduates, for the institutions where they received their education. Why is this?

We have often heard it asserted that one reason is, that the life of the student there is so different from the life in the service, that he is unprepared for the change; that in some way the ideas gained by him are not realized when his sea-going begins. Doubtless this is true; for certainly the position of a first class-man at Annapolis (particularly if he be a cadet officer) is much above the level to which the gentleman of the watch, the boat (or even the forecastle) officer is reduced, when he takes his first plunge into the cold bath of the uncomfortable atmosphere of a steerage. But how is this state of affairs to be remedied? We have asked many graduates, fresh from their experience of both Academy and cruise, and the invariable reply is, "We cannot tell." Now, as a matter of fact, is the Midshipman's experience unusual? Is the condition of the newly fledged college graduate any better in comparison? Does *his* four years of student life furnish him with superior weapons with which to battle with the busy world into which he enters? Is not his position as a senior infinitely preferable to that in which he finds himself as a medical, law, or theological student, or as one of the very junior attaches of an engineering or mercantile firm? Does he not find his high ideals and idols rudely pushed from their pedestals by the iconoclastic bustle in the work-a-day atmosphere by which he is surrounded? Surely, these are facts patent to the most unobservant eye; and yet he does not revile his student home, nor does he lose his affection for it.

Can it be possible that the fact that the Government furnishes one man his intellectual outfit renders him less grateful to his foster mother than is the other, whose purse has (perhaps) been strained to its utmost in the

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achievement of his great purpose of obtaining an education? Perhaps it is true that in this case, as in so many others, that which is gotten without personal cost or labor is lightly esteemed. Is it possible that the feeling (apparently innate in the American people) that the Government *owes* them a living, renders naval officers less grateful and thankful for the position in which they are placed? How many fathers are there in our country who would gladly pay a good round sum if their sons could have the privilege of such an education as the *curriculum* at Annapolis provides? Even though they were not to even enter the service.

There is, to be sure, a marked difference between the naval men and the civilians, in that the relative class position of the latter is not constantly thrust before them; and hence it may be possible that the fact that the relative official rank is then determined for the future, placing one man above or below another for all his life, may have something to do with this feeling; and there may be in many cases a notion that a fair chance was not given to all—that under some other system a different arrangement would have been made.

Whatever may be the reasons assigned for this lack of affection referred to, we are sure that they are unworthy the attention of reasonable men, and that they should not produce the effect which they appear to do. Every graduate should have the interest of the Academy at heart; should rejoice in all measures taken to elevate its standard, and should feel a brotherly interest in all who have been the recipients of its diplomas. Gratitude to the Government which has given them an honorable position in the world should be a more active feeling than it is; and every graduate should be able to say:

Oh, Alma Mater! mother dear!
With all thy faults, I love thee still.

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THE WHALE.

Having within the past few days seen a whale, we thought that our readers might not be averse to some remarks concerning the appearances, characteristics and habits of this animal, so we invite your attention for a short time to this subject.

The whale belongs to the sub-kingdom *vertebrata*, for the reason that its body consists of two cavities—an abdominal and spinal cavity—the spinal cavity being divided into segments, each one of which is called a *vertebra*.

It is put in the class mammalia because it has *mammæ* and suckles its young.

The breasts are two in number and are placed on the ventral side.

It is placed in the order *Cetacea*, meaning a whale. The word *Cetacea* being derived from the Greek word *Ketos* which signifies a whale. The order *Cetacea* is divided into three families:

1st. The *Balænidæ*, or whale-bone whale, (from the Latin *balæna*, a whale.) This species furnishing the whale-bone of commerce, hence it is often called the whale-bone whale in contradistinction to the sperm whale.

The second family is the *Catadontidæ*. This species comprises the toothed whales, the word *Catadontidæ* being derived from two Greek words—*Kata*, through, and *odous*, a tooth.

The third family of the *Cetacea* is the *Delphinidæ*, to which belong the porpoises and dolphins.

The body of the whale is fish-like in form, and varies from thirty to seventy-five feet in length, according to the species. The spermaceti whale being the largest. It has a very large head, so large indeed, that the name *Macrocephalus*, meaning long-headed, has been applied to it.

There are quite a number of species of whale, but our

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readers are sufficiently well acquainted with them to need no description. Enough will have been said when we remark that the *Baleen* whale, or whale-bone whale, belongs to the family *Balænidæ*, and the *Physeter Macrocephalus* or sperm whale to the family *Catodontidæ*.

The whale is found in the greater part of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans except the tropical parts. The reason of this is that the *Crustaceans* and *Mollusca*, on which the animal feeds, are found more plentiful in colder than in warmer latitudes.

It would be foreign to our purpose to go into a detailed description of the anatomy and physiology of the whale, we will simply indicate a few points.

The whale, as we remarked before, is fish-like in form, except that he is not provided with breathing gills, such as are found in fish. Neither has he the two pair of fins that fish have. He has one pair of anterior fins which are paddle or oar like in shape. Some species, as the *Macrocephalus* for example, have a dorsal fin. Their principal motor power is by means of a broad caudal or tail paddle.

All whales are born with teeth, but in the *baleen* whale the teeth are few in number and soon fall out, being replaced by a kind of flexible bone called *baleen*, while in the *Physeter Macrocephalus*, or *Spermaceti* whale, the teeth develop to a large size and thus furnish ivory. The whale suckles its young just the same as other *mammals*, but probably for a much shorter period, for the mother whale soon teaches her young to capture its own food and thus depend on its own resources for a sustenance.

When the period of pregnancy advances to near maturation, the whale goes towards land so as to be in shallow and comparatively smooth water. It is at this time that, very often, a strong gale or a heavy sea will force

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this animal in so near shore, that she will be stranded. A word as to how the whales breathe. They are provided with lungs very similar to those we have, consequently it is necessary for them to breathe the same as we do, that is, to breathe nothing but air. When the whale prepares to go down in the water, he fills his lungs with air, and then "blows" the air out again when he comes to the surface. The nasal chambers communicate externally by means of two apertures, which are capable of being closed at will. These apertures are called spiracles—from the Latin *spiro* to breathe. When any water happens to get into these spiracles it is blown out, when he breathes, and this sends up a stream of spray. This has given rise to the popular belief that the whale fills his nose with water and then blows it out. We mentioned that in the *baleen* whale the teeth of his childhood were replaced by a kind of flexible bone called *baleen*. This is arranged in flattened rows, and slopes outwards from the gums, and meeting gives rise to the appearance of a brush. When the mouth is shut these frayed edges of the numerous and close set baleen plates enclose a cavity, the bottom of which is occupied by the large, fleshy tongue. By raising the tongue whatever solid matters are enclosed in the mouth is forced back into the throat and swallowed, while the water in which they were suspended is driven out between the baleen plates. The whale, when feeding, always swims against the current with his mouth open allowing the water to flow in and thus carry any solid materials with it. He then puts the huge strainer of baleen plates into operation as he swims through the shoals of food. He does this by closing his mouth and thus forcing the water out between the baleen plates and swallows the prey stranded upon his vast tongue. The *spermaceti* whale not being provided with *baleen* plates, but in their stead with teeth, captures his food in a different way, feeding

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perhaps as other fish do. The whale furnishes to commerce oil, a very pure quality of which is found in a cavity within his skull. The *Spermaceti* whale besides furnishing oil, supplies ivory from his teeth, some of which grow to a considerable size. Ambergris is found in the intestinal cavity of this species, being derived from the *crustaceans* on which the animal feeds. This ambregris is used in the trades to put in perfumery.

The *baleen* whale furnishes from his *baleen* plates the whale-bone of commerce. Much additional might be said of this interesting animal, but time, space, and a fear of wearying you forbid. We hope that what we have said may not be received amiss, but that it will prove instructive.

THE TRAINING SYSTEM.

Doubtless many of the subscribers of "9′ 51″" have wondered what has become of the "Training System," thinking that it has met the fate of those weighty articles on "Internal Improvements" which began a lusty walk through the wardroom, and died from exhaustion caused by the short ramble through the steerage country.

The "Training System," however, still lives, in spite of the "plaintive cries" which *we* never mistook for those of any wanderer upon the sea of knowledge, but relegated to their proper barnyard locality on shore; and now, clad in retaliating sarcasm and summer attire, we modestly contribute our May offering.

In our last article we discussed apprentices' clothing. As a continuation of this subject, it is to be hoped that the Government will soon serve out improved material; still, with the cloth and flannel on hand, much better fits might be obtained if the Divisional Officers paid a little more attention to the cutting of the garments. The "Purser's shirt" still remains, though a much better arti-

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cle than formerly; the boys, however, are as a rule the "traditional handspike," unless those in charge of them during their early apprenticeship see that they rid themselves of slovenliness and lack of neatness. In this matter, as in all others, the officer should not be of the opinion that, his inspection ended, his day's duty is done. At all times and in all places, his watchful eye should be upon the boy, correcting those little faults due to a lack of proper training. There is nothing which insures respect so quickly in the subordinates as the fact that you know every detail of ship life, both before and abaft the mast. But to return to our subject. Having seen that the boy has his neatly fitting suit, the next point is to make him take proper care of it, as well as of all his other clothing; to be certain that whenever he gets wet he is made to shift into dry clothes at once, and never allowed to "turn in," as many do, in wet under-clothing, thereby injuring both health and outfit. If a little attention on the part of the Officer of the Deck is paid to this matter, all that trouble of shirking by seeking the sick list may be overcome quite easily.

A VISIT TO EASTER ISLAND.

Lat. 27° 10″ S., Long. 109° 12′ W.

You will all be surprised to learn that on the evening of March 29th, while you were chatting on the half deck, or perhaps sleeping peacefully below, that I, in company with three other officers, left our ship in boats whose very existence was unknown to you.

My orders were to take passage in the cutter commanded by Mr. —— to Easter Island, from whence he was to proceed to Juan Fernandez, while I was to remain upon the island until the arrival of Mr. —— from Pitcairn, with whom I was to return to the ship in Lat. S.

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37° 50′, Long. W. 117° 00′; my mission to Easter being to make proposals to the natives on a question of diplomatic importance, and to collect for the Smithsonian Institute specimens of archæalogical remains known to exist there.

The following is an abstract of the official report which I had the honor to present to the Commanding Officer, together with details of my visit which I considered unnecessary to embody in that document:

At 10 p. m. on March 29th, in Lat. 22° S., Long. 122° W., we lowered quickly and silently our frail, tiny boats into the water. Our crews worked with a zeal prompted by the anticipated enjoyment of a change in their monotonous sea life, and by 10:30 we were clear of the ship. It was not until we had lost sight of our companions, adrift like ourselves upon the ocean, that I for the first time realized the immensity of our undertaking.

Our new motor worked perfectly, attaining a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and so noiseless was the movement through the water, that I could scarcely believe the reading of the speed indicator, until having trailed my hand through the water, I found that we were really making this almost incredible speed.

It is unnecessary to describe the pleasure of our passage of 875 miles under the exquisitely tinted tropical sky, and over a sea gently fanned by the light trade airs.

On the morning of the second day we sighted two small islands, bearing directly ahead, and distant about forty miles. About one hour afterwards, we were able to make out a low belt of land, at the N. E. and S. W. extremities of which are situated two mountains, which had deceived us into the belief that we had seen two distinct islands.

On approaching nearer, we found a low, indented shore, affording many excellent landing places; but as we de-

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sired an anchorage, if possible, we rounded the island to the northward, and were rewarded by finding a snug little cove, with an excellent bottom for holding.

We came to anchor, and were almost immediately surrounded by natives, who came off in their canoes; and as they brought offerings of fruit, we were convinced of their friendly intentions, and allowed them alongside of the cutter. Among them was the Chief, who in simple French, but with lordly grace, invited us to visit his kingdom. Leaving the cutter in charge of one man, the remainder of the crew accompanied us ashore for the purpose of refilling their breaker with fresh water. A clear spring was pointed out to us in the bottom of a small crater, where the breaker was refilled.

In the meantime, the King had informed me that a white missionary lived on the island, so I insisted on no longer detaining my friends, and sorrowfully bid them good-by. I watched them weigh anchor, and from my heart wished them God speed as a small, projecting cape hid the cutter from my sight.

I then accepted the guidance of the Chief, and on our walk of two or three miles, I was able to form an idea of the physical nature of the island. From an eminence that we attained, I found the island to be nearly triangular in shape, the sides averaging about ten miles. On the north-east and south-west sides, the coast was low and indented, while the south-east, being exposed to the almost steady trade winds, was bold and rocky. The land was generally low, with the exception of the two hills we had first sighted, but was broken by numerous low, small craters.

No trees were visible, and the vegetation was not abundant. The soil was of a decomposed lava of a reddish hue, thickly strewn with black lava blocks. The

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island was of volcanic origin, as its general character clearly indicated.

I soon observed a white man approaching us, who proved to be the French Jesuit Missionary, Monsignor Lille, who, having seen our boat approaching the island, had hastened to meet us. As I accompanied him to his house, I explained the nature of my visit, and he promised to address the Chief in his native tongue, and to influence him if possible to a favorable decision. From M. Lille I obtained the following information regarding the history of the island:

It was discovered by Roggewein, in 1721, and was afterward visited by Cook, and other early English navigators. Commercially the island is unimportant, offering no inducement to traders and little to whalers, except when desiring fresh water, and even this is obtained with difficulty in the bottom of the craters.

In 1863, a dreadful outrage was perpetrated by Peruvian ships on the unoffending natives. The greater part of the inhabitants, while visiting the ships at anchor off the island, were seized and carried to the Chincha Islands to work the guano. Being unused to work, many died; and finally, when the Peruvian Government sent the survivors back to their home, they brought a small-pox epidemic with them, which greatly lessened the already reduced numbers. Prior to these misfortunes the population averaged about 3,000. Now it is about 1,500. The people are divided into tribes, and periodically choose for a King the one of their number who may have collected the greatest number of birds' eggs.

M. Lille had been sent to the island by the Bishop of Tahiti, immediately after the scandalous outrage by the Peruvians; and I afterward became convinced that his efforts had been crowned with a success worthy of his self-sacrificing life.

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The natives, who crowded about us, were in complexion very light—nearly white, in fact—and remarkably handsome. I was told that they have but one tradition, which is that centuries ago their ancestors came in canoes from Opara, an island 1,900 miles to leeward.

By this time we had arrived at Cook's Bay, on the western side of the island, where most of the natives lived in small houses made of the blocks of lava, with which, as I have previously said, the island was covered. Having accepted the hospitality of M. Lille, we proceeded immediately to his house, where, in a short time, was spread before us a simple dinner of mutton, vegetables, maize bread, and various kinds of birds' eggs. These articles, including taro root, forms the only food of the islanders. The missionaries introduced the maize and vegetables, which with careful cultivation grows well. The sheep also have been imported, and are at present the only animals on the island.

After dining, M. Lille made known to the Chief the object of my visit, and after a long consultation in the language of the islanders, informed me that the King would send a formal answer through him to the State Department by the next vessel touching at the island. In addition, he offered me any specimens on the island that I desired.

The remains, which I repeatedly visited during my stay, filled me with astonishment and wonder. The stone images are scattered everywhere and in great numbers. They average about sixteen feet in height, though I saw one fully thirty-five feet, and represent the human body to the waist; the arms being close in to the sides, and the hands carved in low relief, clasping the hips. The head is cut flat, in order to allow a crown of tufa (a red stone found in one of the craters) to be added. The square massive face is always turned upwards and

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is cut with an expression of stern disdain:—resembling the images of the Amayra, an ancient Peruvian race. Each figure has a special name, but none are or ever have been, even by tradition, worshipped as idols. The stone used for the images, had been quarried in the bottom of one of the craters.

On the south end of the island, close to some sculptured stones, are about eighty large stone houses, apparently of great age and excellently preserved though not now used. In one of these houses I was informed that a valuable bust, about 8 ft. in height, and weighing nearly four tons was found and had been carried to England and placed in the British Museum.

I found numerous cemeteries, generally situated by the sea, and made of sea stones carefully fitted together, and also a number of platforms upon which images had formerly stood. The most important of these latter was one about 30 feet in breadth and 200 in length. The images, now prostrate, for which this platform was apparently built, are made of large unhewn stones, fitted with great exactness. A number of pillars near them are supposed to have been used for sacrifices and for burning bodies, as burned bones have been found near them.

During the five days I spent on the island I busied myself among these ruins from morning till night, and in vain hunted for a small image that could be conveniently carried in the cutter. I was finally obliged to satisfy myself with a collection of the various kinds of stone used in their construction. Above all, I regretted that I was not sufficiently informed in ethnological research to at least form an idea as to the origin of these ancient remains, and to what branch of the human race these early sculptors belonged.

During my pleasant evening conversations with M. Lille, he informed me that a close analogy exists between

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these remains and those found in Central America and Peru. From this he inferred that the early Central Americans and Peruvians were descendants of the early islanders. To this inference I might add the theory deduced from a similarity between the images on Easter Island and many that I have observed in the East, that all of these early sculptors in Polynesia and in Central and South America, belonged to branches of some great Asiatic race. How these early navigators managed to cross this vast extent of sea in small open canoes, as the traditionary voyage between Opara and Easter asserts, is a question which will probably forever remain unanswered.

It was with feeling of deep regret that on *April 5th* I was obliged to leave this most pleasant and extremely interesting spot, but Mr. ——— having arrived from Pitcairn Island, was anxious to rejoin the ship, so my visit was necessarily ended.

Our return to the ship in Lat. S. 37° 50′, Long. W. 117° 00′ on *April 9th* was favored with exceptionally pleasant weather, and to my mind conclusively proved the undoubted superiority of the new steel cutters and the unquestionable value of our mysterious motor.

A MOONLIGHT REVERIE AT SEA.

'Tis evening, and the silver queen of night
  Looks down on us from Heaven's starry maze;
Here all is peaceful, beautiful and bright,
  And all is bathed in her effulgent rays.

The crested waves appear like molten gold,
  The sparkling spray, like diamonds countless, seems;
And as night's beauties gradually unfold,
  My brain is filled with fantasies and dreams.

And as the ship glides o'er the peaceful sea,
  And meets all bright, with naught to raise one's fears,
And basks in fortune's sunlight, such is he
  Who finds in life few trials and few tears.

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But when she's roughly tossed on stormy seas,
  And battles with the elements in strife;
Then is she like the man whom fate decrees
  Should meet the stern realities of life.

How insignificant is man, compared
  With the vast space above and the deep sea!
Yet there are some whose impious souls have dared
  To doubt a God, and a Futurity.

Yon silvery moon, the glittering stars, the sea,
  Alone attest a wise Creator's power.
How much *more* then the million things that be
  Eternity to Him is but an hour.

And what is life? a heaven-born gift to men
  Which they misspend, misuse, until too late.
For they forget it ne'er can come again,
  And think of present, not of future state.

But of that long, mysterious, future life
  We naught shall know, so long as we have breath.
How many useless theories are rife—
  The key that solves life's mysteries is—death.

"AS WE GO ROLLING HOME."

I wish we'd the man on board ship here to-day,
  Who wrote "Life on the Ocean's Wave;"
I'll bet that he never has been to sea—
  For he raves, as but poets can rave.

He'd have certainly found that the ship she was
  A true "Home on the *Rolling* Deep;"
For we've not been able to eat in peace,
  Nor to scarcely catch two winks of sleep.

Now though no well-bred seaman objects at all
  To an orderly, lee-ward roll,
This ship rolls both ways, fore and aft, up and down—
  But our feelings we scarce can control.

For not Neptune himself nor old Davy Jones
  Could have *stood* the motion we've had.
I'm sure they'd have done, as perhaps we have done
  When she rolled—say, or think something bad.

And if at the mess-table you could but see
  The dishes and plates flying round;

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The soup in one's lap, in the butter one's hand,
And the bread or the meat on the ground.

Each one hanging on with his hands and his feet
To dinner, and to legs of table,
And watching his chance, when there comes a smooth time,
To put in his mouth all he's able—

You surely would say—though so different you've heard—
That our life's not at all a romance.
Such pleasures as these you'll truly allow
One's best comforts do not much enhance.

And when we're on deck, we're obliged to hang on
To the life-lines; and I'll tell you
If we did'nt, we certainly all would be
On what most polite French calls our ———

So next time you read any verses or rhymes
Of a poet who raves o'er the sea,
You had best close the book—remember this yarn—
For he's giving you naught but "taffee."

It is the boast of "9′ 51″" that no improper advertisement is ever admitted to its columns, and that hence it is peculiarly adapted to be read in families. We point with pride to our record in this respect, and congratulate ourselves that no wildcat silver mining shares, no swindling copper company, water gas, or Keely motor has ever been able to find a place for its foot within the pages of our paper. Such being the case, it is with the greater confidence that we call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the "Cape Horn, Liverpool & New York Patent Compressed Air Ship-Motor Co. (Limited.)" Principal offices, Diego Ramirez, Cape Pillar and San Francisco. President, Eolus Wind King, K. C. I., H. and M., &c., &c., &c. Vice Presidents, Occidens Boreas, C. C. and B. W., &c., &c., and C. Air Compressor, Esq. 1,000,000 shares, par value $10 each; one-half of which to be had by the first subscribers at the nominal sum of $2 per share.

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This company is designed to furnish rapid transit for all eastward bound vessels around Cape Horn. It is well known that the constant westerly winds prevailing in this region, blow at a force between 50 and 90 pounds to the square-inch. This company is formed for the purpose of utilizing the great amount of power thus developed. Stations for the catching apparatus are to be located at various inaccessible points on Diego Ramirez, and along the Terra del Fuegan coast. These stations—composed of huge galvanized iron parabolas, at the focus of which the strength of the winds will be concentrated—are to be connected with the compressed air holders on Staten Island, by means of pipes in which the valves are so arranged that they shall be self-acting, and that any wind shall transmit its pressure through them to the holders aforesaid. By a simple, beautiful and economical method discovered by the Consulting Engineer, A. Wind Bag, Esq., no expensive compressing machinery requiring the use of coal is necessary. In suitable places at the foot of the cliffs on which the catching stations are placed, will be planted movable upright structures to receive the shock of the waves (varying from 100 pounds per square-inch in a calm to 9,000 pounds in a heavy gale). This pressure will be transmitted by proper rods to the compressing pumps, whence the air will be forced into the holders aforesaid.

Tugs will be provided (engines run by compressed air) to tow vessels into harbor at Staten Island, and to place them in position in the launching tube. This is to be constructed of ⅞″ mild steel plate, to be 200 feet in diameter and 2,500 feet long, sunk far enough in the water to admit vessels having twenty-five feet draft. Vessels whose trucks are more than 175 feet above the water will be obliged to strike their topmasts. A vessel having been placed ready for launching, the shore end of the tube will be closed by

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an air-tight piston, with suitable rubber buffers where it comes in contact with the stern of the vessel. When all is ready, the valve communicating with the air holder will be opened, and a pressure of 2,725 pounds to the square-inch will give the desired impulse. The vessel will then be shot off on a N. N. E. $\frac{3}{8}$ E. (true) course, at an estimated speed of seventy-five knots per hour. The calculations made by our Engineer show that this speed will be sufficient to send vessels through the trades, and well past the horse latitudes of the northern hemisphere. If an unusual proportion of fair winds should be encountered, their added force may be sufficient to take the vessel well into port.

The simplicity of this novel plan will, no doubt, render it very attractive to investors. A dividend of 10 per cent. per month is confidently anticipated; the estimates calling for twenty-five ships per diem, at a cost of $3,000 each as the minimum. The opportunity is now offered to intending investors to secure shares at the price named. Next week they will be raised to $7.50.

One morning, Mr. Geyer, having completed his matutinal occupation with the festive squilgee, was seated on the forecastle chest. The pleasant consciousness of a duty well performed, and the fragrance of a small pot of coffee fresh from the galley, combined to put the worthy seaman in a state of contentment with the world and his fellow man which the sudden appearance above the forecastle hatch of Mr. McAuley's remarkable face was scarce able to ruffle.

The latter gentleman, however, appeared ill at ease. Glancing forward and then aft, his eye rested on the Officer of the Forecastle, then well toward the after limit of his beat. An instant later, that vigilant person, having planted his toe accurately abreast the main tack bolt, turned

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and walked forward; and, had his mind not been elsewhere, he must have noted with surprise the unusual phenomenon of Mr. McAuley swashing a swab. As his officer passed, Mr. McAuley stopped to rest, and fixing his longing eye on Mr. Geyer's refreshments (it was only four bells in the morning watch), remarked, "I bin a-lookin' for that swab since two bells, an' I haint seen it!" With the first words a cloud swept over the old man's face. With an effort he brought his venerable form to the perpendicular, exclaiming, "Since two bells!" when, alas! with a crash that shook the ship, he sat on the wet and slippery deck!

Mr. McAuley tried to keep his swelled features from cracking into a grin. The Officer of the Forecastle smiled.

With a hearty imprecation, impartially divided between Mr. McAuley and the lee roll, Mr. Geyer painfully rescued his coffee-pot and hard tack from the moisture of the lee scuppers, and, as the officer arrived nearest him in his walk, remarked in a tone of Christian resignation: He "wouldn't a had that happen for all the tar-pots of Egypt!"

Forecastle Park is again graced with the elite of our society. The warm sun daily brings forth the beauty and fashion, the gay butterflies among us, that the cold breath of winter has kept away. In this season of flowers and singing birds, Cupid is abroad with newly-sharpened arrows, and, unless Dame Rumor is mistaken, there are sacrifices preparing for the altar of Hymen. The charming and accomplished Miss Betsey is soon to become Mrs. Knarry Happ; Miss Wogg, whose quiet nature and sweet, retiring disposition are well known among us, is to become Mrs. Summerbridle, and the delicate, elegantly formed Miss Pucelle is to yield her gentle life into the

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keeping of Mr. Raurice Mead. We trust these gentlemen are conscious of the inestimable value of the gifts Providence is about to bestow upon them, and we wish the high contracting parties all the happiness we are sure they deserve.

A pleasant little incident of the late gale was the following: One of Kentucky's noblest sons was resting his frame after a wearisome gun-deck watch in one of the luxurious chairs which the steerage so unblushingly *stole* while at Mare Island. For further comfort he leaned against the bulkhead of the Executive Officer's room. Now bulkheads, as a rule, are not inclined to joking, but the opportunity was too good to be wasted; so taking the wink from the blind near by, a small crack opened with the roll and gently clasped, in affectionate embrace, one of our hero's flowing locks. The ship seemed to enter into the spirit of the affair, too, for at that moment she gave a lurch which started the fair Kentuckian to his feet with a yell that would have brought a blush to the cheek of a Cherokee chief.

'Mid the streams of Kentucky French which poured out, information enough was gathered to warrant the facetious remark volunteered by an observer that it was a case of the "Rape of the Lock."

During the bad weather, when so much water was on the gun-deck, W. Moore, A. S., was heard to remark that "those mid-channel socks worn by a distinguished Master, were a god-send to him when he laid a course for the ash pan."

A prize having been offered, *a la* Revel's Ball so dear to the memory of a chosen few, for the ugliest beard that could be mowed out of the stubble fields of the Pacific and Cape Horn, several candidates have entered the lists,

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and have exhibited their attempts. We are conscientiously at a loss to decide "who yanks the bun." Among them who will certainly obtain honorable mention, if they do not take a prize, are the following: Don Jockerty, best representation of William the Butler; Sobby Bloan, impersonation of the Prince of Wales; Croctor Daig, ideal Prince Metternich; Signors Vintenan and Chapton, modern Italian knights; H. Pourigtan, the virtuous and accomplished Madam de Remusat. An admirer of this ancient dame vows that should his heroine not "take the cake," he will place himself at the head of the F——ington Guards and treat history to a second Waterloo.

Stoves are no longer worn. Light stockings have again appeared, and it is to be hoped that straw hats will soon come into vogue again; many new and overwhelming styles are, we understand, in preparation for the season. Sitka overcoats, and the various motley caps to be seen on deck, will probably soon vanish. Sing Sing hair is again coming into fashion. We advise our readers to follow this with care, as some of them may get severe colds in the head if they allow any of their luxuriant locks to be shaven.

"What makes the handkerchiefs smell so?"
The officers they cried.
"Salt water soap, suppose you know,"
The Chinamen replied.

TYPES OF CRUISERS.

INTRODUCTORY.

To those of you who, from this high sounding title expect to be treated to an essay upon armored and unarmored ships, etc., we owe an humble apology. Consider yourself "sold" at the very outset. If you thirst for professional knowledge in that direction, you must look

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to those who deal in it. Our mutual friend who brings constellations within the ken of the dullest mind, the young man who talks so glibly of logs and picnics, the scarred veteran who has devoted a life-time to the training system—these are the head-lights within the range of whose beams you must throw yourself. Our field of operation is less difficult. With your kind attention, we will now introduce our great aggregation of wonders, viz: a collection of those young men who have just completed their first cruise, and who monopolize conversation at mess with sensational accounts of what they have seen and done. Start the hand-organ, John, while we call the attention of the audience to the animal in the first cage.

TYPE THE FIRST.

Do you see that young man walking down the street? How tightly his trousers fit! How short his coat is behind! He has on yellow top shoes with pointed toes, and a hat that looks as if it had been struck on the crown by a pile-driver. His gloves have just recovered from a severe attack of the jaundice, and his cane cost two shillings in London. No; he is not a candidate for Congress, nor the proprietor of a billiard hall. He is a Midshipman, just returned from his first cruise to Europe. He is known as a "Mediterranean cruiser." Six years ago he was an awkward, ungainly looking youth—a regular bonanza for the "hazers" at the Naval Academy. He knew more about ploughing than he did about infantry tactics, and was more of an authority on hay-making than on seamanship. What a change has been wrought in him! Disdain and contempt for the *canaille* "who haven't been abroad, you know," show themselves in every feature. He affects Italian "*a's*" *ad nauseam*, and adopts a stammering mode of speaking that is positively painful. He is supercilious in the extreme. Vanity and conceit combine in bringing him to the belief that

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he is a perennial lady killer. He talks knowingly about music and art. Thinks Michael Angelo's operas are "the pwapah capah," and goes into raptures over Verdi's "Madonnas." Sustain a French conversation he cannot, but he skillfully interlards his chatter with a few phrases, abounding in the "nasal twang," which he has picked up at the *cafes*, or at Monte Carlo. "Dear old Monty!"—meaning Monte Carlo—is a fruitful theme with this type of cruisers. Incredible yarns about staking improbable amounts, with equally improbable results, make an ordinary hearer wonder how many banks it requires to attend to the enormous business of a speculating Midshipman. Add to this the Russian Dukes, Italian Counts, and English Earls that are thrown in as companions in their exploits, and the wonder is increased ten-fold.

"How-dy *doo*, old fellah!" drawled one of these creatures whom we met one day, as he languidly extended a finger. "Charmed to see you.. Beastly day, eh? Been so long abroad that I *cah*-n't stand your beastly climate, you know. Tumble in and have a '*b* and *s*' cockey. *Rien ne vas plus!*"

We "tumbled in," as requested; and a moment later, the young man had excused himself, and was off to fulfil an important engagement with the Marquis of Lorne.

TYPE THE SECOND.

Next to his cousin-german from the Continent, the China cruiser comes in for the lion's share of the cheap notoriety which a steerage mess affords. There are two things inseparably connected with an Asia cruiser's yarns, and to these two things suffering humanity is being constantly subjected. They are called the "sand-pan" and "jimmy-ricky-shaw." One would naturally suppose that a "sand-pan" was a receptacle for sand; but it is not. It is evidently some instrument of torture, used by the oldest inhabitants in Japan; at any rate, in the hands of

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a yarn-spinner it has become such. The "jimmy-ricky-shaw" is a wonderful species of naval architecture found only in Japan. They sail within a half a point of the wind, and, if it is *not* a cold day, will make as many knots "bucking into it" as running before it. A Chinese yarn is not complete without the introduction of several "sand-pans" and a dozen "jimmy-ricky shaws."

A China cruiser's experience is naturally vast. Cyclones to him are but gentle zephyrs when compared with the "tycoons" and "monsoons" that he has experienced. A few nights ago, while hove to in a violent gale, one of these cruisers strolled on deck. "Humph!" he said, casting a look of contempt at the officer of the deck, who was holding on to the rail of the bridge for dear life. "Very light airs; ought to have royals on her." Some one remarked that it was blowing a good "eleven." "Eleven!" he screamed, hysterically; "well, if this is 'eleven,' I've seen it blow five hundred and eleven, and don't you forget it. We were at anchor at Hack-a-daddy fifteen anchors down, and dragging all over the harbor. All the instruments in the royal observatory stopped registering, and the astronomer royal was blown from Nagasaki to Hong Kong and return, stopping fifteen minutes for refreshments at Pekin. That was what I call *a blow!*"

We gave him the cake, and he went below with a smile of triumph.

TYPE THE THIRD.

The Pacific cruiser is generally of a retiring disposition. He has seen much, but it requires a very strong pressure to get him to divulge. He may occasionally drop a few hints about Panama, or tell a round, unvarnished tale about Lima or Valparaiso. At the earnest solicitation of a few friends, he may be brought to confess that society in Honolulu or San Francisco is some-

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thing out of the general run; or, on the other hand, he may grow eloquent about the South Sea Islands. This is true only of the general cruiser. There are two notable exceptions, of whom we all fight shy, viz.: the "war fiend," and the "Sitka fiend." The former has for his stock in trade a chapter of harrowing incidents connected with the late war between Chili and Peru. His tales of hair-breadth escapes have no parallel in the most exciting of Mr. Beadle's yellow-covered dime publications. Battles on land and battles on sea are reeled off in order, with alarming discrepancies in the number of killed and wounded. One dose of the "war fiend" is warranted to kill at forty rods.

The "Sitka," or "Alaska" cruiser is a reproduction of Col. Mulberry Sellers. "There's millions in it," is his cry—referring to the mines in which he has invested the remnant of a slender salary. About a year thereafter he comes around with a bundle of stock certificates, *par value* $500,000, and makes an ineffectual attempt to barter them for a package of "Vanity Fair."

TYPE THE FOURTH.

We are getting down toward the end of the line now, and will let the gentleman from the South Atlantic speak for himself.

"Heaven knows," he said, "there is not much to say about my last station. We ran into Para, where I bought one monkey and two boa constrictors. Then we stopped at Rio, where I bought some feather flowers and caught the yellow fever. That's one pleasure you can't experience everywhere. I have had the fever fifteen times, and am getting so now that I feel uncomfortable without it. It's an admirable way of shaking up your system for a full due. After taking the yellow fever on board, we went to the Falkland Islands and Terra del Fuego to freeze out. It was here that we had those sur-

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prising adventures with the natives, of which you have heard me speak so often. Then we finally brought up at Montevideo, and had our customary soiree at Van Rale's. Montevideo's the place for *pamperos*. I remember one night, Billy Binder, an Ensign in the service, and myself———"

We will have to choke the South Atlantic cruiser off at this point. We all love the old, old stories about "*pamperos*," and "Billy Binder;" but there is such a quantity as too much of a good thing.

TYPE THE FIFTH.

The young man with the dissatisfied look is the "home cruiser." He has never been out of his own, his native land. He finds sweet refuge in "pooh-poohing" the tales told by those who hail from foreign waters. He is a cynic. He knows more about navy-yards than any one else, however. He is authority on subjects connected with New York, Boston, Portland, Newport, Norfolk and New Orleans. Most people have been to New York and Boston, but few have attended *Mardi gras* festivities at the Crescent City. The "home cruiser," therefore, enlarges upon that. He is going to the West Indies this winter. When he returns, look out for him. He intends to lay in a stock of yarns, and there will be no rest for the weary.

SIXTH AND LAST TYPE.

(Patent applied for.)

To those of you who have survived the five preceding chapters, the author has a pleasant surprise in store. In case none of the types have included you, find solace in the new brotherhood which we intend to institute. The dandy European, the windy Asiatic, the bold Pacific, the modest South Atlantic, the cynical "home cruiser"—these are types which fade and pass away; but the noble army of "Horn" cruisers will stand forever. Our wor-

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thy brethern the heros of the *Portsmouth* and the pride of the *Edith*, being the only living representatives of the order, will initiate such of you as are now serving your apprenticeship on the *Jamestown* at the nominal fee of five dollars per caput; the proceeds to go towards building an asylum for retired pensioners of the order.

The shock that society will sustain when the twenty-seven new members of the order are turned loose upon it is fearful to contemplate. We expect to hear of the wreck of many a pleasant mess; and anarchy and confusion will reign where peace and quiet sat enthroned. All hail the glorious order of "Round the Horn Cruisers!"

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Vol. I. Saturday, May 20, 1882. No. 11.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours	206′
Least run in 24 hours	49′
Greatest speed per hour	9′.6
Least speed per hour	0′.0
Average run for week	125′
Run to date	10689′
Latitude S.	16° 37′
Longitude W	24° 39′

Week opened with bright, clear weather, moderate breeze from N'd and E'd. On Sunday the wind hauled to N'd and W'd and gradually shifted to N'd and E'd falling calm on Tuesday. S. E. Trades then set in, in Lat. 22° 30′ S, but were variable in force and direction until Thursday evening, Lat. 20° S., when they blew from E'd and gradually increased in force with clear weather until end of week when wind was E by N, force 4.

RETROSPECTIVE.

There are two epochs in the life of an ordinary man; one when he enters upon his career, or the occupation of his life; and the other when he marries. Most philosophers agree in considering marriage a trivial circumstance in the affairs of men, and that undue importance is attached to it. Being unmarried we agree. The first and important epoch, the occupation of life, the entering upon the career of manhood is the one of which we would

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speak; its commencement; its budding and blossoming; and the soil wherein it grew and prospered.

As boys we amuse ourselves by blocking out our future. To-day we would be a doctor, to-morrow a lawyer; sometimes college life allures us, oftener business or trade; at one time the hardships of a soldier seem attractive, at another the sailors' perils captivate our fancy. Soon the time comes for definite decision. Our air castles must all be deserted and we must choose the plans for some substantial residence. We select, and our life is begun. Generally we are old enough and wise enough to pick out what is suited to us. Seldom is our inclination forced or formed. We decide for ourselves and should abide by the decisions.

Many enter college; several go to the counting-house; some join the Army; and a few of us prefer the Navy. In whatever sphere we place ourselves the experience is nearly the same. The discipline in all is severe and irksome; and although at West Point and Annapolis it is excessive, it is necessary and we know this and should realize it before subjecting ourselves to it. So our career begins. We are put into the mould that is to form us, and must quietly pass through all the processes necessary to turn us out finished and complete.

As an Institution the United States Naval Academy takes precedence of all others. Its locality, its grounds, its surroundings, its instruments and accessories are all of the finest; its curriculum and its corps of instructors are the best. That the education we receive at the Academy is, for our profession, the most thorough in the world all nations concede. That the men who graduate from this Institution are the ablest in nautical education is admitted by everyone. That the knowledge we there receive is the most advanced and desirable is never disputed.

Shall we, then, who come from such halls of learning,

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from an Institute of such world-renowned superiority, shall we alone refuse to see facts patent to the eyes of all Christendom ? or else so damn them with faint praise and fault-finding that they cannot be looked at with impartiality and with justness ?

The discipline of our Naval Academy makes of us men ; men noble and true ; men fearless and bold ; men of integrity and honor ; men to command and obey ; officers and gentlemen. Ought the petty annoyances of school life, the reports of delinquencies, the incivilities of some instructors, yes even the rare unjust accusation of dishonor made by some prejudiced senior ; ought incidents such as these to so dwarf our understanding, so belittle our intelligence that nothing should remain but a sense of injustice and imagined injury ? It is much more difficult and unpleasant to remember merry times ; to call to mind the jokes and pranks we played ; how we fooled Professor English ; how peculiar was Captain Trunnion ; what an ass and what a good fellow was Lieutenant Royal ? And the buildings ; how their corridors echoed to our shouts ; what princely spreads and midnight orgies our rooms saw ; and how cleverly we dodged old Denver and Shovel Nose ? Why, untidy wardrobes and dirty floors ; slow at drill and inattention to duty ; unsatisfactory marks mean officers-in-charge ; smoking and quarantine, are forgotten ; and sink into oblivion before such rollicking remembrances. And happy memories only remain of our studies. How severe little Johnny was and what a poor instructor ; remember how Dash confused him by asking whether Como. Simpson and the double rule were related ? Ha! ha! how we enjoyed the joke ; and old Bull ! what a noisy, blustering man he was, but a good instructor : And Mac who used to hate cadets so thoroughly ; poor fellow, his life was a harder one than any of us thought, and long since we've forgotten his little failings.

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And our drills! How we were double timed; and "tuned" on the right into line. Gun was a hard drill-master, but he's a bully fellow in the service. And the grounds, the sea wall, the gas house, the *Wyandank;* the walks, the benches, the monuments; and the love we talked and believed while crunching the white pebbles under foot with only the moon and the stars to peep softly and secretly at us through the leaves of the tall trees: And the gymnasium; and old Schoff and the band; and even the old prison ship *Santee* has her pleasant recollections!

Fellows, what a glorious title page; what a splendid preface; what a superb first chapter in the book of our career was our four years at Annapolis! Four years in which were toil and trouble! Four years full of enjoyment and delight. For the bitter was little and the sweet much. From the bottom of my soul I pity that man whose heart is so hard, whose mind is so contracted, whose conception is so small that he forgets to whom he owes his position, his education, his all. "The motions of his spirit are dull as night and his affections dark as Erebus."

United States Naval Academy! teacher,—guide,—friend,—foster mother, with all thy faults I love thee. Dear old buildings with your corridors and rooms! Dear old grounds with your drills and your walks! Dear old studies with your hard failures and harder 2.5's! Dear old Instructors with your meanness and goodness! We love you all. Forgot are hatreds, wrongs and fears and to us there remains only the sweet, tender Alma Mater who took us strangers and boys, and nurtured us, and made us men, and taught us our duty to ourselves, our country, and our God.

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ALMA MATER.

In last week's issue, the question was asked, why the graduates of the Naval Academy do not have the same feeling of love for their Alma Mater that the graduates of colleges so universally profess ? There are several very good reasons, it seems to us, that can be given.

The boys who enter at Annapolis are probably two years the juniors of their contemporaries at college, and are, for that reason, less able to appreciate the necessity for the rigid dicipline maintained there. At the same time, they are more restricted in their amusements and diversions, because the course of study and drill demands so many more hours than is required at college. Only one evening each week is his own, and that must be spent within the academic limits. To every boy discipline is irksome, and especially so at Annapolis, where it is very rigid, and the course of study hard.

Boys at college have two or three vacations to break the monotony of the year's work, and they return to study with renewed energy. At Annapolis, on National holidays, one day is grudgingly given ; but no one is allowed to go beyond the city limits. The summer leave is not long enough to break into two years' study.

In colleges, almost without exception, the students are members of societies ; and there can be little doubt that society ties are among the very strongest of student life. Indeed, in most colleges, a man is out of caste unless he belongs to some society. At Annapolis, societies are positively forbidden.

These differences are all in favor of the college. The four years' life at Annapolis is one continual grind of hard study, with very few pleasant remembrances for the majority to dwell upon, and to swallow up the memory of the disagreeable.

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Another reason why the graduates of our larger colleges, at least, think more of their Alma Mater than the graduates of the Naval Academy, is that Annapolis and the Academy are so little known. The school is strictly a professional one. It is unknown to the majority of people to-day, and, although it is getting more and more before the public, yet it is out of the line of travel, with no surroundings to draw general visitors; and so it must always remain. Hence, it does not mean so much to people in general for a man to say that he is a graduate of the Naval Academy, as to say that he is from Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton.

But to very many, the great reason for the unpleasant remembrances they have of the Academy is the feeling of resentment to injustice; and until the cause is removed, the feeling is bound to remain :—

When one man cannot get leave to go home to his sister's funeral, while a classmate only a short time before has gotten permission from the Superintendent to attend his grandmother's funeral.

When another man is given four weeks' extra drill as an example, he having denied the report of gouging, and sustained his denial; while another, though caught in the act, is let off scot free because high authorities say that "No Mountmorency would gouge."

When the head of one department changes the marks of an instructor, given days before, and not in his presence.

When several men are unsatisfactory in a study, and all but one are called back from section and encouraged to study up.

When a man who has had a re-examination is handed his diploma at last without one word of congratulation, much in the way a bone is given a dog.

When a man is declared unsatisfactory by one depart-

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ment on examination, but is given a mark above the average on the same papers by an officer not then attached to the Academy, but who had been head of that department.

When such things happen—and they all have happened—the ones aggrieved feel bitter, and that feeling will never be removed. It may be said that some of these things are trivial, but they are not to those concerned at the time.

Every graduate of the Naval Academy is proud to be a graduate, and is proud of his diploma; and well he may be. But, for many, no love for the place is associated with that feeling. Those who had a hard time getting through—grinding away day after day at the same dreary task, with little or no diversion and amusement, with nothing attractive about Annapolis—and especially if they have the feeling that they were unjustly treated at the Academy, can never *love* their Alma Mater; nor is it strange that they can not.

AN INQUIRY.

One of the Midshipmen would be glad to have somebody explain through the columns of "9′ 51″" why duty is carried on, on board ships in port, as it now is? In many foreign ships, the officer of the deck is not required in port to confine himself to the quarter deck, nor even to the spar deck; nor is he required to keep on his feet during his duty. There is a tradition that such was the custom in our own service before the Civil War.

Why could not the watch officers take day's duty in port? From "all hands" in the morning, the officer of the day would be about decks throughout the day, attending to whatever work was going on. During the meal hours of the men, he would go below and get his own meals. He would have some sort of an office where he

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might always be found, and in it a sofa or cot, where, after tattoo, he might sleep, subject to an instant call.

The inquirer can hardly conceive the necessity for the laborious way in which port duty is now carried on, and he feels confident that young officers in general have similar views. As he has still some fifteen or twenty years before him, during which he will be liable to watch duty, he would like to know if any sensible reason exists for the present plan, whose only merit seems to be to use up government planking?

BIRDS WHICH FOLLOW SHIPS.

As the mariner leaves the coast, and sails out upon the sea, almost the first, and by far the most conscious sensation which is presented to him, is his ostracised condition from the world and his utter loneliness. Very few sounds of living nature greet his ear, and almost no animation is presented to his weary eye. He misses the gladsome noise of industry and the pleasing panoramic views of nature, and as a substitute is compelled to watch the never ceasing waves as they rise and fall, seeming to chase each other in a wild and useless race.

Ever and anon this weary monotony is broken by these racing billows assuming gigantic proportions as they seem to o'ertake each other in their mad and reckless course. In some parts of the seas this sameness and weariness is pleasantly broken by the sea birds, and especially by those birds which are either attracted by the food thrown overboard or for company to follow ship.

A curious fact is, that most of the birds which follow ships belong to the same family (*Longipinnatæ*). They are characterized by their long and pointed wings, their hooked bills, their thick coating of feathers, and their toes all being joined together by a membrane, except the big toe (*hallux*), which is free.

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The birds which are most frequently seen are the albatross, gulls and petrals. To the group which includes the albatross belong the sea swallows, differing from them as to size and plumage. Thus we find the albatross large, measuring as much as fifteen feet from "tip to tip," provided with different colored plumage, generally white, but in some cases being brown. They seldom move their wings when they fly, but sail along majestically. A peculiarity noticed was that a large white albatross was almost always accompanied by a great number of smaller, dark brown colored birds. These, we presume, are the female albatross. Our impressions were strengthened in this respect by finding an ovary and oviduct in one of these birds. These latter birds are known to sailors by the name of "Cape hens."

Under this same group is found the stormy petrels, known to sailors under the name of "Mother Carey's chickens." They are small, of a black color, some varieties having white feathers under the wings. They fly along close to the surface of the water, and in appearance very much resemble our land swallows.

By far the largest group is the *Laridæ*, commonly known as gulls. They are widely distributed over the seas, and represent many different species. A very beautiful variety is found around the southern part of South America, and are called by sailors "Cape pigeons." They follow ships in great numbers, and can easily be caught by baiting a hook. They are about the size of our common pigeons, of a bluish-black color on the back, white breasts and long, pointed wings, the bluish-black feathers of which are interspersed with white ones.

To another group belong the *Gannates*, known commonly as gonies. They sometimes perch on the yard-arms at night, and are almost the only natatorial birds which ever perch. To this same group belong the "frigate

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birds," known by their brown color and forked tails. They are remarkable for their powers of flight.

The whale bird is another companion, found plentifully in the latitudes where whales live. They are small in size, of a dark brown color, except on the breast and under the wings, where the feathers are of a leaden color.

These birds which we have spoken of, frequently follow ships for many days, traversing thousands of miles. A noticeable thing was that the gulls followed our ship for a distance of twenty-five hundred or three thousand miles. It is probable that they would stop and sit on the water and sleep at night; then in the morning rise to a great height, sight us, and in a short time overtake us. They were enticed by the food thrown overboard. Thus it is that these birds have been principally subsisting for a long time by following ships on their way around Cape Horn.

It was a noticeable fact that as soon as we reached thirty degrees south latitude, the birds deserted us, plainly for the reason that their thick coating of feathers was too warm for the increasing temperature which we met day by day.

We felt lonely after these birds had gone away, for by their presence a dull monotony was broken which would otherwise have been disturbed only by the wild and ceaseless roll of the ocean waves.

THE TRAINING SYSTEM.

THE SOLICITATION.

Gentle *muse* thou art invited;
Softly tune thy golden lyre;
Sing to us the life romantic;
Sing to us the life so joyous;
Sing to us the disciplining,
Of the new "apprentice system."

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Tell us how it first was thought of:
Tell us of its griefs and trials;
Tell us how at last it triumphed,
Over disappointments many.

Tell us how that since its starting,
It has brought us able seamen—
Able bodied, knowing seamen,
That before were never dreamed of.

THE MUSE RESPONDING.

"'For long days I've waited for thee,
Only waiting chance for speaking;
And that now you've importuned me
I will tell to you the story.

"'But to tell you all about it
Would be long, and carry with it
Many hours and many minutes
Better spared for other duty.

"'I will merely tell the outlines;
Merely indicate the leaders;
Tell you how they toiled and struggled,
And how vict'ry crowned their labors.

"'Long had been the Training System
An idea by few cherished;
Until yearly cycles brought it
Crown'd with triumph to its standing.

"'Many persons holding power
Brought their knowing heads together,
And devised the laws and rulings
Known to-day as regulations.

"'With these legal regulations,
To a knowing few entrusted,
Preparations grand and awful,
Were then made to start this new scheme.

"'Some old ships were brought together,
And with these they made a starting,
Gathering boys from all the cities—
All the little rag-a-muffins.

"'With these ships they formed a *squadron*,
Called by name the "*training squadron*;'
And they sailed the briny oceans,
Seeking thus to teach the striplings.

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"With Luce, Johnston, Shufeldt, Chandler,
Sprang anew the 'Training System,'
From the old and fogied teachings
Which were found to be unsuited.

"I shall skip its early history,
But I'll tell what's done at present;
How that Commodore Luce rules it—
Guides and rules this 'Training System.'

"All the officers he chooses,
They are suited to their duties;
With these 'chosen few' *savants* brave,
He then sails the seas and feels safe.

"Many ports he takes the ships to—
Many sights he shows to the boys;
And a jolly time they all have,
Thus he dovetail's work with pleasure.

"The boy's confidence is first gained;
Then they're taught to keep their clothes clean:
And their faces, hands and bodies
Must not be at all uncleanly.

"Wine, tobacco, and all liquors,
They are taught to shun, and not use:
For these things are not becoming
To their health and disciplining.

"And the boys are shown an interest
Taken is in all that they do;
And it's tried to teach them manners,
And to show them the right from wrong.

"Stop to tell you more I cannot,
Unto me the time is precious.
You all have a chance to see now
On your ship the Training System.

"There is one on board the '*Jamestown*,'
Of the Training System veterans.
In the boys he takes an interest,
To him go for information.

"Deep and profound is his knowledge;
Various is his learning also.
Twice around the 'Horn' he's traveled,
And with many storms he's battled.

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"But his name I cannot tell you—
Personalities are not right
About aged, gray-haired ensigns—
By his deeds you soon will know him.

"Pay attention to the teachings;
Listen to the words of wisdom
Chanted forth by inspiration,
Which from Commodore Luce he learned.

"Now I leave you to your musings,
I could tell you many more things,
But I leave you to a teacher
Who to you will tell all yearnings."

Saying this she slowly vanished;
Went away this *lovely creature*
Made of *un-atomic* substance,
And around was pitchy darkness.

AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

To the Editor of "9′ 51″":—

Sir:—In accordance with your request, I send to you an account of my visit to the island of Juan Fernandez, which was made in obedience to orders of the Navy Department, to obtain information as to the fate of the American schooner *Albatross*, which was supposed to have been lost off this island.

On the evening of March 29th, I left the *Jamestown* in Lat. 22° S., Long. 122° W., in company with Mr. Midshipmen S., who was to visit Easter Island with part of the crew, while I was to proceed to the island of Juan Fernandez.

We embarked in the new exploring boat which has lately been introduced in the service, and which we had brought with us from San Francisco. We carried a crew of eight men, and two officers—Mr. Midshipman S. and myself—and provisions for two weeks. The new motor worked wonderfully well, propelling the boat at the rate

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of twenty-four knots an hour, thus enabling us to accomplish this great distance in the given time. The weather was pleasant, and the trip agreeable. On March 31st, we arrived at Easter Island, where Mr. Midshipman S. and three men left us; and we proceeded on our route to Juan Fernandez, which we reached April 2d.

The group of Juan Fernandez Islands consists of two principal islands and some smaller ones. The chief island, which is itself called Juan Fernandez, is also called "Mas-a-Tierra," to distinguish it from the other, and because it is nearer the continent. It is about twelve miles long and four broad, and lies in Lat. 33° 37′ S., Long. 78° 53′ W., and is 360 miles west of Valparaiso. The smaller island of the two is called "Mas-a-Fuera," or "more in the distance," and is ninety miles west of the larger island.

The islands were discovered by Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, in 1563, on his voyage from Lima to Valdivia, and were named after him. He found them uninhabited, but fertile; and on his departure left several goats, which in a few years increased in great numbers. The buccaneers who cruised against the Spaniards in the latter part of the seventeenth century, made this island a frequent stopping place, in order to recuperate their men, as well as to repair and careen their ships, and revictual them. William Dampier, an Englishman, while serving with the buccaneers, visited the island in 1681. While here repairing their vessel, they were unexpectedly and suddenly obliged to leave, by the approach of three Spanish men-of-war. In their hurried flight a Mosquito Indian was left on the island, he being absent hunting goats at that time. But when Dampier returned, in 1684, in command of an expedition around the world, he found the man alive and well, and overjoyed to again see a friendly face. The Spaniards, knowing that he had been

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left on the island made every effort to capture him, but never succeeded. In 1709, Captain Woodes Rogers touched here, and found the well known hero, Alexander Selkirk, or Selcraig, who had been left on it by the ship *Cinque Ports*, Captain Stradley, four years and four months previously. Selkirk, on his arrival in England, gave the particulars of his solitary sojourn to Daniel Defoe, who from them wrote his renowned romance of "Robinson Crusoe." In 1741, Captain Anson, afterwards Lord Anson, in command of an English fleet, remained here some time, in order to recuperate his men, who were dying with scurvy, and to repair his shattered vessels, after a dangerous passage around Cape Horn.

We sighted the island at 2 p. m. The morning had been cloudy, with light showers of rain, but towards noon it cleared, and we saw before us in the distance the dim outline of land. On nearer approach we made out a lofty mountain in the midst of a precipitous range, resembling a blacksmith's anvil, and, as we afterwards learned, called from this resemblance "El Tunque," or "The Anvil." The whole island presented a picturesque appearance, extremely mountainous, but interspersed with fertile plains and valleys. "El Tunque," rising to the height of 3,000 feet above the shore—which is formed by a wall of dark-colored, bare rocks, rising to the height of 800 feet above the sea—is itself a remarkable object, and one worthy of interest. Although this part of the coast at first presented a forbidding appearance, yet on nearer approach, we caught glimpses here and there of verdant glades and luxuriant woodland, through the wild ravines, along which dashed mountain torrents and glittering cascades, looking like threads of silver against the dark, rocky shore.

We stood in for Cumberland Bay, which is on the north side of the island, and on the shore of which is the

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principal settlement. The bay is at the base of a fertile and luxuriant valley, watered by two streams which descend from the mountains above. At the head of this valley stands "El Tunque," wooded nearly from base to summit, and standing like some giant sentinel to watch o'er the quiet, peaceful valley below; while here and there, on either side, may be seen grassy plains of considerable size, whose vivid color contrasts agreeably with the sombre foliage of the myrtle trees which abound on the island. There are several other bays around the island, but none so good as Cumberland. About six miles to the north-west of this bay is English Bay, where Alexander Selkirk lived while he was alone on the island.

On landing, I was met by a Chilian official, who during my stay treated me in a most courteous manner. On making the object of my visit known, he informed me that the schooner *Albatross* had been lost about two months previous, off the eastern point of the island; and although all possible efforts were made to rescue the crew, these unfortunate beings all perished, owing to the rough state of the sea and the strong gale blowing at the time.

From this official, Senor Don Alonzo de Valparaiso, I gathered much interesting information relating to the history of the island; but by the accidental discovery of some buried and long forgotten manuscript, I have been able to bring to light much valuable and instructive information regarding the earlier history, which has heretofore been but imperfectly known.

Don Alonzo informed me that the first attempts at colonization had been made by the Spaniards in 1751, who, fearing that the English were about to take possession of the island, sent over a colony; but this was soon after almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake, to which this island is often subject. In 1819, the Chilian govern-

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ment made it the seat of a penal colony; but on account of the expense, it was partially abandoned. Having been increased in 1835, the prisoners revolted, and for a time overcame the troops. For a short time after this the island was deserted; but about 1856 the Chilian government again attempted a settlement, and for this purpose sent over about fifty people. Cattle having been introduced, soon increased in great numbers. Goats still roamed around the island in a wild state, but they were not so numerous as in former times, when the island was overrun with them; but the Spaniards, finding that their inveterate enemies in these seas—the buccaneers and the English—made the place their headquarters for refitting and revictualing their ships, introduced a fierce breed of dogs, which soon becoming numerous and wild, hunted the goats for food, and thus greatly diminished their numbers. In this way the Spaniards hoped to deprive their enemies of their former means of subsistence, and force them to seek other islands.

The island is now the great resort for whalers in this region, since wood, water and excellent fresh provisions can be obtained at moderate cost. Peaches, which were introduced by Lord Anson, grow wild in great quantities. Pigs, poultry, fruit, and various kinds of vegetables abound. Seals of all descriptions frequent the islands, and the waters teem with numerous varieties of fish, in incredible numbers.

Before leaving the island, I determined to visit the bay where Selkirk had lived. It was a spot endeared to me by the memory of many pleasant hours of childhood, when I eagerly devoured the absorbing history of "Robinson Crusoe." Was it fate that aroused this curiosity within me, and caused me to direct my steps to that spot where I found that of which I shall speak hereafter?

Having thanked Don Alonzo for his courtesy, I em-

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barked my crew, and in a short time entered English Bay —a bright green spot, with the background sloping gently upwards toward the higher ground. I hastily jumped ashore, and, having secured the boat, proceeded a short distance up the slope until I reached a small hillock, on one side of which stood a large tree, and on the other flowed a sparkling, bubbling stream of water, as clear as crystal. The situation was a pleasant one, in front of a fine grove of myrtles, and partly sheltered from the prevailing storms. The tree was a remarkable one, conspicuous for its solitary situation; evidently old, and weather-beaten by the many storms it had faced; but still holding up its head bravely, and unconsciously averting the doom which, from the appearances of decay, was not far distant.

This was the spot, then, on which Selkirk first lived. I could imagine him in his rude hut, solitary and alone, dreaming of the past and looking with gloomy forebodings to the future. On yonder mountain side he hunted the goats with which he fed himself, and with whose hairy skins he clothed his nakedness. On yonder peak, still higher up, which even now is called "Selkirk's Lookout," he kept his weary watch for passing vessels. How vividly the scene brought back to my mind his romantic history.

I turned to regain the boat, when, on passing the solitary tree, I observed some faint marks which, evidently, had been cut deeply into its bark. I stopped to examine them, and after some trouble made out the initials "A. S." and some figures, evidently a date, but so obliterated by time, that I could not distinguish them. Under this date I also observed a series of notches extending all around the tree, and divided into series of seven. The whole lower part of the tree was literally covered with them, and their probable use at first puzzled me, until I remem-

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bered that Selkirk thus kept the record of the number of days that he remained on the island.

I was about to leave, when my eye fell upon a mark still higher up on the tree, and on closer inspection I found it to be a cross, the shorter arm not being perpendicular to the longer, but forming an angle of about 45° with it, and having the initials "R. T." cut above it, and the date "1741" beneath. Here was a new surprise. Something about the shape of the cross struck me as curious, and I stepped on one side of the tree to take a look at it from a different position. On glancing along the short arm, which pointed toward the ground, I saw that where the line of sight produced struck the earth—about twenty five feet from the foot of the tree—a stone of peculiar shape and considerable size projected. I went toward the stone and attempted to move it, but found that it was so firmly imbedded in the soil that my first efforts were futile. However, after a second and more vigorous attempt, I was able to loosen the stone and to lift it from its place. Underneath, to my great surprise and astonishment, I found a square cavity, and in it, carefully wrapped in a piece of old sail cloth, was a glass bottle, sealed with pitch, which contained the manuscript of the following history:

"My name is Richard Trueman. I am an Englishman, born in the county of Dorset in the year 1730, and lately serving on board of His Majesty's ship *Centurion*, Captain Anson, commanding. On the 12th of June, 1741, we arrived at this island, after having made a most tempestuous voyage around Cape Horn, and having lost 250 men out of our complement of 400 through the dire effects of scurvy. Of this voyage I shall say nothing further, since, if the squadron ever reaches England, it will be fully published to the world. What I shall relate will be my experience on this island since I first landed; for,

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feeling that my end is approaching, and that I shall die here alone—and all through my own foolhardiness—I take this means of letting my friends know what became of me, if, luckily, this may fall into friendly hands who will deliver it.

"My father was a seaman, and in the latter part of his life he joined the buccaneers who were roving about these seas. Among other prizes which they captured, was a spanish galleon loaded with plate and jewels, the whole booty being valued at £200,000. Having come to this island to divide their plunder, which was carried on shore for that purpose, they were suddenly surprised by the approach of seven Spanish men-of-war; and, in their hurry to embark, they were unable to carry on board the greater part of the plate, which they therefore hastily buried on the island, until such a time as they might return. Their vessel was captured a few days afterwards, after a desperate resistance, and my father, one of the few survivors, was kept a prisoner for several years in the Spanish Colonies. When he regained his liberty he returned to England, and shortly after died. Before his death he called me to his bedside and told me of the treasure buried on the island, assuring me that if I should be so fortunate as to find it, I would have more than I could spend during the rest of my days. For this purpose I joined this fleet, which I knew would stop here; and when it left I deserted and remained behind, in order to search for the treasure, hoping to be picked up afterwards by some passing vessel. After considerable search, and by following the directions which my father had given me, I found this cavity—as probably the reader of this found it—by means of the cross on the tree. But, alas! it was empty. However, I feel assured that I have been mistaken in the locality and that there is a similar hiding place in some other part of the island, where the treasure is buried. This

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situation being a conspicuous one, I entrust this manuscript to this cavity as more likely to be found; for this place is where Selkirk first lived, and will probably be visited by some inquisitive stranger, as his history was published before I left England, and is well known.

"On our arrival at this island I was sick with the scurvy, but soon recovering, was able to move about, but not to take a journey of any length. The crew all lived on shore, the majority of them sick with the scurvy; many of them died and were buried here. The remainder of our fleet had not yet appeared, with the exception of the *Trial*, sloop, which came in the day after our arrival. On June 21 a ship appeared in the offing, but she soon disappeared and we did not see her again until the 26th, when she appeared within three miles of the bay. (Cumberland Bay.) She proved to be the *Gloucester*, and judging from our own experience, we thought she must be in a most distressed condition. The Commodore immediately sent boats to her assistance loaded with water and fresh provisions, which arrived providentially, as the crew were already half famished and sick to such an extent, that the officers and their servants were the only ones left to manage the ship. Owing to adverse winds and currents, the ship was several times driven out of sight, and it was not until the 23d July that she was able to anchor in the bay, having been towed in by our boats. She had but 80 remaining of her original crew of 300; the rest died of scurvy and privation.

"The ships were here thoroughly repaired and cleaned. The smiths had their forges sent on shore to repair the iron work of the vessel; the strongest men were employed in felling trees and cutting them into firewood; the ovens were sent on shore and a new supply of bread baked. We were able to secure a few goats, as they dwelt in inaccessible parts of the island, and had greatly

diminished in numbers, owing to the ravages of the wild dogs which the Spaniards had introduced. I remember one remarkable encounter between a herd of goats, and a goodly pack of these wild dogs. As we were going round the island in our boats, we observed a number of dogs running along a gentle slope towards the crest of a hill, and turning our eyes in that direction we saw on a ridge, a herd of goats drawn up as if for their reception. This ridge of rocks, which formed the only path, was very narrow, and the sides were steep precipices. The leader and champion of the herd, a venerable old patriarch with long beard and tremendous horns, posted himself in this path facing his enemies, the rest of the goats being drawn up behind him, where the ground was more level. The dogs, although they ran up the hill with great alacrity, yet when they came within twenty yards of him, his head lowered and ready for the combat, they dare not encounter him, for he would have thrown them over the precipice; so they gave up the chase, and retired panting at a great rate.

"These dogs are masters of all accessible parts of the island. They are very numerous, and some of them very large and fierce. They sometimes came down to our habitations at night and stole our provisions, and once or twice set upon some single persons; but assistance being at hand, they were driven off. At present it is rare for goats to fall in their way, and we came to the conclusion that they lived principally on young seals; for some of our people having curiosity to kill and eat them, seemed to agree that they had a fishy taste. Selkirk, in the history of his sojourn here, says that he often caught more goats than he wanted, and sometimes marked their ears and let them go. This was about thirty-two years before our arrival at the island. Now it happened that the first goat we killed had his ear slit, from which we concluded that he had formerly been in the power of Selkirk.

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He was an animal of venerable aspect, most dignified and with a majestic beard, and with many other symptoms of antiquity. During our stay we met others marked in a similar manner, all the males being distinguished by the exuberance of their beard.

"The ground being exceedingly fertile, and Capt. Anson having brought with him a variety of garden seeds and fruit stones, planted them in various places; and they appeared to flourish remarkably well. Of the various fruits which he planted, the peach seemed to thrive the best. Seals in innumerable quantities were found on the rocks, and we usually killed and roasted the young ones, which formed an excellent food and tasted somewhat like veal. Fish of all descriptions abounded, and a boat load could be easily caught by two men in half an hour. Sea lions were also found in plenty on the rocks, whose flesh is rather coarse, and reminds us of tough beef. Also a large sea craw-fish was found in great abundance, which generally weighed eight or nine pounds, and was delicious eating.

"Having refitted the ships and recruited the health of the crew, the fleet set sail on the 19th September, leaving me the only human being alive on the island, I having slipped off to the woods the day before the departure of the vessels. Here I was alone on the island and knew not when I might leave it. But I was not discouraged; for should I be fortunate enough to discover this great treasure and be picked up by some passing vessel, on my arrival at England, I would be rich for the remainder of my life. I had taken care to have a good stock of useful articles at hand, having filched them at different times from the ship's stores, and with my gun and plenty of powder and shot, I could obtain all the goats that I might want.

"I could not help thinking of the different fate of the

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Mosquito Indian who had been left here some time ago, and of which I had often heard my father speak. The Mosquito Indians live on the Bay of Honduras, and are an intelligent race of tall, well made men. They are very expert in harpooning turtles, and manatees, and all manner of things that swim in the water. For that reason, the buccaneers would take one or two of them to sea with them, so that they might be able to procure fresh food from the sea. They always receive a name, and consider themselves dishonored unless one is given them. This one's name was William. He was in the woods hunting goats when the ship left, and she was out of sight before he returned. He had with him his gun and knife, with a small horn of powder and a few shot. Having used up all his shot and most of his powder, and his gun being thus useless, he contrived by notching his knife to saw the barrel of his gun in small pieces. With these he made fish hooks, a harpoon, lances, and a long knife; heating the pieces first in the fire, which he made with his gun flint, and using the barrel of his gun as a blow-pipe. The hot pieces of iron he hammered out and shaped as he pleased with stones; sawing them with his jagged knife, or grinding them to an edge on hard stones and hardening them to a good temper as there was occasion —having learned how to accomplish this latter art from the English. With the implements he had made he got such provisions as the island afforded, either goats or fish. Before he made hooks he was forced to eat seal, but he afterwards never killed any seals except to make lines of their skins. He made a little hut half a mile from the sea shore, and lined it with goat skins; his couch was spread with the same, which was all the bedding he had, and as his clothes soon wore out, he was obliged to clothe himself in goat skins. He remained on the island from January 1681, to March 1684, and the only human

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beings whom he had seen were occasional parties of Spaniards, who had several times attempted to capture him.

"My life has been much the same as those of the others who were left here. I discovered this hiding place one month after the vessel left; but since that time I have been sick. It is now four months since my desertion. My end is quickly approaching. I commit my soul into the hands of my Maker, and hope for pardon for all my sins. Whoever finds this will be blessed if he sends it to my friends in Dorsetshire.

(Signed.) RICHARD TRUEMAN.

Jan. 15, 1742."

Having found this manuscript, I set sail, and stood on my course for the ship, which I was to meet in Lat. 37° S., Long. 117° W. Both the original manuscript and my report were forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy. Our trip to the ship was without incident worthy of record, and on April 9th, at 10:45 p. m., I reached the *Jamestown*, having been absent eleven days, and traveled a distance of over five thousand miles.

MARINE EPITHALAMIUM.

The turbot and penguin sat side by side,
On a branch of the loblolly tree;
While under their feet was the brazen sky,
Overhead a coppery sea.

A jimmy-legs wandered lonely around,
With a catharpen under his lee;
While the bird they call the fili-lil-loo
Was skimming the coppery sea.

A jack-of-the-dust gazed up at the tree
To see what he could spy;
While the dulcet note of the turbot was heard,
And the penguin's plaintive cry.

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How happy we'll be, when we're wed,
For immediately after our marriage,
I'll order for you an eight inch gun
That you may ride on its carriage.

While thus they conversed in accents most sweet.
The thingumbob came to the land;
While the shark, and the sole, with the flying-fish.
And the martingale walked hand in hand.

The eel was there with his stiff back bone,
And the dolphin clad in his best;
The turbot had on his silvery scales,
And the penguin showed her crest.

By the lambent light of a purser's dip
The turbot and penguin were wed;
The main clew jigger was first best man,
While the sampan marched at the head.

To the galley they went for the wedding feast,
The bowlines stood all in a line;
While the bowsprit cap and the flying jib guy
Passed around the skipper's wine.

Then they sailed away, mid cheers from their friends.
On a catamaran all alone;
They went to the lands of the jig-a-ma-ree,
And they lived on a holy stone.

And there they ate of the fat of the land,
Salt horse and plumb duff galore;
Till the penguin went off on the starboard tack,
And the turbot made for the shore.

Who is that officer there,
With his nose so high in the air?
On his shoulder a chip,
And a smile on his lip,
Saying "Knock off that chip if you dare!"

Oh! that is a midshipman bold,
Some five and twenty years old;
He waits for the time
When he'll be in his prime,
And get out of the steerage so cold.

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And yon 's a gray haired ensign,
Who tho' long since attained to his prime,
Still walketh the deck,
At the nod and the beck
Of lieutenants, whose ways are not always benign.

DEDICATED TO MIDSHIPMAN ———— U. S. N.

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"Oh! give me pie, oh! give me pie,"
Said a hungry mid from Kentuckie.
"Once on shore, I shall quickly hie
To a shop I know, a factorie
That builds the most delicious pie,
Apple, mince and blackberrie,
Currant, quince and lemon pie.
No more this rice and vile currie,
Hash and bad soup and bullie,
To stay on shore, I'll always try,
To go to sea no more I'll sigh,
For a steerage 's but a big pig-sty;
I'm sure I cannot tell you why,
But the fact is known to each middie.
A thousand pies I'll surely buy,
I'll stuff right full until I die;
And then I hope to quickly fly
To a land full of ethereal pie,
On which to feast my *pious* eye.
And then through all eternity,
I shall ever have a full supply—
And my motto be, *Pie-eat-I.*"

At all times, and in all spheres of life, events are taking place, about which is thrown a veil of mystery. To a few, it is at times permitted to penetrate this veil and revel in the sacred presence of the unknown. This privilege was by chance extended to us, as with the *Paymaster* we sought the kindly shelter of the Navigator's room while the decks were being washed down this morning. Our wondering eyes there beheld the secret which has so mysteriously followed this vessel on her long journey

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"round the Horn." Through sunny climes and wintery blasts this same mystery has clung to us; and, as we say, it was a mere chance that we learned the following startling facts—or we had better say laws—in seamanship which have governed the gallant gun-deck sailors who carry on royals until top gallant sails should come in, and who take in and furl top gallant sails when the wind freshens from 5 to 4:

$50 dead horse—In royals and down flying jib.

$75 dead horse—Lee sheets and halliards, clew down, etc.

$100 dead horse—Round in the weather braces, settle away the topsail halliards, clew down. Haul out the reef tackles, haul up the buntlines. Aloft, topmen and take a close reef in the topsails!

$200 dead horse—Get out the sea anchor.

A wardroom officer of high rank desires to thank the gang who so sweetly serenaded him a short time since. In the customary "few remarks," he sought to convey his appreciation of the compliment. Through the columns of this paper, however, he wishes to add further: "The charms of the morning watch detracted from the charms of your voices; and if you come around again, I'll read some Spanish out loud to you."

Scene—Morning watch. Drachler on as messenger.

Officer Deck (*loq.*)—Boy, tell the Midshipman of the gun-deck I wish to see him.

Boy—Aye, aye, sir.

Drachler goes. At end of ten minutes no Midshipman of deck and no Drachler have appeared.

Off. Deck—Moore, go below and tell Midshipman of gun-deck I'd like to see him.

Moore—Aye, aye, sir.

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Off. Deck—And send that *jackass* up here.
Moore—The Midshipman of the gun-deck, sir?

CHAFF.

A weak-eyed, small-chested steerage officer sends us the following pastoral gem as an outlet for his long pent-up feelings:

"Alma Mater! mother dear!
Others praise, but I must jeer.
Can I e'er forget your "spots,"
Extra duties, and what-nots?
Zeros cold and "two-fives" hot,
Oft have fallen to my lot."

The young man's feelings here overcame him, and he went into prose, in which he pays his compliments to various incidents in his past life. The language is more forcible than elegant; the style didactic. Hastily passing over this, we come to a wild rhetorical flourish, and his theme is entombed in the following metrical catafalque:

Sink, O sink, dear Alma Mater,
Sink beneath the gurgling water;
Gazing gladly o'er the side,
We'll write up a first-class
epitaph and hand you down to posterity as a "bloomink" suicide.

The discovery made by a certain devotee of science that in some way, by hook or by crook, gentle breezes and howling gales all claim the parabola as a parent, has given rise to other similar theories for which sponsors have been found:

In the steerage mess it has been found that canned sausage, shrimps and bean soup travel in a circle—from the fact that they have no end.

All persons called upon to listen to the long-drawn-out tales of a certain wardroom officer, travel in straight lines for the nearest "Home for the Friendless."

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"Dead Horse" stockholders generally approach in parallel lines, for nothing short of a miracle will enable them to make both ends meet.

There will be a grand concert to-morrow evening in Wardroom Hall, by the *Jamestown* Italian Opera Co.; the proceeds to be expended for the purchase of two bottles of Bass for the young man who recklessly squandered that amount in attempting to sustain the hollow boast: "*You fellows* will never beat that run of two hundred and forty miles!"

Scene at the headquarters of the "Academic Branches." Professor (in measured tones)—Now, the man who has charge of the gun is called the first captain, in the same way that the man who has charge of a top is called the first captain of the top. *The first captain*—do you see that?"

Intelligent students all make an affirmative nod. Professor resumes :—Now, Drachler, what part of the ship are you in?

Boy (in trembling tones)—Fore top, sir.

Professor (coming to the point)—And what is the man called who has charge of the fore top?

Boy (eagerly)—Mr. Burns, sir.

Professor throws a swab at pupil in disgust, and forgetting patience, etc. (see Treatise on Training System), resumes his novel and dismisses the section.

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Vol. I. Saturday, May 27, 1882. No. 12.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours........................236′
Least run in 24 hours...........................138′
Greatest speed per hour........................11′.7
Least speed per hour.............................4′.8
Average run for week........................194′.4
Run to date...................................12030′.5
Latitude N.....................................3° 31′
Longitude W..................................34° 38′

Weather generally clear and very pleasant, with fresh to gentle trades, varying between S. E. by S. and E. N. E. Crossed the *Line* at 10:15 p. m., May 25th, in Long. 30° 30′—83 days 4 hours from San Francisco.

Day after day, week after week, the good ship sails on. No land is sighted; scarcely a sail is met to prove the existence of a human world outside our own microcosm. Suddenly, from over the horizon, comes the steamer's smoke; the black hull is soon alongside; a boat is lowered, a mail sent on its way to those we love; and then, the return budget of papers, with its record of the three past months—aye, and its very advertisements—to eagerly devour.

Dividing space is turned into time; and since Wednesday, we are nearer home by many a mile. How little we appreciate the hold the press has upon us until we are denied the morning paper with our matutinal coffee.

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Appreciate your blessings the more, ye dwellers on land, when, by your cosy fireside, you think of what the arrival of the *Hevelius* meant to us, these eighty days at sea.

Forestalled by the exchanges, we will not here repeat the tidings from over the ocean; but allusion should be made to at least two events of special interest:

If the "Reaper whose name is Death" has garnered The Poetic Soul of America, we should say of him, and like him in "Resignation:"

"There is no death, what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death."

We should strive the more to make "our lives sublime," should still "be up and doing," learn "to labor and to wait;" and, when the practical work of "The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of night," should look above the ocean's "Minnehaha," the trade wind "laughing waters"—

"Where blossom the lovely stars,
The forget-me-nots of the angels"—

and let one thought waft Northward, to the rock-bound coast where "The air is full of farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead."

In the retirement of Mr. Hunt, the service has suffered a great loss. Without insinuating any criticisms on his predecessors, or expressing any fears as to the policy of his honored successor, we, of the *Jamestown*, cannot refrain from adding our modest tribute of praise to the many laudatory articles which have, no doubt, been written concerning the very able administration of the Navy Department during the past year. To the ex-Secretary, the high post to which he has been called may be the more acceptable; to us, the loss is personal as well as official; and "9′ 51″," while condoling with the 29, still

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congratulates one of the mess on the appointment of the new Minister to Russia.

PITCAIRN AND ELIZABETH (OR HENDERSON) ISLANDS.

May 11th, 1882.

It gives me great pleasure to furnish you with an abstract of my official report to the Secretary of the Navy concerning an inspection of Pitcairn and Elizabeth Islands for any possible traces of the U. S. S. *Levant*, which so mysteriously disappeared in the latter part of 1859.

The circumstances of my unexpected detachment from duty in the East, and coming under sealed orders from the Department to this vessel, were known to the commanding officer only at the time of my leaving, but now that the trip has been accomplished, I have no hesitancy in publishing the *general* facts.

If you have never experienced it, you cannot imagine one's feelings on breaking the seal of secret orders. Mine were not to be opened until Lat. 22° S., Long. 122° W. We reached this place on March 29th, at 5 p. m. In the quiet of the after cabin, in the presence of the Captain and three of my brother officers, of whose share in the mystery I had no idea, the seals were broken and the orders read. They were long, and exceedingly minute as regards detail. Space, and the orders themselves, forbid my giving you more than a rough idea of them. I was, in Lat. 22° S., Long. 122° W.—that very night, it proved—to leave the *Jamestown* in a steel boat, propelled by a new motor. With a crew of six men, and provisions for twelve (12) men, I was to visit Elizabeth and Pitcairn for the purpose before mentioned, and others of political importance which I am not at liberty to disclose. From Pitcairn, I was to run over to Easter Island, pick up an officer who had been left there, and rejoin the

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Jamestown in Lat. 38° S., Long. 117° W., on April 9th. The orders to the others were of the same tenor. As the reading was finished, we looked at each other in silent astonishment. Not a thought of the danger attending a voyage of this length in an open boat, the privations, the exposure, could I discover in the countenance of any one, but all evinced a determination to merit the approval of the Department that so especially selected them for its work. The Commander, impressed by the scene, simply remarked, "Gentlemen, your boats can be got ready in half an hour. May success attend your efforts."

We left the cabin in silence, and each one repaired to his quarters to provide himself with a few necessaries and comforts. I was afraid to trust myself to quiet thoughts; so, hastily choosing a change of clothing, packing my journal in a safe place and bidding a silent adieu to the familiar surroundings, I hurried on deck. A busy scene met my eyes. From out of the *Saginaw's* gig three boats had been hoisted, and were now floating alongside. The motors were in place, and provisions were being rapidly passed in by the different crews. The absence of men about the decks struck me as singular; but I have since learned that every one except the officer of the deck was sent below on some pretext or other. The Commander entertained the officers at French class. In a few words, the principle of the motor was explained to me; and almost before I was aware of it—before my bewildered brain could adapt itself to the ever shifting scenes about me, the warm pressure of hands had been made, the half whispered farewells uttered, and with a sincere, hearty "Good luck to you!" I was in my boat and away from the ship's side. How beautiful she looked in the pale moonlight, each spar outlined in silvery brightness against the deep blue of the heavens. The

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very waves seemed proud of their burden, as with each gentle heave they displayed some new beauties in her delicate outline. Now rising, now falling, now heeling to the light breeze, she slowly drew away from us, and I was left "a speck upon the trackless ocean." A voice roused me from my reverie, and left me confronting the stern reality. The two other boats lay near me, busy in getting things to rights. A few moments sufficed for this, and with as cheerful faces as we could muster, we parted from one another.

I was *alone* on the wide Pacific. Here and there in the boat were the figures of the men who shared with me the dangers of the trip. It was a strange feeling! A new and untried experiment was before me. Theoretically, it was perfect. On the still waters of some inland lake it had doubtless realized the inventor's wildest anticipations. How would it act on the tossing waves of an ocean? It was with some misgivings that I turned the wheel which set all in motion. Any fears that I had had were dispelled when I felt my little craft start, as if with fright, and with a steady, easy motion, glide rapidly through the water. Surprise gave way to astonishment when, on consulting the indicator, I found we had attained a speed of twenty-five knots per hour. Noiseless, odorless, occupying little or no room, requiring no attention after being started, it seemed to me the perfection of mechanical skill. I wish I could write more about this motor, but space and orders forbid.

After seeing the course laid, and everything working smoothly, I tried to gain a little sleep, which the excitement of the past two hours called for. The night passed without any occurrence of interest. I was awakened once, and inspected the motor. With the same noiseless, powerful strokes it drove us through the water at an average speed of twenty-two knots. At 8 a. m., I got a

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position which put me directly to the eastward of Elizabeth Island, and about eighty miles distant. A small turn of the wheel increased the speed very perceptibly, and at 10 a. m. I instructed the men to look out for a rock a little on the starboard bow. At 11:00, on March 30, we saw through the haze the faint outline of the island we sought, distant about six miles. Continuing on our rapid approach soon revealed the surf, which broke in tremendous fury on the narrow beach. As we drew nearer, I saw that a landing was impossible, the sides being perpendicular and about fifty feet high. The lead failed to find bottom at thirty fathoms, so I went in close to the shore and turned to the southward, in hopes of finding an opening in the rocks. The same precipitous sides were found on the southward and westward shores, and I began to despair of ever effecting a landing, when, on turning to the northward side, I found a break in the cliffs and a narrow strip of beach which at least courted an attempt. Through the clear water ledges of living coral could be seen, and advancing cautiously, I found that at about two hundred yards from the beach there was about twenty-five fathoms of water. This continued until about fifty yards from the beach, when the depth abruptly shallowed to three fathoms. It was only by the exercise of extreme caution that our boat was successfully beached and we were enabled to land. Having secured her, and left boat-keepers, I started up the cliff with all the paraphrenalia of the naturalist at hand for securing specimens.

The island was as veritable a corpse as suffering friends ever followed to the grave. Once living an active, energetic life, it was now lifeless, dead, an inert mass, an object of assault for wind, wave and rain. The first blow of my hammer betrayed the *dead* coral, and subsequent investigations proved that Elizabeth, or Henderson Island, lying

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in Lat. 24° 22′ S., and 128° 19′ W., was simply a dead mass of coral, more or less porous, and honey-combed at the surface. The cliffs were considerably undermined by the action of the waves, and threatened to fall at any moment. We experienced great difficulty in reaching the top. The vines which choked the gulch up which we climbed were so thickly interlaced as to cover up the holes and render passage dangerous. Gaining the top, we found a plateau about eighty feet above the sea level. A few pandanus trees, the only ones on the island, were scattered here and there. There was a remarkable absense of botanical and geological specimens. Little or no vegetation was visible—*dead* coral everywhere. The size of the island was about five miles in length and one mile in breadth. I hardly imagined that any one could have preserved existence should they be so unfortunate as to be cast away on this desolate spot; but what was my surprise to find in a retired nook the evidences of a fire, a rude attempt at shelter, and a small spar on which were cut the initials of two persons—"A. W." and "V. R. B." Here, indeed, was a mystery! All ideas of geological formation, botanical or animal life, were abandoned at this discovery. Calling the aid of the men, we set about searching for any further traces which could furnish a clew to the identity of the persons whose names appeared in this strange place. The setting sun warned us to desist, and hastening down the ravine we regained the boat, there to learn that a large spar had been found high on the beach, and near it a small cask; neither, however, had any marks by which they could be distinguished. Both were decayed so much that it was thought advisable to to leave them undisturbed. Thus passed the 30th.

A good night's rest prepared us for the researches of the morrow, and at early daylight we set out for the

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plateau again to try and solve the mystery of the initials. Nothing further was discovered, and, after making a sketch of the entire surroundings, I concluded to abandon the search, and pursue my investigations in the boat. Returning to the beach we launched the boat, and after directing her through the breakers, I set the course for Pitcairn at an easy speed. It was 2 p. m. before we were well clear of the island, and I was able to consult what few authorities I had with me. By the aid of my memory, and the Sailing Directions for the S. Pacific Ocean, I found that but one authentic account is given of persons ever having been on this island. The *Essex*, a whale ship, was struck by an angry whale and had her bows stove in. The crew took to the boats, and steering south, by chance discovered the island. *Two* men were, at their own request, left here while the others proceeded on. Two of the three boats reached Chili, but the third was never heard from. A boat with four skeletons afterward seen on Ducie Island, is supposed to be the missing one. The two men left on Elizabeth Island, lived on the few provisions given them by their comrades and on the fruit of the pandanus tree. Their strictest search failed to discover any spring, but they managed to collect enough in a pool from the drainings of the upper part. They were subsequently taken off by a ship who had heard of their condition. There are, beside this, two other possible explanations. In the latter part of 1859, the U. S. sloop-of-war *Levant* left Hilo, on Hawaii, for Valparaiso. She has never been heard of since, and it is presumed that she foundered in a squall. A report is in current belief that she was seen by a passing vessel with scrubbed hammock aloft, and they explain her sudden capsizing to this cause. I might, in passing, remark that the initials of one correspond to those of the purser of the *Levant*, Andrew Watkins. The other explanation is

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that in May 1791, the jolly boat of H. M. S. *Pandora*, Captain Edw. Edwards, R. N., sent out to Tahiti for the mutineers of the *Bounty*, had been blown from the land, and a Midshipman and four men on board never heard of again. It is barely possible, but to my mind highly improbable, that survivors from either the one or the other of these disasters drifted on Elizabeth Island. Doubtless the names were those of the two men from the *Essex*, and the truth of it will be tested when comparison is made to the shipping list for that cruise.

Had I pushed the motor, I might have reached Pitcairn that night, but preferring to make it in the early morning, I allowed the speed to fall to about seven knots. The night was beautifully clear and calm. All enjoyed the rest, which the hard climbing had made so necessary. At daylight, Pitcairn was plainly visible, the tall peak standing out in bold relief against the morning sky. As we approach, let me give a short resume of the events which have marked this spot in maritime history.

In 1786, notice began to be taken of Captain Cook's recommendation of the bread fruit tree as a staple article of food. In three voyages to the South Sea Islands, he had been convinced of its value, and reported the fact to the authorities in England. The desirability of introducing it into the West Indies, as an article of food for the negro slaves, led to the purchase and fitting out of the *Bounty*, a small ship-rigged vessel of 215 tons burden, for this purpose. Lt. Wm. Bligh, R. N., was given command of the expedition. He had as his officers Fletcher Christian, Peter Heywood, George Stewart, Edw. Young and John Hallett. The *Bounty* left England Dec. 23d, 1787, touched at Santa Cruz Jan. 6th, 1788. After several unsuccessful attempts to round Cape Horn, Bligh bore away to the eastward and anchored in Cape Town, May 25th. There was a great deal of

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discontent on board, owing to the irritable temper of the Captain, and alleged injustice in the distribution of the food. However, no serious trouble was occasioned. Leaving Cape Town July 1st, touching at New Holland Sept. 3d, they sailed from there to Tahiti, reaching Port Royal Bay Oct. 25th. The work of loading the ship progressed rapidly, and by April 1st, 1789, a thousand young trees had been carefully stored away, together with fowl, vegetables and animals. On April 4th they left Tahiti for the Friendly Islands, arriving there April 23d. On the 26th they again set sail; on the morning of the 27th the trouble occurred which led to the mutiny. Of these circumstances you are doubtless familiar, so I will omit them.

On the morning of the 28th, Bligh was set adrift with nineteen men in an open boat loaded to within a few inches of the water's edge. After a voyage of 3600 miles, he reached New Holland and from thence returned to England. The mutineers bore away for Tahiti. Remaining here ten days, they started for Toubouai, the southmost island of the Society group, well laden with provisions and having besides, nine Tahitian men, twelve women and eight boys who had secreted themselves on board. They arrived here on June 23d and immediately set about constructing a fort. Before they were here any length of time, murmers and discontents arose on all sides, until Sept. 17th when the *Bounty* returned to Tahiti and left sixteen men there, while Christian, with the remaining eight, set sail on September 23d for some asylum far from the haunts of men where they might end their days in peace. Those who remained at Tahiti were subsequently carried back to England by Capt. Edwards who came for them in the *Pandora*. Christian, in the *Bounty*, made Pitcairn Island, the very rock we were now approaching. It had previously been discovered by

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Carteret in 1767 and from the fact that several burial places with skeletons, having a pearl shell under the head, of a kind not found in the neighboring waters, stone hatchets and other warlike implements, being found on it, forces one to believe that it was inhabited long before this early period. It is about 2½ miles long in an E. by S. and W. by N. direction and about 1 mile broad. The entire circuit is perpendicular and will not allow any landing except at Bounty Bay on the N. E. side. The bay is so called from the fact that Christian, having stripped his vessel, burnt and sunk her in this place. For this point I headed my boat and was soon near the shore. I was much impressed with the natural beauty of this retreat. Its lofty mountains towered to the height of 1000 feet above the level of the sea and around their craggy pinnacles, thousands of sea birds wheeled in mazy circles. Groves of palms and cocoanut trees, the life-giving bread fruit tree clothed the rugged sides to the water's edge. Anchoring at a safe disfance, I was met and conducted ashore by two bright eyed lads, Adams and Young, descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers, who came off in an island canoe. As we proceeded up the gulch, I thought of Christian's landing here 92 years ago. What must have been his feelings when he reflected that his life was to be spent in this remote spot, that before him lay a new and untried existence. Well might he have spent his first few days in the solitary cave which was pointed out to me by my young guides. I thought of the revolt of the natives, the personal feuds, the death of McKoy and Quintal who dashed themselves, in a fit of delirium tremens, from the very cliffs under my feet. The gradual demise of the older ones, the advance of the younger ones and above all, that exemplary life which characterized their later years, making the spot a veritable Eden and its remoteness a charm.

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Would that I could tell you all I heard. Sometime perhaps, I may, but I know that you are weary already with this lengthy description, so I will hurry to the close. On an elevated plateau of rock, in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, beneath the banana, the plantain and the wide-spreading banyan stood the pretty village of Pitcairn. The houses are built of wood and consist of one long room divided by two or more partitions and are set up on sleepers placed on large stones to raise them from the ground. They all lie nearly E. and W. with the door opening to the north. The roofs are thatched with the pandanus leaf. I was entertained at the house of Moses Young, the present magistrate. From him I derived the information which I required and also many interesting features of the island. Our food consisted of a boiled fowl, some pig, yams and sweet potatoes with roasted bread-fruit and a cake made of yams and plantains beaten up and baked in loaves. I noticed two peculiar features of household life. One was that the women never eat with the men, so my kind hostess and her pretty daughter had only the cold remains. The other was the extremely devout manner in which grace was said before and after eating. I gathered, in course of conversation with Mr. Young, the following interesting facts concerning the island. The soil is very rich but porous. Climate temperate, thermometer 59° to 89° in the shade. Spring commences in August, which is the harvest when they dig their yams and potatoes. No regular trade winds. In summer the prevailing winds are mostly from S. S. E. to N., accompanied with rain or fog. In winter from S. W. to E. S. E. The animals are sheep, hogs, goats and poultry. Fruits: plantains, pines, melons, oranges, bread fruit, sugar cane, limes and the Brazilian plumb. Grain: maize. European habits are adopted as far as possible. Cloth is made of the bark of the paper mulberry tree, mashed in water

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and then beaten out to the desired thickness by large pieces of wood. The cloth was made by the elder women while the younger worked in the field. The general health was good and happiness and contentment universal. It would take me more time than I could spare or you would care to devote, to tell you all I saw and heard, so I will close. After remaining three days and enjoying the hospitality of nearly every one on the island in some way or other, I left with many regrets to complete my tour. The run to Easter Island took 48 hours. There I found ——— awaiting me. Without further delay he embarked and I directed our course to Lat. 38° S. Long. 117° W. where the good old *Jamestown* received us on board once again.

OVER THE LINE.

MAY 25th, 1882.

Up hill we've slowly plodded
  From the boisterous wintry Horn :
Twelve long weeks at sea
  'Tis a sailor's life, forlorn.
Forlorn it is, but happy,
  For over the summer sea
We're sailing now so gaily,
  With canvas flowing free.

We may laugh at storms
  Forgetting every gale ;
'Tis jolly in the trade wind
  As quickly on we sail.
The line we've safely crossed,
  Down hill we go in glee,
We're sailing now so gaily
  With canvass flowing free.

The sun ne'er shone so brightly
  O'er any ship I trow ;
'Twas only in the darkness
  That Boreas dared to blow.

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From sunrise until sunset
  He was meek as meek could be;
We're sailing now so gaily
  With canvass flowing free.

If troubles cast a shadow,
  Then joy must be a gleam
Which lights the gloomy shade;
  The heart reflects it's beam.
So when at last in port,
  What a joyful day 't will be;
We're sailing now so gaily
  With canvas flowing free.

So be happy, gay and merry,
  'Ere long we'll all return
To waiting wives and sweethearts,
  And their welfare we will learn.
So fill your glass and drink
  With a heart that's full of glee,
We're sailing now so gaily
  With canvas flowing free.

REMINISCENSES OF THE "OLD NAVY."

BY TWO ADMIRALS.

Ah, Tom! The good old days have passed
  And the service gone to the devil,
No longer we hear of the *Vincennes'* cruise,
  Or an old time steerage revel!
Do you remember the cruise she made
  Nine hundred days at sea?
And the skipper swore no land he'd sight
  'Till he'd been out another three?
Four times around the world we ran,
  The Captain was drunk meanwhile:
He's one you might call a "*sundowner*"
  And an easy man to rile.
I stood a watch for the whole of the cruise
  In only one watch,—you recall?
And was assistant navigator all the time
  And messenger boy withal.
We sailed without a drop of water
  For the skipper believed in
Making sailors of the Benbow school
  Out of rum and Holland gin.

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Nothing to eat but hard tack and horse,
  Excepting Sunday's duff
And an occasional shark, porpoise or whale,
  Or such like edible stuff.
Do you remember the night I prayed,
  And the Captain flogged me well,
Saying, "That all good, honest seamen
  Finally went to hell!"
And then we killed him, Lieutenants and all
  And took entire command;
With the Stars and Stripes stowed down below
  We sailed for an unknown land,
And how we became a brave pirate ship
  Making all captives swing;
And then you married the beautiful Queen,
  Daughter of the pirate king?
Finally tiring of our buccaneer life,
  Home one day we came
Reporting we'd fought with Captain Kidd,
  And made for ourselves a name?
How we received for the lies we told,
  From Congress medals of gold?
And then our cities each gave us swords!
  How badly they all were *sold!*

Since you've brought to mind the cruise,
  I do remember all;
But then those affairs happened every day,
  Hundreds I might recall.
On those good old ships, no beastly coal whips
  Had replaced a sheet and a tack,
Or we did'nt sail off for the nearest port,
  When the sky looked a little black.
I called on board of one of our ships
  Not many days ago,
And they trotted out such wonderful things,
  I was afraid to go below.
But of all I saw, the most wonderful
  Is a thing they call a 'Cadet;
He is'nt a sailor, marine or soldier,
  His like, I've ne'er yet met;
Jammed chock full of science, they can tell the way
  The wind should always blow.
Oh! Things have changed since we were young
  Some fifty years ago!!!

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"TALK."

The object of this article is to analyze and investigate a very frequent and important subject, namely: Talk, the kinds, the work performed in talking and often in hearing others talk. The writer will first, however, state that he is strictly a silent man, and has had ample opportunities of learning a few points during this cruise of some ninety odd days. The article itself applies to talk in contra-distinction to conversation.

Talk, according to our late lamented naturalist, Darwin, originated with some of the lowest species of animal life; there being no doubt but that the monkey can make himself understood by his mate, and the parrot can often be heard indulging in it. As far as the *human* species is concerned, we all know that Eve tempted Adam to eat of the forbidden fruit by talk, and that he did eat of the apple of discord; and again, it is known that the young child talks before he walks. The next stage of its history is the building of the Tower of Babel, when the Lord became angry, and confused the language of those who attempted to build it. One will do well to notice here that babble is derived from the word Babel, according to Richard Grant White, there being a few changes in the letters for the sake of euphony. Since that time, talk has been a very important factor of daily life, and there are many who, not content to talk in their own language, learn others in order to increase their supply. A notable exception to this is the Englishman, who seldom learns any language except his own; which fact has given rise to quite a controversy, the point being whether an Englishman or Chinee, if thrown together on a desolate island, would learn the other's language first. Contrary to the general opinion, we give the palm to the Chinee.

There are several kinds of talk—small talk, polite talk, vulgar talk and gossip. A little small talk is greatly rel-

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ished by society. Vulgarity is thought by some to be the highest pinnacle of wit; but it should not be indulged in. Polite talk is due to a certain suppleness of the tongue, something a great many do not possess; they should be pited, as it is only a mechanical fault. The proper talk is gossip, as the people of the world are greatly exercised by it; and how?

In order to talk there must be a movement of the lips, tongue and appendages, and to produce movement, work is necessary, and the question arises: how much work can be performed by a good talker (we mention no names) in a square six hours' talk? The tongue is a machine, and according to Haswell, to find the work done by any machine, ascertain the distance (a) through which the power (P) applied to the machine has operated in one minute, and multiply it by the number of times it moves during the interval (t); or Pat = the Horse Power. The power P is estimated at 5 pounds, the average length of tongue 6 inches (in some cases, of course, it is longer), and, as it moves at about 360 times to the minute, we have Pat = 6 x 860 x 5 = 10800 inch pounds, or 675 feet pounds of work. Take the average time of talk during the day as five hours, then 675 x 300 = 202500 feet pounds, or 7 Horse Power. Consider every talker as having five listeners and, as each one of these has an equal amount of work in listening, we have 7 x 5 = 35 Horse Power. Now, let us see how much the world is exercised by a small bit of gossip. Mrs. A. tells Mrs. B. something about Mrs. D.—in fact, she tells at least five in a day; these five tell twenty-five, and the twenty-five one hundred and twenty-five. Result: 125 x 35 = 4375 H. P., enough to run a small engine. Let us generalize. Estimating the population of the globe at one billion and a half, we have as the Horse Power fifty-five billions. This would run a line

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of steamers, and take the *Jamestown* to Newport.

We will close by laying down a few rules for talk:

1. Never talk if you can help it.
2. If you do talk, talk as much gossip as you can.
3. Repeat stories as often as people will listen to them.
4. Never quote; always be original.
5. When you talk, say as many words a minute as you can, and say them as rapidly as possible. Loudness should not be neglected; it is essential to strength. In this way you and your listeners will have plenty of exercise, and you will enjoy a good night's rest.

THE LAST BARREL OF BEER.

Shades of Gambrinus! Can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Oh, beer! which we'd on board in store,
When we set sail from Frisco's shore?

Thou king of malt and hops! has the time come
When we must live but on past *memories* dear,
And slake our parching thirst with Adam's ale,
Not thee, oh prince of nectars! Lager Beer?

Not all the wines of Burgundy, Bordeaux,
The Rhine, Champagne, Maderia or elsewhere,
Of vintage old and choice, and sweet boquet,
When one is thirsty, can with thee compare.

For what is better in these tropic climes,
When one is tired, hot, played-out or feeling queer?
What puts a fellow sooner on his legs,
Than one long, gurgling draught of beer?

No more we'll hear the merry sound of dice—
That trustful sound—as when for beer we'd chuck;
Nor hear, "Full house, three sixes and two fives:"
And then, "By Jove! three aces; I am stuck."

"Hey, boy! bring a wine-card, and bring two beers;"
"This is the fourth time I've been stuck to-day."
"Here's how, old fellow; better luck next time;"
This would the winner to the loser say.

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And what a fine, imposing "dress parade"
 All those "old soldiers" that have gone would make.
And one might follow us round the Horn to here;
 For he would find them floating in our wake.

True, we have left some California wines—
 Champagne—so-called—that's poor at any price;
Some Reisling, some liqueures, some Finfandel—
 This latter is the only kind that's nice.

But then, we have no beer—so we are lost.
 The doctors say that "water's bad to drink,
For those not used to it; perhaps we'll survive
 Till we reach Newport!"—That I hardly think.

Bread's called "the staff of life"—Beer's life itself.
 This is an axiom, though it may seem queer;
Life's the beginning of all *breathing things*;
 The beginning of all *br-eathing things is b.r.*

THE BOUNCE OF THE BULLETINEER.

A TALE OF "HEVELIUS" AND HAVOC.

"Well, what's the news?"

We were all gathered around that self-constituted oracle, the assistant Editor of "9′ 51″." With commendable zeal he had nearly broken his neck in the interests of the press. He was the hero who had made a leap for life in order to reach the quarter-boat before the boarding officer shoved off to visit the *Hevelius*. He performed this feat but, like Antonio, forfeited a pound of flesh, taken, however, not from the region of the heart, but from the hands. He made this sacrifice for "9′ 51″." Some evil minded pessimists have covertly asserted that it was done in the interests of "spuds," and not for humanity. Be that as it may, *certes* he returned *sans* "spuds," but laden with gleanings for the public press. The usual crowd of admirers came to do him reverence, and to humbly pick up the pearls of domestic intelligence that he might deign to drop. Some commoner, bolder than his fellows, and

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chafing at delay, took heart, and propounded the following conundrum:

"Well, what's the news?"

The assistant Editor leaned against the door of his office. His eyes were fixed on space, and he puffed vigorously at a fragrant cigar, with which he had been rewarded for his services by his honored chief. It was painfully evident that he intended to play the sphinx. He paid no attention to the rabble, he heeded not the murmurs of the madding crowds. Suddenly, with no previous warning, his lower jaw fell with a metallic "click," and the annunciator began:

"Jumbo has arrived in New York."

Curiosity was aroused. Who was Jumbo? The sphinx was again pulling away at his cigar, and volunteered no answer. Who was Jumbo? Ensign Barometer saw a long looked for opportunity and determined to take advantage of it; so he spoke.

"Why, don't *you fellers* know who Jumbo is? I am pained and surprised. Is it possible that any one outside of the state of New Jersey can be in such woeful ignorance of history?

Who is Jumbo? Why Jumbo is a noted Tulu chief, who is supposed to have slain the French Prince Imperial. He has for some time thought of emigrating to America, and starting a barber shop."

This information drew forth a round of applause. But the stern looking oracle nipped it in the bud.

"Jumbo is one of Barnum's elephants," he said. Ensign Barometer slunk away in disgrace. A long interval of silence, and then another bulletin. The same mechanical movement of the jaw, the same short, waspish sentences.

"Longfellow is dead."

The contributors to the "Poet's Corner" immediately

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grasped each others hands in token of condolence. A matter of fact Midshipman from Kentucky, was less emotional.

"Longfellow dead," said he. "Poor fellow; he was bred in my State; sired by Leamington, I believe. I remember the excitement throughout the State when we learned that he had won the handicap, against a field of thirty, at Saratoga. I won two or three hundred dollars on the race myself. Well, he has finished his last home stretch."

"Longfellow was a writer," said the oracle contemptuously.

"That's just where you're wrong," persisted the loquacious Kentuckian. "John Archer was his rider. Longfellow was the hoss. I guess I know what I am talking about."

No one cared to dispute him. The sphinx relapsed into silence. It seemed incredible that any one could confound a poet with a race-horse; but three months of exile will shatter many a bright mind. No doubt this same thought was passing through the mind of the journalistic sage, for he smiled. This breaking up of the icy countenance was but momentary. With the return of frigidity, there came another hail stone.

"Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice have arrived at Mentone." "Ah, indeed!" said the young man to whom the atmosphere of Europe has become necessary to sustain life. "So sorry that Beety has been dragged off by the old lady."

"And who might Beety be?" inquired a rustic, forgetting for the moment that he ran the risk of being dubbed an ignoramus for asking such trifling questions.

"Eh? Whose Beety?" was the drawling rejoinder. "Why, Princess Beatrice, don't you know. Met her at Windsor, when I was spending a few weeks there with

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Wales. Poor girl! It cut her all to pieces to think that duty called me away and sent me around the Horn. At Mentone, eh? Right near dear old Nice, you know what a demnition grind 'tis to be exiled from Monty. *Rouge et noir, vingt et un, ecarte, trente-quarante—quel joy! quel bo-temps!*"

Every one had heard these trite Gallicisms so often, that the friend of royalty was rudely pushed aside by the multitude. He seemed to take this slight as a matter of course, and began a muttered "*Comme ci. Comme ca,*" showed no temporary mental aberation.

The rabble pressed forward eargerly; the stoical Editor retreated slowly. They were fast becoming flames of fire, while he assumed the role of hose-cart. Their thirst must be quenched. He felt this, and slung the following bone among them: "Mongrels," he hissed, "Mr. Chandler is Secretary of the Navy."

A hard-looking man in in a Master's uniform began to inform his followers what this meant.

"That little item sends me to Europe on the *Juniata,*" he croaked, raven-like, "I served with Captain Chandler on the *Mozambique* during the late unpleasantness. We captured sixteen forts, sunk ten iron-clads and played havoc with the Confederate navy in general. I never will forget the day I left that ship. The Captain called all hands to quarters, and as I stepped over the side, carpet-bag and umbrella in hand, he grasped the third finger of my right hand with the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand, and with his left hand at the lower band—of my trowsers. I never had such a send off in my life. All the crew cried out 'there she blows and breeches.'" It was enough to bring tears to the eyes of the to'-gallant rigging. It certainly unnerved me. As the *Catamaran* shoved off I could only murmur between smothered sobs, "Ta! ta!" And to think that this self-same skipper is

now in possession of the whole Navy." "Shades of Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay cigars, defend us!" exclaimed a scientific Ensign, "Mr. Chandler is a statesman and not a sailor. You remember Zachariah Chandler of course? Well, our present respected chief is his great grandson on his foster mother's side. I deal only in *facts*."

"Sarah Bernhardt ran into the *Brooklyn* and sank the whole town." The sphinx had grown meteoric. He indulged in this flight while the hard-looking man and the scientist were wrangling over the genealogical tree of the *Mozambique* skipper, and the New England statesman. Before those present could recover from the shock, he followed up with another and another. It became an explosion of bulletin sky-rockets.

"Dr. Mary Walker has married Oscar Wilde. No cards."

"The Molly Maguires are clamoring for the recall of the *Jamestown*, and have determined upon armed resistance to the training system, and all written articles thereon."

"Great fire in Flemington. Total destruction of the whole town, consisting of two coal sheds and a saloon."

"A bottle containing a marine publication, called "9′51′," picked up in Chesapeake bay, off Annapolis. The hostility to the Naval Academy therein expressed, has caused the authorities to close the institution. In consequence of this graceful acknowledgment of National sentiment, there is a great run on dry good stores by applicants for positions as counter-jumpers and lady-killers."

"Dastardly Assault.—While the ex-Secretary of the Patagonian Navy was walking down the Bowery, he was assaulted by two ruffians, who cried, 'Your money or your life!' Not having any of the former, and wishing a longer lease of the latter, with lightning rapidity he

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hove to, with villain No. 1 to the mast, and brought villain No. 2 by the lee, with head yards aback. This maneuver saved him from destruction, thus sadly disappointing his relatives, who had a policy for fifty thousand dollars on his wind-pipe."

"The Naval Institute has offered a prize of a keg of Hostetter's Bitters, or cash equivalent, for the best article on "The Discovery of Canned Shrimps." Also a thousand unclaimed copies of the proceedings of that body for the best essay on the vital question, "White Fish as an Incentive to Wardroom Happiness."

Bump! thump! whiz-z-z! kerchunk! Totally ignorant of the fate awaiting him, the sphinx, the oracle, the cynosure, had grown facetious, and was leering significantly at his Chief, as he glibly spun his slender threads of fiction. But he reckoned not with the host, that, with frowning brows, drew more closely around him. Ah! too late now are your screams and piteous appeals for mercy, poor, trembling scribe! The enemy are upon you. Strong hands grasped his arms, his legs, his hands, his feet. His struggles bore no fruit, save savage smiles from his captors.

Bump! bump!

'Tis the martial tread of the victors, as they carry their weight of carrion flesh toward the fore hatch.

Thump! thump!

Hear the pitched planking give back the echo of the victim's heels as he digs them vigorously into the strong oak. But the oak is heartless, and lends him no aid.

Whiz-z-z-z-z!

With fearful precision they point his trembling body toward a windsail. A moment later there was a sound like rushing waters, as the form of the deceiver started, with a frightful initial velocity, on its parabolic trajectory.

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Down, down, down into the fore hold, upon the cold, cold water tanks.

A wild cry of triumph rent the air. It was the tocsin sound of victory.

The assistant editor gathered up his remains and shook himself together. As he crawled toward the dispensary in search of collodion and mustard plasters, a demonical voice called out from above:

"You did take us for marines, did you?"

A hoarse laugh followed this ribald jest.

"What extra baggage did Jumbo have to pay on his trunk?" This from the upper regions, accompanied by more laughter, hoarser and harder to bear.

"Tell us about Hanlon and Boyd. You must know all about rowing, being a numb-*skull* yourself."

This was the last straw. The editor fell fainting into the arms of the apothecary, whose cries brought the entire medical corps to the rescue.

In the solemn stillness of the night there came a dismal chant from the fiends above, with the noise of hurrying feet. It was a Walpurgian feast of the revengeful spirits, and they sang: "One more unfortunate, rashly importunate, properly bounced!"

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Vol. I. Saturday, June 3, 1882. No. 13.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours	243′
Least run in 24 hours	60′
Greatest speed per hour	13′
Least speed per hour	0′.0
Average run for week	154′
Run to date	13056′.6
Latitude N	15° 26′
Longitude W	48° 07′

Weather:—Week opened clear and pleasant, with S. E. trades from E'd, growing gradually lighter with cloudy weather until they were lost in 7° North on Monday. Light variable E'ly breezes on Tuesday and Wednesday to 8° 30′ North, when the N. E. trades set in and gradually increased during the remainder of the week, with cloudy though pleasant weather, to a fresh breeze.

THE TRAINING SYSTEM.

Before concluding the articles on this subject, the author has thought that it might be of some interest to give a few points in regard to the German training system. The boys are enlisted at Kiel, and for the first six months are taught neatness and cleanliness, respect due to officers and petty officers, routine, and the rudiments in general. After getting well versed in the foregoing, they are instructed in the manual of arms, and infantry maneuvers in squads of fours. They are never put into company drills with older boys until well acquainted with the man-

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nal and the facings. Every boy is set up twice a day. During the summer months they make a cruise in home waters, barque rigged vessels being used. These have been fitted out by the boys under specially selected instructors, the boys being required to rig the entire vessel, set up gear, and do all manner of work pertaining to cutting and fitting rigging, the various grades of boys being drilled into squads, each doing the work of its respective rate. During the ensuing months, the vessels are required to be under way from Monday morning until Friday evening. Academic studies are suspended, and only professional branches taught.

Saturdays and Sundays are liberty days. Certain squads go on shore, in charge of the caterers of their messes, to visit places of interest and gather information concerning the port. During wet weather, instruction is given in battery drill and the repairing of sails.

All officers belonging to the training squadron are required to serve their full time, and when necessary, officers peculiarly fitted for this work spend year after year in it. Gunnery is taught during the winter months on board the gunnery ship at Kiel. Great stress is laid on the academic branches; and to such as are proficient and desire it, English is taught as an elective branch. Frequent reviews of all branches, professional and academic, overcome any tendency to forget any previous instruction. Even the paymasters and the doctors assist in the academic branches, which are all in charge of the Chaplain. A boy has practically no liberty, except such as is given him to visit his home during the Christmas holidays. To gain such permission, the parents must bear the expense incurred in the boy's travel to and from his home.

All the training during the last year of their stay at the school is calculated to finish them off as perfect seamen and gunners; after which they are sent to sea on a for-

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eign cruise. As a test they may be, during this cruise, transferred to a regular cruiser should there be a call for them.

Much of the practical professional instruction is given by petty officers, who have themselves gone through the course of the school, and who are selected on account of fitness for this work.

In conclusion, we would refer our readers to the very valuable book on other Foreign Training Systems compiled a few years ago by Lt.-Commander Chadwick, of the Navy.

There has been daily exhibited a spectacle which while professing to be the performance of a duty absolutely essential to the safety of the ship, is in reality only a most gigantic sham. We felt it our duty to expose to the gaze of the public this utter imposture, upon its discovery; but first sought a private interview with the culprit, who (with the fear of the newspaper before his eyes), made a free and full confession of the manner in which he has been duping the admiring beholders of his antics for the last three months. The person to whom we refer is the Navigator: this individual, followed by one or more of his myrmidons, has daily, at sundry times and in divers places, (sometimes on the bridge, again on the forecastle), proceeded in full public view, to go through an operation known as shooting the sun. What he does with the game so captured, is unknown, but after considerable delay, (which has been found by the readers of the bulletin board on the half deck, to be extremely aggravating) he makes a statement that the latitude and longitude is so and so. Now this is the place where the sham comes in; this shooting of the sun, with its fierce cries of "Look out —Mark: 25′ 50″," &c., &c., is all a blind. The manner of finding the position of the vessel is entirely independent

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of this, and is in reality briefly as follows: On leaving San Francisco, the vessel was steered south; the latitude was determined at first by a reference to the statement in the sailing directions of the mean height of the barometer, the longitude being found from a similar source by means of the variations of the compass and the direction of the wind, as each of these differed with that laid down in the sailing directions. Keeping on our way, Polaris gradually dropped and soon the Southern Cross was seen; this was considered "proof, strong as Holy Writ," that we were going in the right path. Then there was a request from Neptune, to be allowed to come on board, (the denial of which had a most lamentable effect in the production of some abominable rhymes); this proved that we had reached the line; then the S. E. trades were lost, and Westerly winds, followed by calms, found just were the sailing directions said they should not be; the Southern Cross kept getting higher and higher, and when at last it was manifestly over the main truck and so could attain to no greater elevation, the Navigator said it was time to steer North again. By and by he induced the Commander to heave the lead—but who saw whether the awning was clean when it went over the side? Presently came a heavy Northerly gale, with a barometer over half an inch below the mean of all the gales for 20 years (some 1400 in number) which at once told us—through the Navigator—where we were. Again, a N. W. wind where the book said a N. E., afforded another check. But the greatest verification of all occurred the day before we crossed the line the last time. It is a well known fact, that a line of steamers runs from Rio to England, and our meeting one of them shows the particular skill with which the Navigator has brought us so far on our journey. He *says* that we are across the line and in the North Atlantic Ocean: but who *knows* it? We cannot take it on *faith*, we must

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have some evidence that will satisfy a reasonable mind; and what could be more conclusive than this affair of the Steamer? On the other hand, the Navigator has not yet produced the North Star, and we suppose he is reserving that for the crowning proof of his accuracy. If he will prove to us three weeks hence or less, that he can find Block Island Light, he will have carried to a successful issue, a humbug unequalled by Barnum in his palmiest days.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

During the performance of the realistic Opera "Haul of All," on the 25th instant, a large force of *supes* was engaged by the management. It seems, to an impartial critic, a great pity that the talent heretofore hidden, should be obliged to hide its modest head beneath the guise of an inferior performance, instead of taking the Star parts. We particularly noticed the manner in which, all thought of rank or precedence being banished, the madding (and maddened) crowd strove for the post of honor in slacking off the lee spanker sheet; the individual who was successful, performed his part in the most admirable manner; as did also the modest young man who, while others were fighting for this honorable duty, quietly went to the lee vang, and allowed it to glide softly through his lilly-white hands. All honor to the *Supes!*

NOTES ON A FEW REJECTED POEMS.

Yes, they are both dead! gone to their final account—Rossetti and Longfellow. Yet, it is passing hard that "9′ 51″" should be chosen as the stepping stone of the emboldened youths on their upward path towards a goal they never will reach. Our dull minds may not appreciate your merit; but it is nevertheless a fact that space forbids a place in our columns to the ten long poems "To the Line." The quantity is beyond the power of

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our press; the quality—but of that let our readers judge from the flowerets we extract from the many born to blush unseen.

Off the Horn you chilled us to the marrow with those frigidly descriptive verses on "Beautiful Snow," and now, in the tropics, you still have no mercy, but would make our thin blood the warmer glow. Forgive the poetry, but so replete are we with rythmic rhapsodies, that we fall naturally into verse.

The first gem we pick up shows a breadth of knowledge, astronomical, geometrical and classical, we little expected in so young an author. The stars, the heroes of antiquity, and mathematics, all pay tribute to the equator. Take at random the following one of the thirty-five verses:

> "O! without breadth or size,
> Encircling with fast binding ties—
> Great Equinoctial belt
> Thou knowest all I felt,
> As on our course pelaginary
> We crossed the line imaginary."

The next contributor signs himself, with true appreciation of his own insanity, "Madcap." Listen to his ravings:

> "Into the North Atlantic,
> Quarterly frantic.
> Swift trades are blowing
> Soft in the gloaming.
> Catch my eyes roaming
> O'er waters foaming,
> Blinking afar
> Borean tiny star."

Now what in the name of all the Muses does that verse mean? Has "Madcap" discovered, like others on board the *Jamestown*, a new atmospheric law? "Trades quarterly blowing," i. e.: once every three months, against the hands of a watch, etc., etc. Is *he* alone, or the winds, "soft in the gloaming?" How is it he sees the "Borean

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star"—by which windy title we presume he wishes to designate Polaris—in the "foaming waters?" It is a pity it makes him blink; is it not enough that we should grow sleepy over versified vagaries?

Here is another specimen, and, though it is unsigned, we think it is by the same author as the first verse selected. Notice how exquisitely the climax is reached in the last line:

> "Line hypothetical, girth equatorial
> We have crossed, we have sought thee, wide and afar;
> Curve catachrestical, we like you best of all,
> Draw the line somewhere we must—so ta-ta!"

It is soothing, however, to find among the pile one sonnet which, though written on a kindred subject, does not get entangled in the everlasting line. We fished it out, and with the aid of a Latin lexicon, a French dictionary, an astronomy and a copy of Oscar Wilde, appreciated its true inwardness. Can you?—

> "Meteoric beams of dazzling spectrum,
> Girding earth's vast spheroidal mass,
> 'Tis a pure *Reductio ad Absurdum*
> To terrestrial your beauty class.
> Thou art *tres chic*, just too too utter,
> Thou bright and beautiful tropic sprite,
> Methinks I hear the angels mutter,
> 'All hail to thee, *Zodiacal Light!*'"

We were about to throw the whole pile of manuscript into the waste-paper basket, when the well known yellow foolscap of one of our most prized contributors met our eye, and at last we found a poem worthy of publication in its entirety—original in its ideas, guilty of no plagarism, simple in its verse, choice of language and words. With *patience* listen:

> If you want a receipt for that hot half-way station
> Known to the sea-faring world as the line,
> Take sailing directions and rude navigation,
> Mix them together in one grand design—
> The knowledge of Bowditch, who gave us the tables,

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Coolness of Coffin in shooting the sun,
Tactics of Thompson with submarine cables,
The genius of Jeffers a survey to run.
The humor of Hilgard, who traces topography,
Culture of Chester, his brave second mate;
Greatness of Mitchell, who made our geography,
Chauvenet's method, chronometers' rate.
The noddle of Newcomb while drinking his Vichy,
The new liquid compass of Boston bean Ritchie;
Meteorological Maury, Tempest, Kerhalet,
James Gorden Bennett, with beef-eating valet:
Howell and Herschel and Mr. Guyot,
Evolving Darwin, and Barnum's Jumbo—
Take of these elements all that is mean-able,
Run them by steam through a sausage machine-able,
Run them through slow and grind them up fine,
Take what is left and call it "the line."

AN IDYL OF THE SEA.

Now *saddle* and *bridle* the *flemish horse*,
The *Knight*-head fiercely cried;
The *breeching* he found in the *harness cask*,
As *down his helm*-et he tied.

The *bumpkin* took with him the *martingale*,
As fast to the *manger* he hied;
But he only found a *jackass* there,
Where the purser's *salt horse* had been tied.

The hawser and log line went *reeling* off,
And the jib-boom looked like a *guy*,
And the Knighthead was stroking his whiskers brown,
As his *stirrups* he'd freshly *tie*.

The ship at once went into her *stays*,
To cause her *waist* to look small;
The bowsprit put on his very best *cap*,
And rushed off to a spun yarn *ball*.

The 8-inch rifle got *elevated*,
And stood right upon his head,
Then covered himself with the *spanker-sheet*,
As he lay down in the *bowsprit bed*.

The *catharpen* got his weathermost leg
Caught fast in the *devil's claws*;
And the *capstan* sent off a *messenger*
A *stopper* to clap on his *jaws*.

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The *fish hook* was baited with a fresh *turk's head*,
  To catch the *gudgeons* so silly;
While the *Jack-of-the-Dust* let go of his *hold*
  To look after the *handy billy*.

At the galley, with funnel so *noble*, he found
  A piece of the purser's *duck*;
He *coppered* it quickly, and flying away,
  Said, "I want no more of such *truck*."

As the *cat* was walking along the deck,
  In his paw he stuck the *main tack;*
Of whisky he drank a *topsail sheet bitt*,
  Then *braced* himself *flat aback*.

The rigging opened its close-shut *eyes*,
  And his *spectacle irons* got out;
The *capstan* was put inside of its *bars*,
  As he cried. "*Are you ready, about?*"

While the bo'sn was calling all of his hands,
  The keelson looked into the shell room;
While a parcel of magazines went off
  With a topmast studding sail *boom!*

A number of *foxes* were *seized* in the *chains*,
  As the *jack* had a *royal* time;
From the lower mast came the bark of the *hounds*,
  While the cartridge-bag said it was *prime*.

The *dead-eyes* then were turned into their *shrouds*,
  The *bonnets* were *slung* by the *crown*,
The *leeches* clung to the bowsprit *bees*,
  And the *jumpers* came *rattlin' down*.

The *coamings* quickly were gathered with care.
  For a *glut* of *shakings* was feared;
The various *bills* quickly *scuttled* away,
  As the *stern commander* they neared.

"What's all this *gammoning?*" then he did say—
  "Seems to me you are up a *chess tree*.
We've had enough of this topmast *play*,
  And so now we'll go to sea."

NATURAL MISTAKES.

Who is this youth in vestments rare,
Without beard on his face
But with oil on his hair?

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His skin is so white,
His trousers so tight,
Perhaps he's an old-time midshipmite?
Oh, no! he's a *naval apprentice.*

And who is he so poorly clad,
With the dark, heavy beard,
And the dim eye so sad?
Is 't caused by a wife?
Or the care and strife
Of being Captain that darkens life?
Oh, no! he's a *Midshipman.*

Wrong again; but now I *am* right—
Him, there, in buttons bright,
His rank is certain, quite.
His air is his dis-
Tinguishing pennant—
Conclusively, he's a Lieutenant."
You're mistaken; he's *wardroom steward.*

Who's that knock-kneed, wall-eyed coot,
With the lantern jaws
And the rag-bag suit?
Can any one name it?
Does no one claim it?
Barnum will pay if you catch and frame it!
Sir, that's a *K-det.*

How very strange! but I'll guess again,
I never get you naval men;
Yet, I think there's a parson—
He looks so sweet,
He's got up so neat,
His clerical cut is so complete.
No; that's a *Lieutenant.*

MORE ISLANDS.

INTRODUCTORY CORRESPONDENCE.

OFFICE OF "9′ 51″," No. 1, HALF-DECK ROW,
June 1, 1882.

DEAR SIR:—

The public are clamoring for more islands. After having exhausted both our patience and means in humoring this passing fancy for articles upon that inter-

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esting subject, it is very embarassing to us to find that like Oliver Twist, they cry for more. Knowing you to be a philanthropist, we have decided to write and beg that you will start upon a voyage of discovery without delay, and thus get us out of what may become a bad hole. We send a copy of the sailing directions from which you can get the facts, let your fancy supply the rest.

Very truly yours,

BOX AND COX.

In reply to the above, the author sent the following letter:

No. 2, Fo'castle Flat,
June 2, 1882.

Gentlemen:

You honor me after the highly interesting papers upon different Islands in the Pacific, which have appeared in your past issues, I feel some hesitation in driving my bob-tailed Pegasus over the same road. When I recall the thundering applause that greeted the report of your correspondent who waded ashore at Easter Island through the blood of ten thousand natives; when I picture to myself how a certain medical gentleman was thrown into a trance by an eloquent discourse upon Marquesas and how we all put on mourning for ten days, because your Envoy to Pitcairn got mad, and wouldn't have his letter published. When I remember all these facts, is it strange that I tremble and lose courage? However, I have succeeded in getting my life insured, and will brave any danger to assist you in appeasing the public appetite. Your correspondent at Juan Fernandez writes me that I had better double the amount of my insurance after the article is published, but I mistrust that he is a jester.

With many thanks, believe me to be,

Very truly yours,

PENDENNIS BOUNCER.

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A few days later I sent my report, to which I must now claim the reader's attention. After the few formalities of official correspondence it was as follows:

While you were all soundly sleeping a few nights ago, there was a strange scene being enacted on the peopled deck. The reader will please excuse this trite introduction, which has done duty for all the preceding island reports. You are all so well acquainted with it, that any change would seem an insult to this dear old friend. But I digress. You were all sleeping, but my friend and I had no time for such innocent amusement. Our ship was in the broad Atlantic, bowling along at a speed of nine knots per hour. The young man who held the trumpet in his hand and stood on the bridge, had his eye fixed on the weather leech of the main royal, so he saw nothing. His sponsor—or more correctly his nurse—lay dreaming on the soft side of the spanker sheet. He, too, saw nothing, neither did the young man forward, for alas! he was slumbering softly in the hammock netting. It was an auspicious moment, and we took advantage of it.

"Is our craft all ready?" I whispered to my companion, who with a dozen trustworthy confederates, was hooking the yard and stay to a long dark looking object.

"It is," he answered, as, with the muffled creaking of blocks, we swung out into the sea our frail bark. It was nothing more or less than a certain ward-room officer's shoe. The shoe was my idea, I had seen it launched by the maker at the New York yard and knew it to be large, comfortable, and water-tight. I had also a novel motor. I have mentioned that I had a friend. He was a young man much addicted to wind—in other words he was a talker. My plan was simply to have him accompany me in the boat, start him on a prolonged talk, and utilize the wind thus evolved, for filling my sails. This, I thought, is vastly superior to the "Zinfandel claret" motor.

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With no unnecessary delay, we jumped into our novel craft, the sails were spread, and I started my friend upon the subject of "The Status of Steerage Officers," which had the effect of driving us along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Having properly started my motor, I feared no diminution of speed. The old *Jamestown* gradually faded in the distance, and, "As she sank 'neath ocean's crust, I felt, as though my heart would bust."

In less time than it takes to tell it, we had sighted an Island, and were soon pointed for it. As we came nearer, my attention was drawn to the numerous people on the beach, and to the dwellings in the distance. These latter bore every trace of modern architecture. They were of immense dimensions, and a hundred flags waved from every conceivable turret and gable.

One of the natives came down to meet us as I guided our frail craft toward the shore. His costume was so striking, that I must give a description of it. A white plug hat, very greasy and much the worse for wear. Tight fitting clothes of checker-board pattern. A red neck tie peeping modestly from behind a Picadilly collar. In his shirt front there sparkled an Alaska diamond, rivalling the royal Koh-i-noor. In one hand he carried a roll of bank notes and some well-worn bits of paste-board. Before we could exchange the compliments of the day, he had taken us in tow and was jabbering away in a manner that was most distracting. As far as I could make out, his harangue was as follows:

"Walk-up! Roll-up! Any-way-to-get-up! Recollect you have fully a half-hour to see the modern wonders. See 'um, see 'um, see 'um, the old, the young, the rich, the poor. Recollect we have the roaring hyena and the two-legged calf. The man with the iron jaw and Madame O'Flanigan the Parisian fat lady. The living skeleton will be pleased to sell his photograph to all who desire,

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and M'lle. Lurline, justly called the Water-Queen, will eat, drink and sleep beneath the surface of the water, only coming to the surface in case of necessity. See-cure your tickets! Rally, rally, rally, up we come. And still another man made happy.

Our captor stopped for a moment and gave us a breathing spell.

"For Heaven's sake, what is he talking about?" asked my companion, with amazement.

"He is probably one of the medicine-men of the Island tribes." I replied. "What a strange instrument that is which he is about to play upon. As I live it is run by a crank."

My surmise proved to be be true, for the medicine man grasped the handle of a box that stood in front of his rude tent, and soon our ears were assailed by strains of the most delightful music. It was the weird harmony of Italy, interpreted by aboriginal thought and power.

While standing thus entranced, I felt a light touch upon the shoulder and, turuing around, I was confronted by another native.

He spoke a gibberish, but I caught a few words:

"Here we have three cards, two jacks and an ace. I throw them so, and now I'll bet you a dollar that you can't tell me where the ace is."

My friend, with eager anticipations, put down a dollar, and pointed to the middle card. Lo and behold, it was a jack!

"What clever jugglers these natives are," said I, smiling.

We now found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of natives, pushing along towards a large tent, where an old man was soliciting attention.

"Three times around for a quarter," he said.

It was a strange sight. Beneath the canopy was a

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collection of wooden idols, made in the form of horses, painted red and green. And these profane men and women were really riding around a circle upon them. A perspiring native furnished the motor. I turned away in disgust and looked at my companion; he, too, was weeping.

In the distance I saw a wind-mill, upon which people were also riding. From the distance came a wild chant:

> "O, George! tell them to stop!
> That was the tune of Mariah.
> But the more she cried *whoa*, the boys let her go,
> And the swing went a little bit higher."

I will not attempt to describe the other strange scenes that we saw. You would deem it fiction. Imagine a crowd of natives indulging in a wild dance, where the young men put their arms around the young women's waists and dash off at a tangent with lightning speed. They call it the "Racket," I believe. What abandon! What recklessness! Smoking and drinking seemed universal. I was much amused at one sign: "No Jews allowed in this hotel."

After dining at one of the immense huts, where some five hundred natives were assembled, we took our departure amid the shouts of the populace. As we shoved off, I adroitly drew my companion into the subject of the "Training System;" and we were soon skimming away at twenty knots.

"Heave to a minute!" I called, as a sudden thought struck me; and calling to a gayly-bedecked native on the beach, I asked: "What is the name of this island?"

The answer came back clear and distinct:

"Coney Island!"

Instinctively my companion and I felt for our pocket-books. They were gone; so were our watches and diamond rings.

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"Thieves!" growled my companion.

"Iconoclasts!" I shrieked.

We reached the *Jamestown* in 41° North, sadder but wiser men. The press is satisfied, and we hope the public are; but as for ourselves—well, we'll let that pass.

Vol. I. Saturday, June 10, 1882. No. 14.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours	232′
Least run in 24 hours	58′
Average run for week	148′
Run to date	14098′
Latitude N.	25° 27′
Longitude W	63° 06′

Week began with stiff to moderate breeze from East, gradually growing lighter and hauling to the S'd. Light variable airs and rain squall towards end of week. Weather generally clear and pleasant. Current about 5 knots per hour to the S'd and W'd.

"OUR COUNTRY!"

The U. S. S. *Jamestown's* task is done. It is finished and is satisfactory. Yes it is more than satisfactory; it is admirable and even excellent.

Early on the morning of the 4th of March, 1882, with the coming up of the sun in the East, there passed out to the West, the ship *Jamestown*. The Golden Gate through which there streamed the light of the new day,

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opened wide its doors and between its sunlit promontories we went forth into the heaving waters of the mighty Pacific. The rough and troubled harbor bar was crossed, the whistling buoy, the pilot boat, an incoming steamer were left astern. The *Monterey*, our last connecting link, cast us off and bade us good bye. Sail was made and our cruise was commenced. In front the broad boundless ocean without even a solitary sail in sight; behind, the undulating hills of California, the smoke and spires of San Francisco, the beauty of the Golden Gate. We cast one longing, lingering look behind. There had been enjoyment, and good treatment in the land we were leaving, and our hearts turned back to those we were dropping behind us.

At length the glimmering landscape faded from the sight, and only the dark blue ocean remained.

Our run from Frisco to the line was beyond expectation. Fresh from the East and the West, we were all full of novelty and news, and the time flew quickly and agreeably by. From Line to Horn there was no change except in climate and rough weather. Calms off the stormiest of Capes, and rolling, with nights devoid of ease, made us somewhat impatient, though we were not yet weary. Soon we were bound up the stormy Atlantic. The gales were frequent and the ship uncomfortable and our spirits began to droop. We were fairly pointed for home and we thought and talked of home. We were not so good listeners on this side as on the other. Once again we crossed the line and sailed rapidly through the Doldrums. By this time we knew each other thoroughly. Whom we loved, our family affairs, our hopes and expectations we had told each other. We were getting exhausted. And now at last comes Newport, at last comes home. We would call New York, Boston, any Eastern port home, any part of the United States is home, for to

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us our country is our home, and a great and glorious one it is, and we would write of it. It is a home were privileges are granted and rights respected, as they are in no other country; it is a home where order reigns and just laws govern; where industry thrives, and ability is encouraged; where honor is inculcated and bravery recognized; it is a home of more than 50,000,000 of people who fear God and honor the Government. It is a home where, high and low, rich and poor, patrician and plebeian meet together on common ground and for the common good. It is the home of free thought and free men, of patriotism and independence, of life and liberty. This is the country, the home to which we belong and to which we are fast approaching. Thank God I am an American. To serve such a country, to belong to such a nation is an honor. Our duty is a great and sacred one. To us is entrusted the guarding of the escutcheon; the trust is one we part with only in death, and during life we should see to it that never any spot dims the magnificence of its glory.

Back again to the United States. Though we go away often, we are sure to return, and we learn to respect and revere her the more. For we find no people, no government, no country like our own. So, fellows on our first night we'll hold high wassail; our potations will be long and deep; let the first swimming bumper be drunk standing and uncovered to "Our Country! may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong."

MESS OUTFITS: AND SOME SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO MESSES.

A good mess, as near perfect as possible in all of its appointments, outfit and stores, certainly adds much to the comfort and happiness of those who have to go down

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to the sea in ships, and too much care cannot be given to its proper establishment. First, select a competent caterer. There are many in the service who have well earned reputations, and in every mess there will be some who have had experience and can, if imbued with the proper spirit, take the matter in hand and do justice to themselves and their messmates. Secure a good steward and cook. It will probably be necessary to increase their pay to forty or fifty dollars a month, from the funds of the mess, but it will be money well spent. My experience has been that colored men make the best cooks, and I would recommend securing one if possible. In regard to the table outfit, have two—a nice one for use in port and on occasions of ceremony, and one of the ordinary stone china ware to be used at sea; the latter will not cost more than fifteen or twenty dollars. If the mess bill be a stated amount each month—say twenty-five or thirty dollars—there will, as a rule, accumulate a fund from excess of the monthly expenditures, which can be applied to supplying deficiencies in the table outfit caused by breakage, and thereby avoid extra assessments for this purpose, which are not acceptable to the mess. I think it would be advisable to have the mess bill limited by regulation, the same as in the English service, as a protection to some officers who cannot afford to pay forty or fifty dollars a month, but being in the minority have to submit. Thirty dollars a month would be a fair amount, and no officer should be obliged to pay more; but if there are any in the mess who are overburdened with money, they might be allowed to contribute an additional amount in order to live more luxuriously than thirty dollars will allow. While upon the subject of mess bills, a suggestion in regard to entrance fees to a mess, I think, will not come amiss. The present system of taxing an officer thirty or forty dollars for the use of a lot of old crockery

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and table linen when entering a mess is outrageous. It seems to me a good rule would be to charge any one entering a mess which has been in working order three months, or a less time, the *full* value of a share of the original outfit, the amount to be paid to the person relieved; after three months, and for the remainder of the first year, consider the value of a share of the outfit equal to one-half the original cost; beyond that time, charge nothing for entering the mess and give nothing to one leaving the mess. This matter should be arranged also by regulation, and if not as suggested, in some way to relieve officers of the necessity of paying so much for the privilege of sitting down to a mess table decorated with a "harlequin" set of crockery.

Before purchasing the mess stores for a long trip at sea, it will be advisable to give a list of the articles required to at least three firms, and have them make estimates of the cost of the purchase, and then buy to the best advantage, having in view the quality of the goods as well as the price.

A list of stores required for a three months' cruise, made upon the basis of a mess of fifteen people, and compiled from the experience of several well known and successful caterers in the Navy, is appended, which may be of some service to those who are called upon to buy mess stores in the future:

SEA STORES FOR THREE MONTHS FOR A MESS OF FIFTEEN PEOPLE.

SOUPS.	1 mo.	3 mo.	FISH.	1 mo.	3 mo.
Tomato,	8 cans.	24 cans.	Codfish, (boneless)	20 lbs.	60 lbs.
Oyster,	8 "	24 "	Codfish balls,	12 cans.	36 cns.
Oxtail,	8 "	24 "	Mackerel, (in 5 lb. cans)	4 "	12 "
Okra,	8 "	24 "	Smoked Salmon,	15 lbs.	30 lbs.
Mock Turtle,	8 "	24 "	Salmon Bellies,	1 kit.	3 kits.
Vegetable,	8 "	24 "	Canned Salmon,	18 cans.	54 cns.
Mullagatawny,	8 "	24 "			

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	1 mo.	3 mos.
Fish Chowder,	8 "	24 "
Clam Chowder,	8 "	24 "
Herring, (boneless)	12 "	36 "
Smoked Halibut,	15 lbs.	30 lbs.
Yarmouth Bloat'rs.	6 cans.	18 cns.
Shrimps,	12 "	36 "
Canned Oysters,	36 "	108 "
Pickled Oysters,	6 "	12 "
Canned Lobster,	12 "	36 "
Sardines,	36 "	108 bxs.
Anchovy Paste,	6 bot.	12 bot.

MEATS.

Roast Beef,	12 cans.	36 cans.
Roast Mutton,	12 "	36 "
Compressed Corn Beef,	18 "	54 "
Sausage Meat,	6 "	18 "
Oxford Sausage,	6 "	18 "
Beef Tongues,	12	36
Salt Pork,	1 keg.	3 kegs.
Corned Beef.	½ bbl.	1½ bbls.
Lamb's Tongues	1 kit.	2 kits.
Canned Pig'sFeet	10 cans.	24 cans.
Dried Beef,	12 lbs.	36 lbs.
Ham,	60 lbs.	120 lbs.
Boned Ham,	4 cans.	8 cans.
Potted Ham,	12 jars.	18 jars.
Potted Chicken,	12 "	18 "
Bologna Sausage	5 lbs.	15 lbs.
Bacon,	20 lbs.	60 lbs.

POULTRY.

Canned Turkey,	4 cans.	12 cans.
" Chicken,	8 "	24 "
" Game,	8 "	24 "

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes,	3 bbls.	9 bbls.
Onions,	50 lbs.	150 lbs.
Turnips,	½ bu.	½ bu.
Carrots,	½ bu.	½ bu.
Beets,	½ bu.	½ bu.
Canned Corn,	30 cans.	90 cans.
" Peas	30 "	90 "
" Succt'sh	18 "	54 "
" St'g Bns	18 "	54 "
" Toma'ts	30 "	90 "
" Lima B's	18 "	54 "
" Aspa'gs	18 "	54 "
" Beans (white)	20 lbs.	60 lbs.

FRUIT.

	1 mo.	3 mos.
Apples,	2 bbls.	2 bbls.
Lemons,	1 box.	1 box.
Oranges,	2 boxes.	2 bx's.
Can'd. Apricots,	12 cans.	36 cans.
" Pears,	12 "	36 "
" Peaches,	12 "	36 "
" Grapes.	8 "	24 "
" Cherries,	12 "	36 "
" Strawb's,	8 "	24 "
" Quinces,	8 "	24 "
Jams. Strawbr'y,	6 jars.	12 jars.
" Raspbr'y,	6 "	12 "
" Blackbr'y,	6 "	6 "
" Currant,	6 "	12 "
" Plum,	6 "	6 "

FLOUR, &c.

Wheat Flour,	3 bbls.	8 bbls.
Buckwheat,	30 lbs.	90 lbs.
Corn Meal,	30 lbs.	90 lbs.
Oat Meal,	20 lbs.	60 lbs.
Cracked Wheat,	10 lbs.	30 lbs.
Rice,	12 lbs.	36 lbs.
Barley,	10 lbs.	10 lbs.
Crackers, (Soda)	2 tins.	6 tins.
Crackers, (Assorted)	3 tins.	9 tins.
Ginger Snaps,	2 tins.	6 tins.
Hominy,	15 lbs.	45 lbs.
Butter,	90 lbs.	270 lbs.
Lard,	80 lbs.	240 lbs.
Eggs,	126 doz.	378 doz.

CHEESE.

American,	10 lbs.	30 lbs.
Edam,	2 cheeses.	4 che'es.
Pine Apple,	2 "	4 "
Requefort, (in tin)	5 lbs.	10 lbs.

PICKLES.

Gerkins,	4 qts.	12 qts.
Onions,	2 qts.	6 qts.
Mixed,	2 qts.	4 qts.
Chow Chow,	2 qts.	4 qts.
Peppers,	2 qts.	4 qts.
Tomatos,	2 qts.	4 qts.
Olives,	6 qts.	18 qts.

SAUCES, &c.

Tomato,	3 bot.	9 bot.
Walnut,	1 bot.	3 bot.

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	1 mo.	3 mos.
Worcestershire,	2 bot.	6 bot.
Olive Oil,	6 bot.	18 bot.
Chutney,	⅓ doz.	1 doz.
Mushrooms,	4 bot.	12 bot.
Capers,	2 bot.	6 bot.
Tobasco,	2 bot.	6 bot.
Horseradish,	4 bot.	12 bot.
Pepper Sauce,	6 bot.	6 bot.
White Sugar,	75 lbs.	225 lbs.
Brown Sugar,	75 lbs.	225 lbs.
Syrup,	5 gals.	15 gals.
Molasses,	1 gal.	2 gals.
Vinegar,	5 gals.	15 gals.
Salt,	10 lbs.	30 lbs.
Pepper, (red)	2 bots.	4 bots.
Pepper, (black)	6 bots.	12 bots.
Celery Salt,	2 bots.	4 bots.
Mustard (Fr'ch)	2 bots.	6 bots.
" (Dutch)	2 bots.	6 bots.
" (Eng'h)	2 tins.	6 tins.
Curry Powder	2 bots.	6 bots.
Spices, (ass'td)	⅓ doz.	1 doz.
Coffee,	45 lbs.	135 lbs.
Tea,	6 lbs.	18 lbs.
Chocolate,	10 lbs.	30 lbs.
Cocoa,	10 lbs.	30 lbs.
Cond'd. Milk,	60 cans.	180 cans.

DESSERTS.	1 mo.	3 mos.
Tapioca,	5 lbs.	20 lbs.
Corn Starch,	5 lbs.	20 lbs.
Gelatine,	6 pks.	12 pks.
Dessicated Cocoanut,	1 case.	1 case.
Mince Meat,	1 case.	1 case.
Raisins,	1 box.	2 boxes.
Nuts, (ass'td)	20 lbs.	60 lbs.
Peanuts, (raw)	25 lbs.	75 lbs.
Apples, (evp'd)	10 lbs.	15 lbs.
Peaches, "	10 lbs.	15 lbs.
Dried Prunes,	10 lbs.	30 lbs.
Dr'd Currants,	5 lbs.	15 lbs.
Extracts, (ass'd)	1 doz.	2 doz.
Citron,	5 lbs.	10 lbs.
Ginger,	½ lb.	1 lb.
Lemon Peel,	5 lbs.	5 lbs.
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Baking Powder,	1 box.	3 boxes.
Split Peas,	10 lbs.	30 lbs.
Vermicelli,	15 lbs.	15 lbs.
Maccaroni,	1 box.	2 boxes.
Toothpicks,	2 boxes.	6 boxes.
Ass'td. Herbs.	1 doz. pks.	1 dz. pk.
Hops for yeast,	5 lbs.	5 lbs.

All soups, fish, meats, vegetables and fruit, should be in two pound cans. Butter in self-sealing glass jars, holding three pounds each; lard in ten pound tins. Eggs packed in tin cans with a strong solution of lime water. The cans should be made of a size to hold twenty dozen eggs, with tight fitting removable covers, so they may be used several times. In packing the eggs, place between each layer a piece of straw matting or heavy paste-board to prevent breakage.

All wheat flour in barrels, and other flour and meal in ten pound tins. Coffee, burnt and ground, and in hermetically sealed tin cans holding three pounds each.

All apples, oranges and lemons should be carefully wrapped in paper and stowed in a dry place.

A TOAST.

There have come to all of us times when "when that

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solitude where we are least alone," seemed life. Wife or sweetheart were present. "We gazed on the watchfires in the sleepless sky, and chose one star from out the clustering hosts to bless it in the name of some fair face set in our spirits as that star in Heaven." So to them, to these stars in Heaven, we drink. Raise high the goblet, and this the toast:

"I drink this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon:
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of her sweet frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PALI—HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

I left the quiet city on its lovely tranquil bay,
I left the great blue rollers with their dashing lines of spray,
And wandered through a valley, rising gently from the sea,
Through the Valley of Nunna, vale of sad memory.
The gentle, balmy trade wind fanned the palm and tropic fern;
While in azure mists above were mountains, grim and stern,
Whose lava rocks were wrinkled with the care of many an age,
And in weird, fantastic groups, as they died in molten rage.
The grand and lofty peaks, anon, were lost in drifting cloud,
Which, shroud-like, draped the bareness of its rugged sides so proud:
And dashing at my feet, from a silvery mountain's fall,
Was the raiment God had given to these noble warriors tall;
Its gay murmur soon was lost in the roar of mightier stream
Which tumbled wildly in the bay—its life was but a dream;
Born of a snow-white, fleecy cloud, it sang one chant of glee,
Then—living but an hour—it was buried in the sea.

I 'merged from out the stillness of this earthly paradise,
And stood transfixed with wonder at the scene before my eyes:
In the path a yawning gulf, and above my dizzy height
On each hand towered mountain walls, barriers to all light;
Far, far below, a lovely land, with coral fringing shore
Lashed by the deep blue rollers, with a sullen, mournful roar,
Lay enclosed in rocky walls with bold, precipitous face,
Save where the combing, sparkling waves did frolic in their race;
And so distant looked this picture, it seemed an artful plan

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To represent as Nature some idealistic work of man.
But what human hand could trace the fickle shades that glance
From the waving leaves of palm, or that in the streamlet dance?
Or could portray the rich, clear sky of soft, transparent hue?
Or could blend the watery depths into heaven's ethereal blue?

As I watched the changing beauties of sea and land and sky,
A sad legend rose before me: I heard the battle cry
Of a race of warriors in their fight for home and life—
Fiercely through Nuanna echoed sounds of deadly strife.
The gurgling, dancing streamlet, in its hard, dark lava bed,
Rushed onward to the sea dyed with blood of thousands dead,
As vainly fought the heroes; grim death hovered in the air.
They reached at last the Pali—they knew the end was there—
One moment only wavered this heroic, noble band,
As they saw stretched out before them their beloved vanquished land:
With a cry of rage at losing what they could ne'er regain,
These fifteen thousand heroes add their numbers to the slain;
They plunge headlong o'er the Pali—the air was black with men—
Until the very last had gone—a nation perished then;
And for many and many a day, the heartless sun's rays shone
On the bodies of these thousands, who died without a groan.

Sadly, slowly, I returned to the city on the bay,
My mind still wandering back to that fierce and bloody day.
Can it be this army, martyred for a cause so good and true,
Shall be banished from the kingdom that is to Christian's due?
No fault of theirs that in their lives never a godly word
Fell from the savage lips of this island's dusky herd!
Nay! God is just; and he *will* reward an action done on earth
That springs from a righteous, holy cause—for this is Christian worth!

PERSONAL HYGIENE.

We have almost finished our salt horse cruise. The old *Jamestown* is speeding to the North.

The stores of bacon, ham, tongue and cod-fish are getting scant.

You have wrestled with the festive bean, sparred with old eggs, and have even drawn your swords in combat with *white-fish*. You have always come *off* conquerers, and it is our desire that in the future, you may remain in the ascendency.

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As we are nearing port day by day, we feel it our duty, nay it is our obligation, to present you this, our last article on personal hygiene.

When you strike the main-land and get ashore, it will be well for you to follow some rules at first, in order that you do not endanger your lives by eating fresh provisions too voraciously, and by exercising too much.

We will indicate a few short, simple and comprehensive maxims, by following which, you will be enabled to avoid dangers which have befallen others.

First: You must not depart too rapidly from the present mode of living; else you may develop fatal dyspepsia, or perhaps insanity.

Your first meal should consist entirely of salt provisions, such as cod-fish, baked-beans, onions, &c.

A small amount of coffee may be drunk, provided neither cream or sugar is used with it.

The second meal, and even the third, should be similar to the first, with the addition of some canned oysters or canned corn beef.

Indeed it would be much safer, were you to eat canned fruit, rather than the fresh articles, for at least the first three weeks.

The fourth meal should consist of buckwheat cakes, with fresh butter, thus accustoming, yourselves to the change from oleo-margarine.

It would be vain and useless for us to continue to advise each meal, you can easily follow the golden principles embodied in the rules, and gradually add fresh articles to your diet, always feeling your way carefully, and not eating anything unless it is some days old.

It would be well for each one of you to carry with you in your pocket, a box of Sardines or *White-fish*, and every hour or two eat one. Be extremely careful not to eat fresh beef for a week or ten days.

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It would be wise for none of you to *wear swell summer clothes*, the first time you go ashore, but stick to your cast off clothing, for it might endanger your lives to compete with Newport fashions.

Secondly: Exercise should form a small part of your daily avocations at first; because not one of you has taken your daily nine miles walk. It would be dangerous for you to plunge from your present lethargic state into active life. Five miles walking, or one ton of coal shoveled, or one-half cord of wood sawed, will be sufficient at first.

Do not go out at night, for the first few weeks for fear of catching "night blindness."

Many of you have become lean, some of you have waxed fat, while others have held their avoirdupois at an even balance. We hope, that ere many days are spent in port, that each and every one of you may regain your natural vivacity, and that you will all look back and say, I feel much better for having made a cruise around old "Cape Horn." *Adieu! Adieu!! Adieu!!!*

WINDSAILS.

Nothing is truer than the trite saying that we "who go down to the sea in ships" see strange sights, and this is true as well with the mind's eye as with the body's; we are conscious of many traits of character as strange and foreign as the flora or fauna of Ceylon jungles; we know of moral trees as illogical, as many-trunked, as the famed Banyan. Yet, as a class, we boast largely of the physical wonders we have seen in varied seas and climes, and maintain utter silence on questions of moral warps and mental freaks. We see with other eyes than the landman's, and we forget that in our situation all the world would tremble at phantoms of which we are unconscious, while we would be pronounced insane on a dozen of those

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topics with which we are most conversant. Would not the respectable tradesman feel his hair rise on end to find himself on a topsail yard arm during a midnight gale? Conversely—if our hearts beat quick while breasting the hurricane with a shore to leeward, would not the landsman's lost hope revive at what terrifies us—the gleaming beach seen through the breakers?

These thoughts—or, if not these very same thoughts, similar ones—occurred to us Friday when we ventured on deck after a sudden squall had taken the sails aback. The trusty deck officer had reduced the lofty canvas, had trimmed his yards to the new breeze; all was safe, and order being fast restored. There were scurrying clouds overhead, white-caps to windward, and a few ominious drops of rain; under topsails alone the ship fled through the water more swiftly than a frightened deer.

The thoughts having been stated; also, in the next paragraph, the conditions that rendered them natural, we will enter particularly into the cause of them. The cause and the topic of this article are identical: Windsails. They were aback. How suggestive of thought this incident was to a seaman, you may judge: the Officer-of-the-Deck, after attending to every other item, ordered them to be trimmed. It was done, and he forgot there were windsails in the world!

And yet, they are not unworthy of thought. What a capacity for happines or suffering there is in a Windsail! What a wealth of romance to reward the investigations of a sympathetic researcher! Let us as sailors use our hearts where we have for so long employed our heads only. These are but suggestions written to take the fancy of some one capable of writing a book.

But instead of noting the wind, rain, or bellying canvass, we had looked at those windsails aback, and they were, oh! so hopeless and miserable! They suggested:

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An aged, gray-headed woman, worn by many years and many troubles; her once ample skirts and figure reduced by poverty until she resembled a broom encased in a flour-sack; her gray hairs twisted into a cord to hold her aloft, her feet dragged relentlessly down, her arms flapping wildly, while the stiff breeze bent her poor old figure into a bow! That is what a landsman's poetical eye would have made of the main-top-windsail.

Of the five windsails, the forward one differed from the rest; technically, it was not hoisted so high; it was rather a short, squat windsail with a somewhat pretentious air, and you could see that in sunshiny weather it would be a very smart and well-to-do windsail indeed; alas! it was in trouble! The squall or the rain or neglect had killed its pride and ambition; it abjectly turned its back to the wind and leaned its head over the fish-boom and—and—and cast up its accounts. It is too true—we have seen sea-sick landsmen's backs too often to be mistaken—the dandy windsail was ill.

Who can look at a windsail, happy, and fat, and round, basking in the sunshine on a breezy afternoon, and believe it is unconscious of its happy lot?

When in a calm it wilts and shrinks with a sneaking air, isn't it evident that it is overcome with shame at its own impotence? While the heavy, heated atmosphere between decks grows worse and worse, and one man after another tries to feel a current from it that it cannot give. Or during a rain, when it rears its unhappy head with a human pride and pretends usefulness, while all the time its foot is limp on the wet deck.

Last and saddest, it is aback. The Officer-of-the-Deck yells loudly of helm, and sails, and reeftackles, and braces, but he says nothing of windsails. Naturally, the windsail is hurt. It feels that it is not fulfilling its destiny. Is it not as important to the comfort of mankind as the

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weather-royal-brace? Its very sufferings, its helplessness should command respect; picture it: its usually taut bow-lines are hanging slack and shiftless; lacking them its back is broken against the hatch-rail, and its wonted rotundity is just hinted at by its hoops. But enough! Let us hope your sympathies are widened from this forward into a kindly notice of Windsails.

LOCAL STAR-PAPER.

For many weeks past we have been listening to some very able and interesting articles on the stars, and so well have they fulfilled their purpose in giving us a general knowledge of the starry firmament, that it is with much hesitation that I make bold to subscribe the following ad ditions. The more important and better known galaxies have been described clearly and fully, yet a few constellations of our own firmament have been omitted, and are, I think of peculiar interest to us bold navigators who have braved the dangers of the Horn.

First among these is the brilliant, scintillating constellation of Collusores, or the "Playfellow," better known as "Puck and Towser," found near the forecastle of the constellation Argo, or the "Ship." This constellation of the Ship, by the way was known among the ancients as the "Jamestownus," according to some learned astronomers; but whether this ship was deified and placed in the heavens by Jove, or received its name from the constellation, has given rise to much discussion; both the ship and constellation being mentioned by the early writers before the flood. The youth "Puck" is easily distinguished by three stars in a line and close together, called o, π and ρ Brandoris, which represent his mouth. Some astronomers claim that these three stars do not represent his mouth, but are the trade mark on a *bottle* which he holds to his mouth. One foot is raised

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playfully toward the dog's tail, and its *toe* is marked by a peculiarly *pointed* star, τ Pedes. τ Pedes is on a line with the body of the youth, and this line is, in fact, the only connection between the foot and the body, and is purely imaginary. In the head of Canis Maximus, or "Towser," the star ι Caput represents his *eye*, and *eta* Nuta marks a peanut shell on the dog's nose, which he is about to *eat*. At the extreme tip of Towser's tail is the star *omega* "End-o," and its uncertain, wavering light was supposed to be caused by the wagging of the tail.

In the part of the constellation Argo where the steerage may be supposed to be, in declination S. 20 feet and temperature 95°, is the constellation Chinoris, or "Pong," representing a meditative and taciturn Chinaman. This constellation was discovered by the Chinese astronomer "Ahr Lo," on the 1st of March, 1882. The only important star of this figure is the dull yellow star *lambda* Expressis, which marks the *lamb*-like expression of his face when he hears the numerous calls of "Ah Pong Ah."

Also to be found in this grand old ship Argo, is the constellation "Libraro," or the "Library," a collection of 230 small stars, each one representing a book. They are scattered all over the after part of the Ship, and denote the normal condition of the library. From careful observations of these stars, there are strong indications that they will soon become so widely separated that only the skeleton of a library will remain in the Ship. When this constellation is in the zenith, navigators have noticed strange growlings, as of distant thunder, with an occasional flash of heat lightning. Tradition has it that this library was once a bone of contention among the ancient heroes who sailed in the Argo, and the numerous questions which grew out of the dispute assumed such an importance in the Ship that the Library, after it ceased to exist, was placed in the heavens as a constellation. The

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meteorological phenomena that are observed in the region of this constellation are supposed to be the noise of the discussions which are ever present with the "Library."

I would also like to call your attention to the zodiacal constellation Pisces, or the "Fishes," which, as seen from the decks of the *Jamestown*, presents a peculiar *white* light. This *whiteness* is particularly noticeable about 6 p. m.; and from several observations through the wardroom skylight, the writer has surmised a possible kinship between the white fish on the wardroom mess table and the celestial fishes. Yet, there is this discrepancy: the constellation appears every day, while the white fish are a rare tit-bit on the mess table. This phenomenon is worthy the earnest consideration of the wardroom mess, not to mention the caterer.

One more constellation and I have done. On the quarter deck of this ancient cruiser Argo, is a wet group of milky stars called Nurs'em, or the "Nurse," composed of two figures. The more conspicuous but less important figure is the youth who holds a battered piece of tin —which the imaginative ancients called a trumpet—to his mouth. The other figure is the nurse, who stands close to his shoulder and teaches him the words to put in the trumpet. The bright star ρ Responsibilitas shines in the forehead of the nurse, and *phi* "I-know-best"-um represents the thought in the youth's mind as he dutifully repeats the words of the nurse.

In these constellations I have mentioned only the most important stars; but nobody can fail to trace out the entire constellation after a careful perusal of this paper.

A PUNSTER'S DREAM.

I dreamed a dream the other night,
When all around was still;

or at least when it was supposed to be still. I had suc-

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cessfully wooed the drowsy god and was sleeping the calm and peaceful sleep of the just, when there suddenly appeared before my eyes a huge *Miller*, clad however not in white, but in sober robes of *Brown*. Fluttering hither and thither, it finally rushed at my face and as I raised my hands to brush it away, I suddenly found myself upon its back, and, off we flew on a *Hunt* for fresh fields and pastures new. Rushing rapidly over peaks and mountain *Craigs*, I was landed in the familiar grounds of the Naval Academy: a group of young men with parti-colored caps, white shoes, knee breeches and shirts was approaching; I wondered if the uniform had been changed, but grasped the situation as I heard a little rag-a-muffin beside me cry out "Say! Bullies! *At-wat-er* clock 's the match?" As they passed I heard one of them say: "Put Willy there: he *Can-field* better than any one else."

The game began, and as Willy made a fine catch, I heard from the crowd a voice saying: "Did yes iver see sich a *Chap-man*, in all yer life? No *Mack-ie* 'll bet ye niver did." Then another voice said: "Py Jove: I never see such a *Pig-man* play so vell: and he just *Vint-on* and Vint-on, as if noting could sthop him."

The scene changed to Dante's; only, singular to relate the old Dutchman had a pig-tail, and as I pointed to a pile of cakes inquiring if they were buns, he replied "Can secure! My *Gib-bons*, 1 centee each!" Calling a small midshipman to me, I answered "*My* no wantchee buns, *Gib-son*" and laying down a dime upon the counter, I saw the youngster depart with a light heart—and a heavy bundle.

I was suddenly near a party about to go out for rowing practice: a fellow whose power was well *indicated* by his slim and wiry form, grasped the arm of a heavy youth as he was about to leap into the frail shell, exclaim-

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ing "Don't jump into her, in that way; you'll *Hogg* the boat." He sank the boat, but the heavy youth fell into the water, whence he was *Hawleyed* out by his companions; all wet as he was, he rushed up the *Dough-er-ty* sight of a blonde lieutenant, crying I '*Dav-en(y)port* in a storm. The rest gazed at him in wonder, saying however *Nic-ol-son* be back; it '*Sloan* ly without him; *Har-low* our spirits will be when he gets hold of the gig.

I found myself in a crowd around a bulletin board, while some one was *Read*-ing aloud the news; suddenly a voice close to me said: "*Hou! Rigan* me boy! let's go and have a *Welsh* rarebit; I've got a *Purce'll* stand the racket;" a muttered reply reached my ears, "All right! old feller! I'll come *Brum-by*."

Then I heard a strange buzzing in my ears, confused sounds in which I could make out such words as "A *Brauner Writer* ne'er was seen," and something about a *Writers Halter* which I fancied meant hanging for me; the noise increased to a tumult, and I was roused from my *Knapp* to find that it was the same old story of fifty strokes of the force pump to the minute, with holystones and squilgees flung *ad libitum* upon the deck; and behold it was two bells in the Saturday morning watch!

A GROWL.

Yes, this is a growl. Probably its title has sent it to the Waste-basket without a perusal, and what is about to follow will be forever lost to mankind. But to growl satisfactorily, it is not necessary that any one shall pay attention to the growler, and the growler in this case will have had the satisfaction of growling all the same whether he is heard or not.

It is Saturday morning on the *Jamestown;* time, 9 a.m. Patience, gentle Editor, if thou hast gotten thus far, and

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condemn not without a hearing; it is the sole privilege handed down from time immemorial through all navies, this of growling; it pertains to all ranks and stations; it lightens the labor of reefing topsails, it shortens the sweeper's monotonous task, it cheers the careworn Midshipman, it lulls the weary Executive. On this occasion I will be mild, so hear me I pray you: This is no scoff at rank, no howl of injury, no infernal machine to destroy the Blue Book, it is a Saturday morning growl.

Who don't? You do! The water gets into your room, the decks are sloppy, the noise like the scratching of sandpaper triumphs over the claims of the secant of the Latitude. *I* don't blame you.

The watch growl: they are spending a hard forenoon with the holy stones; they are rattling the pumps; they are gritting canvass and sand against the paint work.

The watch on deck growl: they have to stay as preventers on the Spar Deck; they have worked hard since 4 a. m.; they have the afternoon watch and are *not* below.

The Berth Deck cooks, idlers, and marines growl: they are stripped to a gantline, struggling with dirty water in the darkness of the Berth Deck; they are passing heavy buckets from deck to deck, and they get occasional gallons of the muddy fluid on their heads and shoulders or in their faces.

Thus there is no exception forward. The Wardroom boys swear in Chinese (it must be allowed that it sounds that way) at having to scrub a bulkhead; the steerage boys have still greater grievances.

The Officers all growl. He of the Deck has nobody at hand to do the odd jobs of the watch, *the* watch being below, and he has a fellow-feeling for the watch-below-on-deck, which makes him hesitate at hauling taut a weather brace in the doldrums just because it is an eyesore. Those in Wardroom or Steerage who desire to

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escape for a smoke, gaze dismayed at the swashing lake on the Berth Deck: their shoes, the forward ladder only, two inches of water for a thirty yard wade. A request to the disgusted Mate of the Gun Deck for an after ladder meets with a growling refusal.

Those who have finished smoking on the forecastle, imagine it cooler between decks than in the glare of the sun and they wish to get below; again no ladders—perhaps a little profanity.

I am at present on the Gun Deck. I came up the forward ladder and thro' the two inches of water; the legs of my chair reach down to something solid—probably the gun-deck; my feet are on the stove; I dare'nt move. That is all; I am done.

Now, have you considered, Mr. Editor, the consequences of an enforced law to stop growling in the Navy? I dare say not. It would be the last straw, and the Service would go to Davy Jones. Old sailors already shipped would die; no more would ship. The apprentices would in time forget their sex and appear at quarters in petticoats; no one would be found brave enough to venture above the Shear Ratlines. Officers' lungs, being deprived of natural exercise, would waste away, and consumption would clap a stopper on the thread of their lives. The Navy Mutual Aid would go up the spout. But, thank heavens! these forebodings are only a nightmare. No such laws exist; no one, except when growling, wants any such laws; no men would obey them, and certainly no officers now in the Service could consistently enforce them.

June 11th, 1882.

My Dear Lottie:—I feel that I must sit right down and tell you all about the just too lovely time for anything that I had yesterday. You know it was graduation

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day, when the dear middies take off their cunning little jackets and put on those horrid long coats with the buttons sewed on oh! so tight. I was out walking the night before with one of the boys who graduated. He is such a handsome fellow, with *great long arms*; he's simply lovely, and nothing else. He told me to get up early in the morning, as he was going to do, and see if it was a nice day, so I got up at five o'clock, and going to the window, I heard the little middies singing in rivalry with the birds—they were so happy to find such a lovely day to graduate on. I got my breakfast and went out as soon as I could, for I wanted to be with the boys in their short coats as long as possible. You know on their long coats they have a horrid epaulet, which isn't half as nice as the soft shoulder of the little jacket—it scratches one's face so! Well, the principal of the school said that it was too hot to have the exercises in the day time, so they were put off until about six o'clock in the evening. Oh! such a lovely scene I never saw before in all my life! All the other teachers were there with swords on, and coats with bright buttons and epaulets. Then there were a lot more officers, who were called a "Horde of Bibbers," Georgie said. You know Georgie, don't you? He's one of the boys who graduated. Oh, he's so lovely! I know you'd love him; he's *too* nice for anything. He stood second in his class, he told me; a Mr. Wowrigan stood one. Georgie said he gouged. I don't know what it means but it must be something bad. Every girl in this place, I believe, is gone on Mr. Wowrigan. I think I would be, too, if I hadn't seen dear Georgie first. I like Mr. Wowrigan *very* much; I think he's an awful nice boy; but he hasn't got the shape that Georgie has. I'll tell you all about them when I see you again. About half past five, as I was standing and talking with Mr. Read, he's one of the

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teachers you know, I heard the band playing in the distance and I looked and there were all the boys marching up to where we were. They did look so nice in their white trousers and caps. The band were all in white and looked just too splendid for anything. Georgie once told me that the leader of the band was a sneak, but he couldn't have been there to-day, for this man was too nice looking to be a sneak. The man who played the bass drum actually smiled at me when he went by, the impertinent thing! I am going to tell George of him. When then they got up close to us, they stopped, and a little snappy fellow who was just as stiff and cross as he could be, snapped out something about 'Rare up and butt her.' Then I looked for Georgie. There he was just as sweet as he could be and with a gun too. Mr. *Wowrigan* didn't have a gun so George got ahead of him there. Georgie's trousers were so nice too; they only needed a little ruffle on the bottom to make a pair of pantalets. And he did stand so straight. Mr. Read said he was afraid of getting spotted, and I think he ought to be for the least thing in the world would spot those lovely pants. Then the snappy little fellow said 'sent up' and turned around and stuck his sword at the principal. He then took the 'Horde of Bibbers' and they looked at the boys. Georgie was all right. My heart jumped when one of the Horde looked at his teeth, but they were all there. After this was over, the snappy fellow said something about 'The granulated asses affronting the sentry.' Then Georgie and Mr. Wowrigan came out in front of the officers and got their diplomas from the principal. Georgie had a blue ribbon on his which meant, he told me, that he was put ahead a year and would be in the class of '83 instead of '82. Ain't that nice? Mr. Wowrigan didn't make much by his gouger after all, did he? The speeches were awfully good. Admiral Miller is the principal, you

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know, and the boys all call him Jake they know him so well. He handed them their diplomas and made a little speech. He said he was awfully sorry to have the boys go away. That he'd been a Father to them for seven to ten years each and they were like his own children. And then the dear man cried. He felt so bad that he actually cried. I do love him so because he kept Georgie's diploma till the last as if he was sorrier to have him go than Mr. Wowrigan. He said he couldn't say any more. Mr. Wowrigan said that 'he'd forgotten his speech and never did know enough to last him over night,' but I know that it was because he felt so bad. He then introduced a Senator from Michigan who made a long speech. He was an awfully handsome man but he dressed in such a funny style that he almost made me laugh out loud. He had on white trousers, a swallow-tail coat, flannel shirt with a red neck tie and the most awful looking beaver hat I have ever seen in all my life. Georgie said he looked as though he had been struck with a club, but I hope not for he was such a nice man. He cried, too, but Mr. Wowrigan said he had an onion in his pocket. I don't believe one word he says. He's horrid! I wish I could tell you one-half of his speech. He said first that out in Michigan he once heard an eagle say 'hip, hip, hurrah!' What a funny town Michigan must be! Then he got excited and said he was a 'bad man from Bitter Creek,' and advised the graduates not 'to try and bluff on a bob-tail flush.' I asked Mr. Wowrigan afterwards what that meant, but the nasty fellow only said 'the old man was full and didn't know what he was saying.' Georgie told me that he was an agent for some kind of natural Bitters and discovered the spring while trying to climb a bluff on a bob-tailed horse. He then said that they, of course, all loved their teachers and then told them that the 'ruler of the universe was love, love, love!' That's in Billy Taylor,

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you know. Mr. Taylor must be a great poet for he said he was. I asked Mr. Wowrigan if he loved his teachers and he said 'Like the old woman kept tavern?' I never can get that disgusting creature to give me a civil answer. George said, 'Oh yes!! I love my teachers, Oh!! yes!!!' So nice of him, ain't it, to say so? When the Senator bid them good-bye he cried, I know he did. He said that words failed him so he would simply say Ta! Ta!! and then he closed with a quotation from Billy Shakespeare, U. S. N. 'Wooden Worldlings, too, too, utter! Snatch your sheepskins and skip the gutter.' The Secretary of the Navy made a few nice remarks. You know the Secretary, he owns the Navy. He's *such* a nice man, I know that by his shape; and such a head as he's got, it looks as though he knew everything. He's awfully popular though, for they cheered and clapped like everything. When it was all over, George showed me his sheepskin as he called it. It had a great piece of sealing wax in the corner and was signed by all the teachers. It said that Sylvester G. Welsh—I never knew his name was Sylvester before, the naughty boy didn't tell me. I am going to call him Silly hereafter—having perfected his taste for white wine and rare old Port, having become an accomplished dice thrower, having paid for the W. R. Beer, etc., was in the opinion of the Board fully competent to pass for next lower grade.' Wowrigan's said: 'having growled out three months at sea and shown a disposition to improve himself (at the Mess table) was fully competent to pass for the next lower grade? I think Silly's was nicer, don't you?' After I had been with Silly a little while, Mr. Wowrigan came up and said 'Le'ss go out and get properly loaded.' So Silly asked me if he could go and see that his baggage was properly loaded on the cars and I of course had to let him go. From that time till the Ball, I don't know how I

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existed. Silly was to come for me at 9 o'clock, but at half-past nine, one of the teachers, Mr. Read came to take me saying that Silly had been sunstruck in the afternoon, but wanted him to tell me that he would be 'Better soon and would see me la-ter.' Oh! such a lovely party! How I wish you could have been there? I glowed all over. Some of the gentlemen perspired, but *I* glowed. Those horrid Armstrong girls were there too! Silly came down about half-past eleven and told me something about 'pull as a goat,' and I told him that he ought to have known better than to pull a goat for, of course, he would attack him. Poor Silly, the goat must have hurt him terribly. He was so weak he could hardly stand and looked so awfully bad. I mean Silly, not the goat. He bid me good bye and asked me to write to him, but didn't tell me his address, though I know he wanted to go on the *Jamestown*, for he said he loved the Training School so that he wanted to get on one of their ships. I am going to write to him there, for I know he wants me to. Now before I stop I must tell you about Mr. Wowrigan again. I saw him drink two whole glasses of Sherry punch and I know he was tight, for he was dancing with Miss Grandie Rapids and backed her into the wall. She said such a naughty word that the Floor Committee were going to put her out, when she pulled her dress up to her ankles and said she 'could lick any girl in the house.' Now wasn't that awful! And all through Mr. Wowrigan too. But I must stop. Kiss all the girls for me and accept a whole bushel from,

Your darling,

CARRIE.

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Vol. I. Saturday, June 17, 1882. No. 15.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours.........................72′
Least run in 24 hours............................25′
Average run for week.............................50′
Run to date...................................14425′
Latitude N...................................29° 55′
Longitude W..................................66° 13′

Week opened with light airs from S. E. and E. in general direction, hauling to South and West during the middle and latter parts. Several hours calm. Weather clear but warm. Sea remarkably smooth.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

Week after week has glided by since we bade adieu to the sunny shores of the Golden Gate, and now the Ave! with which we greeted "9 51″," as on Sunday evenings we gathered in the cabin, must now be changed for the Vale! consequent upon the near completion of our journey. Soon we trust to be once more within the pale and compass of telegraphs and post-offices, where our modest production will be useless. Placed, however, in a more permanent form, it will in after years serve to recall the various incidents of the noteworthy passage we have made, and give to others, perchance, some insight into how little it requires to make people pleased on board ship. Hermetically sealed within our petty microcosm as we have been for more than fifteen weeks, good nature has ever

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been in the ascendant, and the growls have been but few. Our good old craft has proved herself a fine ship in all kinds of weather, and has outstripped every sail that has been sighted going in the same direction as ourselves. In storm or calm, in fresh gale or steady trade, she has proved herself a good sea boat, and one of which we may well be proud. When we shall sight Block Island light, we shall have made a longer run from land to land than has ever before been made by one of our naval vessels.

During that run "9′ 51″" was born, has lived its short existence, and, to-night, ends its career. It is fitting that all should feel regret on this our last Sunday reunion; and, as a tinge of sadness touches the border land of near-home joys, it is a sorrowful as well as a pleasant duty to lay our editorial pen aside, writing with it our last words of thanks for all that the "29" have done to broaden "The *Jamestown's* Horizon."

To those who have each week filled our columns with pathos, fact or fun, we render our hearty obligations. To those who have felt unwilling to contribute, our thanks are also due. Without the attentive listener, the ablest writer's brain would have conjured no "spirits from the vasty deep."

Hail! and farewell! to all,
"Nine Fifty-one" doth say.
And may your destiny fall
In pleasant spots for aye!

IN THE JAMESTOWN.

On the morning of February 1st, 1882, there were gathered together at the Naval Lyceum, Mare Island, California, 29 officers. They were all young men—in rank from Commander to Cadet-Midshipman—and were all under orders for duty on board the United States Ship *Jamestown*. The amusements of great cities had been

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forsaken; the pleasures of home had been given up; friends, relations, sweethearts, wives, all had been deserted to join an old time, cut-down, bluff bowed, sailing frigate bound around Cape Horn, to the United States.

March 3d, saw us prepared for sea. As the bells clanged forth the hour of noon, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, the hearty good byes of strong men, and the soft farewells of lovely women, we let go our lines and commenced our cruise around the Horn in the *Jamestown*.

We found ourselves an assemblage of men from well nigh every part of the United States. Here were some who had been on training ships, and had passed summer and fall enjoying the festivities of Newport; others had been confined to the hot streets of cities, varying the humdrum of life by an occasional trip to a neighboring beach; from the cotton fields and rice swamps of the South, a few had come; one or two hailed from the shores of the great lakes of the North; in the country, far from the madding crowd, many had been rusticating, enjoying bucolic pastimes: this one had been to Europe; that one to the White Mountains; a third to the springs of Virginia; from the sedate Naval Academy and political Washington were a few; the vast West sent her sons to us; and bleak Sitka furnished a willing quota of two, and all to go round the Horn in the *Jamestown*.

We were 29 men of all sorts and conditions. A few had done up society and become *blase;* others were full of its enjoyments and attractions: and some had never entered its world of glitter and nonsense, and never would. Some knew gunnery, some seamanship, some navigation, and some science. We were single men and married men: men with families, and men without. Some of us had sweethearts; some of us had had sweethearts; and some of us had never had sweethearts. Some had left wife and children, some father and mother, and a very few, only

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friends. And all, to go around the Horn in the *Jamestown.*

As the rosy light of the morning of the 4th of March, touched the surrounding hills and gilded the steeples and lofty spires around about, we passed beyond the portals of the Golden Gate, and went out into the majestic sea beyond. The sun rose clear of earth and kissed us an adieu, and nature smiled her sweetest good bye, and God-speed.

The four long months of endurance and patience were begun. Four months in which to see one another, hear one another, be with one another. Four months of confinement and isolation; of restraint and seclusion. No new voice, no new face, no new scene could come to arouse or cheer. The monotony of life was to be unbroken. And all while cruising around the Horn in the *Jamestown.*

How have we stood this severe test of companionship? How have we gone through this long cruise? What unpleasantnesses have arisen? What has been the weather? Well, it is a tale easily told, and a pleasant one to tell. The first day out will be remembered as a day of universal sea sickness and therefore the single bad day of the 112. But the day following we were full of good health and spirits, and began our yarn spinning. For many weeks, folly and fiction ran rampant: to tales of moving incidents and hair breadth 'scapes we would seriously incline; story and anecdote attracted and amused; and the flow of wit and humor was as rapid and gleeful as the water in the mountain brook, abounding in dash and go.

The evening of the first Sunday at sea found us assembled in the after cabin to hear our newspaper; and the old ship rang with our peals of laughter and rounds of applause. Then came the French class with fortnightly meetings and novels and dictionaries and final dissolution;

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and likewise the Shakespearean savants formed an organization which amounted to nothing; also there was the whist club, where every member had to play a rubber of three with every other member, a feat never accomplished by any individual. Still these failures served to instruct and amuse, while rounding the Horn in the *Jamestown*.

And then recall the half-deck where day and night, amidst the smoke and fumes of pipes and cigarettes, the lively joke and brilliant retort where bandied with quickness and good nature. With what sepulchral groans we greeted the puns of the old doctor; how we listened to the knowledge of Winter, and laughed at the repartee of Pills; how we were bored by the wrongs of Billy B., and instructed in logs by Billy H. Then there came the sentimental Colonel; and the young Doc with his stolid good nature; and Pay keeping account of games and weights as well as of money; Hunt also was about with his incessant prattle; and Fred the poet with dejected 'havior and rejected rhymes. Others, also used to rally round the stove: Occasionally the Exec would join an argument; and the grave Senator would chip in a word or two of wisdom; likewise the Duke with his regulations and routine: even the Commander at times joined the circle: of course the Navigator flitted bird like about gathering grain for "9′ 51″". Such was life going round the Horn in the *Jamestown*.

Then there come back to us the games we played: the 20 questions, the "well its made of wood and iron," the crib. And the music, the grand choruses, the sacred songs, the choir should not be forgotten. Nor the troubles of caterers, the salt fish and sea food, the tonics and the monthly weighing. Capturing Cape pigeons, stuffing gulls, catching flying fish, and nautili, all belong

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to the history of getting round the Horn in the *Jamestown*.

Of course there were times of melancholy and disgust, when quivering lip and flashing eye could be seen: but such times and sights were few and far between. What signify storm mizzens and sea anchors; calms off the Horn and no trades in the tropics; head winds and gales; foul weather and fair amidst such recollections!

We have had a good time, upon my word we have on this cruise around the Horn in the *Jamestown*.

With a too large complement of officers and a too small one of men, the good frigate *Jamestown* has made a successsful voyage of over 15,000 miles. Every man has done his duty. There has been no shirking, there has been no inattention. It has been a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.

Ship-mates, mess-mates, fellows good bye. This night is our last together and "a feeling of sadness comes o'er me that my soul cannot resist." The ties that bind us are close and to sever them causes pain. Though we go to friends, kindred, home, the old ship, her commander, her officers, her crew will though lost to sight be to memory always dear. So, good bye, tighten the grasp of the hands, friends it is the last time; good bye, God bless all who doubled the Horn in the *Jamestown*.

MORITURI TE SALUTANT!

In days of old, the gladiatorial band,
Marching before proud Cæsar's throne,
Did him address with these brave words:
Ave! Cæsar! morituri te salutant!
And now the motley band of inky scribblers
Who've passed and repassed the "*Jamestown's* Horizon,"
All these long and toilsome weeks,—
Serving to make each Sunday evening
Even as a milestone on our journey long,—
Again defile before their brothers here,

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Crying in all their open ears:
Hail! Critics! those about to die salute ye!
"Alas!" we hear the favoring voices say,
Alas! that all these mental blossoms fair
Were born to blush unseen by other eyes.
It's pity ye should die; but, if die you must,
At least in printer's ink we will embalm you,
And, in later years, gazing at your mummied form,
We will recall the pleasure ye did give,
And once again live o'er those fifteen weeks
Whereof ye were the binding links between."

Thanks, friendly critics, always thanks,
That from untimely graves we're rescued.
And, brother scribblers, let us bless the kindly stars
That we still live, and that one fell disease,
*Scribendi cacœthes**, has not killed us yet!

*The itch for scribbling.

RESQUIESCAT IN PACE.

This, then, is the last issue of "Nine Fifty-one";
Its short life is ended—and our long cruise is done.
It's answered well to interest us and amuse,
And while away the tedium of our lengthy cruise.

We hope that we may see it soon in better guise—
In printed form—a magazine which we will prize;
And let us hope we'll like "The *Jamestown's* Horizon"
As much as we've enjoyed its prototype, "Nine Fifty-one."

'Twill be the record of a very pleasant cruise.
But all our jokes being local, they will not amuse
An outsider; but we ourselves will have a laugh
In future days o'er these same yarns, these jokes, this chaff.

I think it only right that we should give our thanks
To those who have permitted us to play our pranks
In prose and verse on them. We meant no harm—none's done
For sure, a joke's a joke, and fun's but meant for fun.

Now, there's my worthy friend, good-natured Billy B.—
I'm sure a better natured man ne'er went to sea—
Now, just suppose he'd said, "Of me you must not write,
Or I'll get mad." The paper 'd been a failure, quite.

Where 'd be the record of the penguin's plaintive note!
Or of the little dog on which he used to dote?
Or of his *Portsmouth* yarn; his training system fame?
And many useful sayings wise which I might name.

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And there is Billy H., our learned scientist;
Suppose he had got mad and said we must desist.
What would the world have known of his *speed-indicator?*
Or his wind curves, compiled from unknown data?

To those brave travelers we give due praise and glory,
Who wrote that "Simultaneous International" story—
The much admired, oft-read "Visits to the Islands"—
Which we received with hushed applause, and rapturous silence.

Also our humorist, the "Noble Marquis" G.,
We thank. We could have had none better, sure, than he.
His articles, replete with humor and with wit,
Would make a deaf and blind man laugh 'till he'd a fit.

Oh, non-contributors! how much the world has missed
Of brilliant thought and wit, since you would not assist;
So it should know your names: The steerage mess has "Chuck"
And "Pete," "Pat," "Lance" and "Jack," and pipe-stem-legged
"Puck";

And in the wardroom mess we have those that I name:
The first luff, our prize caterer of China fame,
"Pills," "Pay," "The Colonel" (and I've been told that "Proctor" 's
Withdrawn his "Stars"—if so, he's one), also the doctor.

I give *my* thanks to those, without distinctions rude
Of rank, "of color, race, or previous servitude,"
Who've paid to me the compliment polite
Of listening to the doggrel verse I write.

And I forgive all those who did not crack a smile
When they heard read the "Trip to Juan Fernandez Isle."
And bidding to you all "Farewell," my blushing muse
She courtesies; to public life makes her adieus."

OUR CREW.

In this, our last issue, we would say a word or two before we go, to the crew of the U. S. S. *Jamestown*. Your cruise has been a hard one. For nearly four months you have stood watch and watch unceasingly. Through heated tropics and calm doldrums you have manned braces and taken in sail with readiness and good will. In tempests and cold, rain or sleet, you have jumped to clew-lines and reef tackles and furled and reefed as though it

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were amusement, and not the hardest and severest of tasks. Throughout the cruise work has been done by you that generally requires twice your number; but you have never complained—there has been no dissatisfaction nor shirking. Each man has done his share, and done it well. At Mare Island, Commandant and heads of departments spoke of you as a crew of great willingness and ability; but we, who have been with you when your mettle as men and Yankee sailors has been put to the test, know that you have not been "found wanting," and are worthy the good ship and the good flag.

Good-bye, men; one of these days we'll go to sea again together—for we are all sailors. Steele, you old pirate! good-bye. As the sunrise splendid comes blushing o'er the sea, we will behold around the main mast an old man with grey beard, blanket trousers, fur-lined pea jacket, and a black ball with its wings off like the cap of Mercury, and we will know it is our chief boatswain's mate. And Devlin, with your hard work and sprightliness, and Sullivan, with your voice from the tombs and Irish wit, good-bye—better men never blew pipes. And old Gyer, captain of forecastle, the friend of the Midshipman; and captains of tops, you men who have passed weather earings and done it well; and the rest of you petty officers—we wish you good-bye. And the other men, also, you will be remembered, for you have done your duty, and done it like the good seaman that you are. Men, shipmates, we are all going away. Good-bye, boys, good-bye. And among our first glasses will be a good full one to the crew of the *Jamestown.*

A SIGNAL EPISODE.

After having been all alone on the boisterous Pacific, tossed about on the rough waters off Cape Horn; after having "lain to" and scudded in the turbulent South At-

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lantic, after the fierce storms of the doldrums, for one hundred and five days, with the broad expanse of blue water, only occasionally varied by a few birds or by a small speck of a sail on the horizon, as we left our fellow ploughers of the briny deep far behind us, after all these varied experiences, what was our joy on going on deck one lovely morning, when in a beautiful square of the North Atlantic, where calms and light airs reign supreme, to find no less than six sail in sight, all like ourselves taking a rest after a long and tedious wrestle with the elements. Yes, there we all were, huddled together in that one small extent of ocean not more than ten miles in diameter, as though it were the goal for which we had all been striving and had reached at last. The Commander came on deck for his daily airing and after passing a few complimentary remarks with the Officer-of the-Deck concerning the weather, a brilliant idea suddenly struck him.

"Send for the Signal Officer, and we will vary this monotony by a chat with our neighbors, and also learn how our chronometers have been running." No sooner said than done: in less time than it takes to write it down, the Signal Officer and his satellites the Quarter Masters and third class apprentices were on deck and signal flags were scattered fore and aft, while twenty-nine pairs of eyes and as many glasses lined the rail, eagerly peering at our consorts to catch the first whisperings of their salutations. We started the ball by unfurling the Stars and Stripes from the peak, which was immediately answered by an English flag on the port beam, a Dutch and a French one on the port quarter; while the craft on our starboard beam showed Italian colors; the sails on the starboard bow were too far off for their colors to be distinguished. The Signal Officer said he could talk nothing but English, but with his little book he could read and write anything. So he pulled off his coat and

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rolled up his sleeves and with pencil and paper at hand, went vigorously to work. Our English, Dutch and French friends had been at sea for over a hundred and fifty days and were disposed of in a short time; but our Italian friend was clamorous for his share of attention. He had broken in on the conversation several times, and finally the Signal Officer turned in his direction and flung to the caller: I. L. C. U.,—P. D. Q., which was answered by L. T. R.,—R. I. P.: then followed an animated and interesting conversation, in which suggestions were made for the exchange of white-fish and cod-fish balls for some maccaroni and olive oil. The energetic and watchful Officer-of-the-Deck here detected a catspaw coming over the waters and noiselessly braced in the yards as the breeze caught us and gradually bore us away from our newly formed acquaintances. Just before we got out of speaking distance, the Commander, with the rapidity of conception and promptness of execution which characterizes those who govern the peopled deck, seized the battered tin horn which does duty for a trumpet and sung out in the purest and most liquid Italian:

"Ta-ta, Giovanni; I'll meet you on the Rialto." Almost before we could gather our wits about us, after this display of erudition, we had left everything hull down astern, and all hands felt as if life had been made endurable until another break should come in the monotony of our existence.

Cruise all over, harbor nigh;
Necessarily, then, *good-bye.*
Newport near, 'Frisco far;
Ultimately a sad *ta-ta.*

Calm is finished, wind is strong,
Now, old chap, just *so long,*
No more we'll eat the "soup and bully,—
Forsooth, I'll say *aloha mui.*

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Pork and beans have made us thin,
"Johnny rick-shaw-chow," *chin chin*;
Town ahead, fresh grub new,
Shipmates all, a last *adieu!*

Done for me is the roaring main,
Trust I'll soon *see you again;*
I quit the ocean's vast Sahara
In Japanese—*Sayonara;*

In Indian parlance make my bow,
With stately grace and guttural *how*,
Waiting all on land to see us;
Otra vez—un *adios*.

Pack your trunk, go ashore.
"Put it there!" *au revoir.*
Strike the *Bristol's* engine bell,
Waving 'kerchiefs—sad *farewell.*

Across the bay again we're saying
"Kamoraden auf *weider sehen.*"
Home to kiss galumptious Sally
In the green wood, near the

VALE.

JOURNAL FOR THE WEEK.

Preface.—I'm afraid a calm is coming.

1st day of calm—Well! I expected this all along.
2nd " " " —This is a little more than I expected.
3d " " " —Damn!
4th " " " —By heavens! a breeze! No—calm again.
5th " " " —The *Portsmouth* will beat us, after all.
6th " " " —What am I offered for Xmas day?
7th " " " —I don't care if we never get in.

P. S.—Thank heaven! a steady breeze at last.

JOURNAL IN THE LATE CALM.

PREFACE.

I'm afraid a calm is coming,
We ought to expect it here;
Let there be no growling;
The *horse latitudes* are near.

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FIRST DAY.

Well! I expected this;
Didn't Hogg foretell a gale?
By Jove! how hot it is.
We're moving like a snail.

SECOND DAY.

What! No wind to-day again?
Nothing last night was made?
For a month we didn't bargain
Of calm, when we lost the trade.

THIRD DAY.

Well, I declare, another day!
We'll never lose this *clam*;
No more for wind I'll pray;
I'll simply utter—Damn!

FOURTH DAY.

Thank goodness! a breeze again!
This time there's sure no doubt.
Ye gods! a squall of rain—
Our breeze is up the spout!

FIFTH DAY.

Two days ahead to-day;
In a week she'll be seven.
The *Portsmouth's* on her way—
We're left in nigger heaven.

SIXTH DAY.

Going! Going! Gone!
Mr. Hogg's the lucky buyer.
He's right! He's never wrong!
He has Christmas!" yells the crier.

SEVENTH DAY.

The same old cussed spot—
Ten miles, they say we ran;
Our positions look like shot
Fired from an old Queen Anne.

FINALE.

It is blowing stiff and strong;
Not a single growl is heard;
After all it was wasn't long.
We're due on the twenty-third.

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AUCTION POOLS.

'Tis of a little Midshipman
  With very little pay,
And all about the mode in which
  He gambled it away.
It was a game called Auction Pool—
  A very pretty game!
To play it is required a fool
  To take down ev'ry name
Of ev'ry fool that can be found
  To risk his hard-earned pay
On getting into Newport on
  A most unlikely day.
Then they congregate together
  In some still, shady spot,
And reflect upon the weather—
  Can Friday win, or not?
They consider the calms now past—
  Calms that yet time may yield—
Until a loud voice cries at last:
" What's offered for Low Field ?"
Dead silence! then at length a voice
  From out the crowd is heard:
" I'll go it blind! It's not my choice!
  Ten cents on June the third!"
And as, once the spring ice broken,
  Hoarsely roars the river,
Bet on bet is loudly spoken,
  Till it's sold the highest giver.
Then a "Here goes number sixteen!
  The buyer will make this pay;
It's the date we'll get into Newport
  At nine hundred miles a day."
Some wary youth says "A dollar."
  Another doubles that—
"Sold! to gent in stud-horse collar,
  And very nobby hat."
And so it goes to the very end.
  A sad, sad game, indeed,
Of "raise," and "buy," and "sell," and "lend"—
  It makes one's pockets bleed!
Some invest there many dollars
  They have saved from their pay?
And they place it, every penny,

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On some fixed fatal day.
Others think that these are ninnies—
"We won't be in so soon!"
That "to risk so much is foolish
On a single day in June!"
And they pile up all their velvet,
Minute sums on each day,
From the middle of January
To the thirty-first of May.
But of all that I have told of,
Not one of all the nine
Showed such deep, determined cunning
As a certain sly ensign.

THE "JAMESTOWN" RECEPTION.
JUNE 24TH, 1882.

A rattling of chains, an upheaving of waters, the buzzing of the boatswain's pipe, and we were at anchor in the harbor of Newport. That staunch old craft, the *Jamestown*, had completed her long cruise around Cape Horn.

The incidents of that eventful day are, no doubt, still fresh in the memories of all who participated in them. To "9′ 51″," however, rightly belongs the duty of chronicling those events, and preserving them to posterity. It is to be hoped that the faithful efforts of its humble reporter will be at least glanced at occasionally, to refresh that memory, which advancing years must necessarily dim.

The first streaks of a rosy dawn were just creeping above the eastern horizon as we sailed gracefully through the harbor gate. Our ship's number floated lazily at the mast head, until some one discovered that the signal officer had hoisted a quarantine flag above it, instead of the coronet; it was then hauled down for repairs. Over at Fort Adams the guns were booming, utterly regardless of the cost of powder. Bang away! Uncle Sam will settle the bill. In the quiet old town, bells were ringing, whistles screeching, men yelling, women singing, children

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crying; and above all this wild harmony could be heard the melancholy *fizz* or the pretentious *pop* of the gentle fire-cracker. We afterwards learned that the schools were given an entire holiday, and that the common council instituted a pyrotechnic fund, whereby "nigger-chasers," pin-wheels, small torpedoes, sky-rockets, etc., were to be issued to all orphans and foundlings who could produce certificates of good character. Flags, streamers, banners and bunting were flung to the breeze, and garlands of green hid the dingy exteriors of meat markets and drug stores beneath one grand festoon. It was indeed a gala day—a dozen "glorious Fourths" in one grand "Twenty-fourth."

Our anchor had scarcely sunk to rest in its soft, muddy bed, when we saw a large fleet of cat-boats making for us, headed by the *New Hampshire's* steam barge, flying the broad pennant of the squadron commander. Strange to relate, the cat-boats had no occupants save their weather-beaten proprietors, each of whom stood silently at his helm.

The Commodore was received with the customary honors. True, a bold private in the rear rank of the marine guard came to a "right shoulder" instead of a "present," and the brave chief of the apprentices had great difficulty in preventing some of his lambs from breaking their necks in the fruitless effort to stand at "attention" and still see all that was going on. The dignitaries having been ushered into the cabin, we who were barred from that sacred ground became suddenly aware of an unlooked-for invasion. A dozen or more Ensigns and Midshipmen, all carrying well filled carpet bags, came tumbling over the side in dire confusion. Mutual recognitions and hand-shakings ensued. Where had they come from? Wherefore the carpet bags? Upon these questions they were silent; they held their peace.

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"A mystery somewhere," muttered a dissatisfied Lieutenant, who had become a growler, because the Commander would not permit him to swim ashore when we first sighted Block Island.

But it did not remain a mystery long. The sharp tones of the officer of the deck, the chirruping of nickle-plated calls, and then—

> "Hark, the bo'sn rudely bawling,
> Hall 'ands to muster!"

The Commodore and the Commander came forward smiling, while the "staff" bobbed up serenely in the background; and then the first lieutenant, his voice husky and trembling with half-choked emotion, was rapidly reading aloud a printed order. We give it in its entirety:

"The Commanding Officer of the Training Squadron extends a hearty welcome to the valiant 'twenty-nine' who for nearly four months have been in voluntary exile, far from home and friends. [Cheers and tears.] You left your native land where her shores were bathed by the gentle waters of the blue Pacific, steering to the southward, and after buffeting with the treacherous gale, whose icy blast fain would bar your passage round the bleak and barren Cape, northward you shaped your course, until once again you sighted familiar shores, where the broad Atlantic leans against the land you love. [Great applause.] This is the poetical view; now for the practical. In celebration of this happy occasion, I have decided to grant each officer instantaneous leave of absence for one month, unless a further period be necessary to bring the offender, or, more properly, the 'bender,' to a successful termination. [Sensation.] In order that the routine of the ship may not be interfered with, I have brought with me twelve young and healthy ship-keepers, gathered from the highways and by-ways,

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who have readily volunteered for such marked service. They may be easily distinguished by their carpet bags, the insignia of their exalted office. [Tremendous applause; also much grinning on the part of the carpet-baggers.] Furthermore, the Honorable the Secretary of the Navy has directed me to say to you that, in your cases, he suspends the Blue Book, Articles for the Better Government of the Navy, etc., until further orders. [Great excitement.] So much for official acts. There remains a chapter in which the citizens of Newport play the principal parts. The fleet of cat-rigged clippers which accompanied me hither, will set you all ashore without delay. The citizens' committee will meet you at the wharf, and from that time forward I leave you in its hands. And so, farewell; a long farewell."

A volley of cheers greeted this bulletin, and then all was confusion. Citizen's clothing, of all styles and suitable for every season, was drawn from musty depths, and the embarkation soon commenced. Here could be seen a young man in mildewed summer trousers, winter overcoat, and fall hat, and there loomed up another, in a straw hat so fearfully and wonderfully made, that Dunlap himself would have given his private fortune for a patent on the pattern.

The cat-boat fleet, in double echelon, moved majestically away, their white sails catching the idle winds and their gilded prows dashing up the silver spray. As we passed the different ships in the harbor, their crews sprang nimbly to the rigging, and greeted us with prolonged "hoorays." Their officers in full uniform, waved handkerchiefs and caps, and murmured smothered "*encores*." On Gull rocks, the man who is hired to blow the fog-horn, employed ten assistants and, as one grand chorus, they tooted away until they were all red in the face. Oh, 'twas a joyful day!

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At Coggeshall's wharf, we were met by the Citizens Committee including James Gordon Bennett, William Waldorf Astor, William K. Vanderbilt, "Jim" Keene, the Lorillards, and several lesser lights. They welcomed us to the beautiful village by the sea. Colored attendants, in gorgeous livery, presented each of us with button-hole bouquets, gold watches, Japanese fans, silk umbrellas and beautiful rosettes. Ubiquitous footmen showed us to private carriages, where dignified coachmen held the ribbons of prancing fours-in-hand or high-mettled tandems. A few steerage officers, by mistake, were hurried into a "carry-all," bearing the legend "*Black* Mariah."

The procession started from the rendezvous, in the following order:

Six policemen mounted on Jerusalem ponies.

Newport Brass Band, five pieces and a bass drum, headed by Drum-Major Smith, late of the "Queen's Own."

Relics of the War of 1812; in wheel-barrows.

Battalion of Naval Apprentices, six hundred strong, including five hundred and ninety-seven petty officers, one ordinary seaman, one landsman and a silent marine.

One company of the Fourth Artillery, Capt. De Quincey Mayflower, in sky-blue trousers, sun-set coat, and cock-billed chapeau, commanding.

Ward-room officers of the *Jamestown* in carriages. Steerage contingent in "Black Mariah."

Grand Lodge of the Greatly Improved Order of Redmen, including five of that tribe found in front of tobacco stores.

Distinguished Citizens, colored and otherwise, in omnibuses or *hors de combat.*

The surging masses crowded every nook and corner of the streets and cheered lustliy as we passed by. The steerage officers in their novel turn-out, attracted special

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attention. Loud cries of "Look at 'em!" "What a gang!" and "When did the rummy looking Cads blow in?" were hurled at their heads with unerring aim.—Turning into Bellevue Avenue the scene resembled ancient Rome during one of the triumphs. A detachment of children from the public schools were assembled in Touro Park and sang an anthem composed for the occasion by the author of the "Mulligan Guard." The red-shirted braves of the volunteer fire department contributed to the general thanksgiving by throwing a stream of soda water twenty feet above the level of the highest church steeple, thereby beating all their previous records. A brigade of boot-blacks strewed carrots and cabbages in our path. It was indeed a festal day!

Arriving at the *Ocean House* the *Jamestown's* officers were shown to elegant parlors in the tenth story, and the various organizations who had accompanied them slowly dispersed and sorrowfully wended their way to their different wig-wams and council halls. The Hon. Mr. Somebody, from Somewhere, delivered a grand oration from the roof of the hotel, which had the effect of hastening the scattering operation. We were then escorted with great ceremony to the banquet hall. The writer, fearing that he might get left, seized the arm of an aristocratic looking English gentleman, who kindly piloted the press to their destination. We confess a feeling of disappointment in discovering that he was neither a millionaire nor even an Alderman. Alas! he was, in truth, only a brazen flunky who, a moment after, was demurely waiting on the table. One cannot always judge from outward appearances; they are deceitful.

It would take an extra edition of your valuable paper to note down one-half the splendor of the banquet hall, with its countless tables groaning beneath their loads of costly fare. Dainties from every clime were heaped on

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silver plate or clearest crystal. The menu was printed in French, thereby barring out a number of the ignorant, who were at a loss to know what substance might be lurking beneath a *hors d'œuvre* or *ragout*—horse-duffers and rig-out, they called them. The European cruisers volunteered to act as interpreters, but were quietly crushed by their independent associates. Interpreters, indeed! What need had we for such absurdities on this joyful day?

It was over the walnuts and wine, as the saying goes, that we were regaled with a feast of reason and a flow of soul. The toasts were many and the responses happy.— The first one proposed was "The *Jamestown:* that Boasted Bulwark of our Glorious Nation." Our Commander made a patriotic reply, a summary of which it was our earnest intention to secure. But circumstances alter cases. During the most effective part, while we were busily plying a pencil and catching each phrase as it fell, a sudden movement among the assembled guests caused us to look for an instant in the direction where all eyes were turned. Were we dreaming or mad? Neither. There beneath the triumphal arch which reared itself at the entrance to the banquet hall stood Willie, and in his hand was a rope to the other end of which was attached his long lost dog. A smile lit up the face of the proprietor of the erring one, and the latter wagged his tail with joy. From friends of both parties we learned that while the procession was moving down the avenue, our brave ensign had caught sight of his early love, who had traversed the snow-capped mountains and alkaline deserts to meet him. One jump and they were in each others arms. It had been supposed that the poor canine had met her death at the hand of some assassin; but honesty and virtue triumphed and the two old friends who had parted at Frisco metat Newport and true love was rewarded. The band played "Old Dog Tray Ever Faithful," and the bold tar took his seat amid

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the approving nods of the company, while the ever constant cur chewed on a bone at his feet.

It had been previously arranged that our First Lieutenant should respond to the toast, "The *Portsmouth:* the Deposed Sovereign of the Seas." He was known to have collected an immense amount of statistics, showing that nothing save a national calamity could prevent the ship in which we served from beating the 'round the Horn record of our rival by at least a week. To our great surprise we discovered that at the last moment he had abandoned the task and ignominiously flown by the first train for Washington. No one made an outward complaint, but no doubt several said to themselves "by gorsh," or something worse.

We were roused from the melancholy into which this sad event had sunk us, by an exquisitely rendered musical member. Two gray haired Ensigns sang that mighty old melody "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" accompanying themselves on guitars, Grandly sung, as only *they* could sing it, the delicious strains falling on our ears like the wild shriek of the "squedunk" with its harmonious "tin-can" and rosined string.

There is a certain glamour hanging o'er the "Stage"— not that lumbering old vehicle in which our forefathers traveled, but the temple of Melpomene and Thalia. We were not wrong in expecting an intellectual treat in the remarks that were to follow up that fruitful theme; the more so when it was known who was to be the speaker. He arose—our tragedy-loving navigator—and in measured tones began a selection from Hamlet. A yellow-waisted wasp, wheeling in his flight as if attracted by the noise within, came buzzing through the open window just as the "shooter of the sun" was exclaiming "Avaunt! and quit my sight. Thy bones are marrowless." The wasp took this as a personal affront; his bones might be mar-

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rowless but his business end was in working order, which fact he forthwith proved by a well directed blow at his traducer's nose. The tragedian howled in agony; the audience applauded, thinking it all in the play, until the unhappy nose began to swell to the size and shape of a cucumber. 'Twas then he fell, the noblest Roman of them all—fell under the table, and was left there a victim to circumstantial evidence.

Music having charms to sooth the savage, one of our Lieutenants volunteered to sing a selection from a Japanese opera that he had heard while in Tokio. The air was a taking one, and we noticed that each verse ended in loud cries for "Johnny Keene," (whoever that gentleman might have been,) who also formed the principal factor of the chorus. The Lieutenant explained that Mr. Johnny Keene was one of the Thirty-seven Rouins, and the hero of the opera. The song and the explanation met with well-merited approbation.

The pleasure of the evening narrowly escaped being marred by a misunderstanding about who should reply to the toast, "The Training System: the Cradle of the American Navy." There were three candidates. The eldest of them based his claim on length of service, and did not care to be deposed by the young man who, at the last moment, had succeeded him as Professor of Practical and Academic Branches, as taught on the *Jamestown.*—The third aspirant was a disappointed Midshipman who saw a long-looked-for opportunity for opening the vials of his wrath and pouring the contents thereof upon the navy in general. A collision was only avoided by getting up an "auction pool" on the result. Infancy drew the "Fourth of July," and old age a blank, leaving youth in possession of the "field." Flushed with victory the survivor gave the original toast the cold shoulder, and drew from his pocket a well-thumbed manuscript headed "The

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Constellations," from which he read copious selections.

One gentleman, at least, during the many who made speeches, was a complete master of his subject. This was the scientific log-heaver. He replied to the toast "Woman," and in the course of his remarks said: "There are many kinds of women. The woman with the iron jaw, woman's rights, and the woman in white! But who of these can compare with the wash-woman—that paragon of all that is beautiful? I have seen the dusky damsels of the Occidental Indies skimming over the waves in their frail barks to claim our clothing. I have seen the maidens fair who wrestle with linen in France, Germany, and Italy. But down in the depths of my heart there is ever a corner for the peer of all of them—the lovely laundress of Newport. Sirens of the soapy suds, I greet you. Long may your well-filled clothes-lines wave, o'er the land of the 'b'iled shirt' and the home of the brave."

The duties of the reporter are not always of the most pleasant, and we now come to the sad part of our tale. The strict attention to all the little matters of "Social Etiquette and Home Culture," page 235, which so strongly marked the first stage of the banquet, began now to slowly fall away. Chaos usurped the place of order, and ruled with easy hand. Would that our muddled brain could recall all that happened. Dim visions flit before our eyes—fantasies that we fain would catch, but cannot. Did we dream it, or was it true that an officer of high rank declared himself a terror from Massachusetts, and attempted to sing a song commencing, "O Malden! a gem of the ocean; a land of saltpetre and sand." Did the Colonel from Georgia and the fair-haired man from South Carolina really get into an altercation about the status of hog and hominy in Southern society? Is it possible that the ex-Secretary of the Patagonian Navy threw his friend with the fire-tong legs into

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the punch bowl, because the latter called him an animated liberty pole? and then an otherwise sedate Master danced a Highland fling in company with a State dignitary? Certainly the gentlemen could never so far forget themselves as to make "jimmy-rick-shaws" and "sand-pans" out of chairs and tables, or to make believe that they were "English, you know; just from London." These must all be the outgrowths of a diseased imagination. But the fact remains, that the meeting broke up in great disorder. Later on in the morning, before the dawn, solitary figures could be seen tacking and wearing, or backing and filling, all pointing for the New York boat, and approaching it by a loxodromic curve. The whistle sounded, the bell rang, the paddles began to revolve, and the *Bristol* moved slowly away. Our friends, where were they? Sixteen of them are known to have been shoved into the bridal chamber. Thirteen more were afterwards unearthed. They met on the hurricane deck, and chanted sadly, as the glimmering landscape faded away:

"We won't go home 'till morning,
'Till daylight doth appear."

"Once more, fellows! A rouser this time."

"We *won't*—we *won't*—well, you just bet your life we WON'T!"

VALE.

When our mess-mates of the future listen to our yarns, they will hear from us a tale of fairy land. We will tell them how, for four months, twenty-nine officers, of all ages and ranks, dwelt together in unity and concord; how everything which thought or care could suggest to promote comfort and happiness, peace and good will, was always done. We will tell them that through 120 days of rough seas and cold weather, of calms and great heat, we have clung together as one large family, full of friend-

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ship and love. We will tell them that neither the uncertain trades and head gales of the Pacific, nor the lyings to and long waits in the doldrums of the Atlantic, have been able to disturb our serenity. No petty annoyances nor trivial bickerings, no childish hatreds nor purile animosities, have marred our life in Utopia. We will tell them of an intimacy, of a feeling of kinship and of mutual understanding existing between steerage, wardroom and cabin, that has never been before. And they will listen, and would they had been of us.

To the promoters and instigators of this new order of things, we make our thanks. Our seniors have made duty, otherwise arduous and unpleasant, easy and delightful. Lives that during this long cruise would have been full of jealousies and grievances, have been made peaceful and contented. To the head and front of our ship, to the leader and mover in all generous actions, to our Commander, we would say a few words. We thank him. If his cup is as full as it deserves to be, as full as he has made ours, it must be running over. And though only the great Master has the right to say, Well done, thou good and faithful servant, we, with all reverence and with swelling hearts, say Amen.

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Vol. I. Saturday, April 8, 1882. No. 5.

LOG.

Greatest run in 24 hours	191′
Least run in 24 hours	118′
Greatest speed per hour	10′.4
Least speed per hour	1′.6
Average run for week	154′
Run to date	5078′
Latitude S	36° 44′
Longitude W	116° 22′

Week opened with cloudy and squally weather, wind N'ly and W'ly. During middle and latter part of week generally clear, with wind S'ly and W'ly in general direction. On Tuesday at about 8 p. m., was struck by a violent squall from W. S. W. Heavy rain.

Among the subjects for thought which appeared in a recent number of "9′ 51″," was the "Distribution of Fresh Water on Board Ship." In these days of improvements in naval affairs, when so much stress is laid on the subject of thick or thin sides of iron or steel for our ships, rifle or smooth bore for our ordnance, it is no wonder that a subject of such lowly importance as a *water breaker* should have escaped the notice of the Advisory Board, and, indeed, the attention of nearly every practical minded officer in the service. While changes are being made

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in every department that attends to the fitting out of ships, this relic of the days of Noah clings to the Allowance book, an incumbrance to the decks and the innocent cause of more ill-expended labor than one would suppose from its humble proportions. With the exception of convenience in boats, the *water breaker* has not a single redeeming feature. It comes on board ship as an eight to ten gallon cask, with the bung-hole in the most inaccessible place, unprovided with even a leather lip to guide the stream of water, and entirely at the mercy of the first roll when in a seaway. The Department that issues it, thinks its duty done when it has passed the port sill; and rather than make requisition for leather and timber, prefers to provide it lipless and cradleless. It is needless for me to call your attention to the daily struggles of the servants with these affairs; their staggerings to and from the fore hatch when drawing the allowance; their prodigious feats of balancing in obtaining water from them, not to speak of the numerous lashings and unlashings necessary in each case. You are all familiar with the sight. My intention is to place before you the practicablity of abandoning them altogether. One difficulty —that of drawing from them—might be obviated by introducing the ordinary faucet; but away with them altogether, relegate them to molasses and vinegar; but let our water be distributed in another way, which besides being a thousand times more convenient, involves the outlay of little or no labor. Let each officer's mess be provided with a tank, fitting overhead, capable of holding enough for a daily allowance. This tank need not extend below the beams, capacity being gained in area rather than depth. Connect each one of these tanks and the scuttle butt by means of an inch pipe, leading along the sides of the berth deck, where it could be utilized as a bag jack-stay, to a large force-pump at the fore hatch,

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the feed pipe being connected with a receiving tank in the hold. Knowing the delivery per stroke of this pump, or by using a plain water-gauge on each tank, the amount necessary for each one could easily be regulated. Each tank should of course, be in connection with the pantry, and by a system of pipes and cocks, perfectly simple in themselves, and not taking up any room, water could be distributed to any place in the officers' quarters. I can not conceive of any objection to this plan where the fittings are carefully attended to; but should they be too elaborate, there are a dozen other ways, any of which would be vastly superior to *water breakers* for the distribution of fresh water on board ship.

IN MEMORIAM.

LIEUT. FRED'K COLLINS, U. S. N.

He stood, it seems to me but yesterday,
Upon a lofty Isthmian hill, whence lay
On either side the waters of two seas;
Before him tropic jungles thick, disease,
And dreaded terror of the fever's chill.
With weakened body, but with stronger will,
This youthful chief showed there by bravest deeds
The dauntless heart. Unknown the path which leads
Through wilds beyond; yet leaving close behind
Delights of town, and village people kind,
He cries the cheery word—nor thought he'd fail—
"Onward to the Pacific cut the Trail."
Down, down through rank and poisonous dell
At duty's call, e'en to the gate of hell—
If so order read—this strong soul would go;
We're asking why, or wherefore it were so.
The clear brain, too, seeing the purposed ends,
The Nation's glory, all its vigor lends.
Self-sacrifice, indeed, he counts but naught,
If western tide to eastern streams be brought,
And ships sail thro' the fabled strait that men
Dreamed of long years ago—at Darien.
Upon the barrier of life's mystic sea
Which parts the past from the eternity

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He stood, and ever ready, ever brave,
Obeyed the order that the Father gave.
'Twas passing hard, forsooth, like this to go
Forth into new wilds, and dark river's flow
Of death, and where he must alone explore
The deep, mysterious, tangled vale once more—
That unknown vale so feared by all; and yet,
Tho' tears of wife and child and friends beget
Rebellion, 'tis but for one moment's space—
Obedience quickly gains the upper place.
With the old bravery he finds "divide"
Parting death's isthmus from the farther side;
Then slowly, surely, life's tide ebbs away,
And comes the flood of the eternal day.
And, standing on that last Pacific shore,
His glory's won, his sorrows all are o'er.

THE OLD SOLDIER—A TRAGEDY.

Captain Quid was as goodly and worthy man as ever commanded a ship,
And he was a sailor through and through,
From the toes of his boots to the tip of his queue;
The only bad thing I e'er knew him to do,
He'd oft from sobriety slip.

He commanded one time the *Virginia Plug*—a smart little vessel and tried—
And she was a vessel staunch and true;
Was built of live oak, and just brand new.
He was proud of her, and he liked his crew,
And his crew they all liked him.

But his hobby it was to keep the decks white—to keep the decks white was the law.
They were always kept as neat as a pin,
To dirty them up was a grievous sin;
And he cursed and he swore when his eyes came within
The sight of a chewed up "chaw."

One morning he came on deck from below—the morning was bright and clear—
He cast his eyes on the deck so white,
And there, in the corner, a blood-curdling sight
Met his gaze—and he shook as if with fright
Possessed; perhaps 'twas rage, not fear.

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Then down to his cabin he quickly ran—his cabin was dark and glum—
And I'm sorry to say that, to brace himself up,
He began and he drank one cup after cup
(They were full to the brim), without a hiccough,
Of the strongest Jamaica rum.

Then once more again on deck he comes, in his eyes was an ominous light,
And he yells, in a voice quite groggy and queer,
"Ho, bo'sn, you lubber! Stir your stumps and come here,
You son-of-a-sea-cook; I'll make you pay dear
For this shameful and horrible sight."

"Now call all the crew on deck," he cried; and the crew came aft on the run;
"Go get up all hawsers, and bring them aft here,
Pendant-tackles, top-bartons, and all such like gear
That we'll need for securing the yards; place it near
You lubberly sons-of-a-gun.

"'Twixt the mizzen and main rig the triatic stay"—the stay was heavy and strong—
"Through our heaviest blocks our hawsers will make
A stout purchase; the end to the capstan then take;
Get our heaviest slings and straps. I'll make you quake
And teach you a lesson 'fore long."

Such great preparations they'd ne'er seen before—indeed, 'twas a formidable sight;
So all being ready and finished at last,
They thought that the skipper—and all stood aghast—
Intended to hoist out the fore or main mast:
And it looked just as if he might.

Then out spoke the captain: "Come here, all the crew; I'll show you a sight dread and drear.
Do you see in that corner that chewed up old "chaw,"
That's been spit and ejected from some blackguard's jaw,
And's dirtied and soiled my clean deck?" How he swore
At the crew, who stood trembling with fear.

"I'll teach you a lesson, you scoundrels, to-day—ne'er forget now to use the spit-kit;
To the capstan and tackles and guys quickly run,
And we'll carefully hoist that old son-of-a-gun
Of a soldier o'erboard; his duty is done;
To remain on my deck he's not fit.

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Then, slowly and solemnly, up they hove with capstan and with yard
and stay
That poor soldier. And soon, as he sank 'neath the wave,
There was many a sob; for each one wished to save
Such a well known friend from a watery grave.
There was sadness for many a day.

But the captain, he never again did find on his decks so snowy and white
(For the crew had a lesson they never forgot)
Any dust, dirt or grease, not a speck or a spot.
And the crew all acknowledged that they were wrong, not
Their skipper—for he was right.

THE POETICAL MACHINE.

We had all gathered together in the cabin, and the proud inventor stood before us. Around him on a table were strewn the thousand and one little scientific appliances that mark the master mind. Countless wheels, yards of rubber tubing, steam gauges, electro-magnets, liver pads, thermometers and stock indicators could be seen on every hand. No one knew definitely what it all meant, but we were not to be kept long in suspense.—Clearing his throat with a prefatory "ahem," the Professor (we will call him Professor to distinguish him), proceeded to explain, "I beg to introduce to your notice this evening," he said: "My wonderful poetical Machine—"

At this point in his speech, the Professor forgot what he wanted to say, but with commendable presence of mind thrust his hand into his coat-tail pocket and brought forth a "gouge" from which he read the remaining stanzas with a reassuring smile.

"The secret of the machine itself I can not, of course, disclose, but have simply to call your attention to the general working of the system. I have here an ordinary head-rest, kindly loaned for the advance of science by a photographer. The person operated upon is placed in a chair, and his head pressed against the clamps of this rest. By an electric circuit, this is put in connection with the

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machine on the table. Now the person operated upon has only to fix his thoughts upon some subject, and my little machine reels off yard after yard of poetry upon that theme. Suppose, for example, he thinks of some common, fleshly thing like "hash." Now you all know what hash is; but behold the result. My machine weaves off something like this:

Ye mystery, that makes the whole world kin!

"You see that once in the iron grasp of my invention, even hash becomes a poetical possibility."

"Alas! I know that you are all dying to find out how the thing is done, but your curiosity is not to be gratified. I will, however, drop one dark hint. Like all my inventions, it works on a vacuum. Whether this vacuum is produced in the machine or in the head of the subject who is being operated upon, I will not say. Now who is the first victim who is willing to sacrifice himself upon the altar of science?"

A dead silence. The Professor smiled. Suddenly there was a commotion in one corner of the room, and after some scuffling, a modest Midshipman was fired into the arena, his cheeks suffused with maiden-like blushes.

"Be kind enough to take the chair, sir," said the Professor, in his blandest tones.

The Midshipman was still somewhat confused, but, with the Professor's assistance, managed to fall into the desired seat.

"I will now blind-fold the young man, in order that his attention may not be distracted by what is going on around him," continued the Professor, and the young victim squirmed as he heard it.

"I then proceed to adjust the head-rest, thus placing his brain in communication with the machine. Now, sir, fix your thoughts firmly but gently upon some subject. Are we all ready? Steady!"

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The Professor grasped the handle of the crank. The Midshipman was breathing heavily. Then came a sound like a threshing machine in distress, as the instrument rolled off several yards of paper—which had every appearance of a tape measure—that fell into a basket ready to receive it. The Professor fished it out, cut off the required quantity, and handed it to the Editor of "9′ 51″." The latter looked at it. His jaw fell and his eyes became fixed. Was it surprise or horror?

"Read it! read it!" Came from a thousand throats: The "thousand throats" is a slight exaggeration, gentle reader, due to the excitement of the moment. Call it a dozen.

It was some time before the Editor could comply with their wishes. The words seem to stick in his throat. In husky tones he read as follows:

The wheel-barrow sings in the high tree-top,
The monkey-valve goes *flipperty-flop.*
Oh, come with me in my little canoe,
And sing your *hoop-de-dooden-doo!*

As if by one common impulse, every one uncovered. We all felt that we were in the presence of something more than human. The Professor smiled for the ninety-ninth time—a cold, grim smile. Suddenly it occurred to a consumptive looking Master to ask the perspiring Midshipman upon what subject he had fixed his thoughts. The answer was a startling one.

"I was thinking," said he, slowly, "I was thinking of an IX inch gun."

Evidently a screw loose somewhere. Doubting looks clouded the faces that a moment before had been beaming with faith. The Professor hastened to the rescue.

"Let me call your attention to the beautiful evolution of thought," he said. "The gathering of the crew at quarters is, by poetical license, likened to the plaintive song of the wheel-barrow. Their agility in 'casting

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loose,' finds a responsive throb in the pulsating 'monkey-valve,' and they pull gaily away in the 'little canoe,' to set up the target. And finally, the grand climax. How beautifully is the hurling of the projectile through its dizzy trajectory expressed by that one word '*hoop-de-dooden-doo!*'"

We all fell into each others arms. The argument was overpowering. The Professor had another smiling relapse, and nodded approvingly at a bald-headed Lieutenant who came forward on the strength of his rank. He was soon put in connection with the machine. After numerous stops, caused, so the Professor said, by the probable heaviness of the subject. The following epic was reeled off:

Towser's left the half-deck, for the golden shore,
His ornamental collar is in pawn.
No more his bone he'll chew,
For they've made him into glue,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's gone.

No one was more surprised when the Lieutenant volunteered the information that he had been thinking of Joan of Arc. The similarity was evident this time. Towser and Joan had both died that their country might live.

The young Doctor was the next sufferer. He thought steadily of "Love," for full five minutes, with the following poetical result:

How doth the little 'prentice boy
With wisdom's ways absorb us;
He tied two bow-lines on a bight
And died of *cholera morbus*.

The excitement was now at fever heat. Lieutenants of long standing forgot their rank and jostled unpretending Midshipmen in the most friendly manner. Every one was anxious to get a sitting. Michael Angelo—so called, because he is one of the "Old Masters,"—declared

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that he felt like a child again, and offered to knock off ten years from his commission on the spot. All this turmoil did not for a moment disturb the equanimity of the Professor. He quietly took the applicants one by one, set them up in multiple arc, gave them a resistance of sixteen *ohms*, and ground out enough pastorals, idyls, ballads, and sonnets to stock a monthly magazine for a century. It was a proud moment for the inventor.

There was but one person in the vast throng who did not take part in the general hilarity. He sat gloomily apart, a look of scorn resting on his beautiful face. He hated the inventor from the bottom of his heart, and saw, with ill-concealed disappointment, that there was now no place in the market for his own stock of Cape Horn yarns, and Notes on the Training System. The close observer could not fail to notice that the look of scorn was rapidly turning to one of dogged determination, as the would-be villain arose and slowly made his way towards the Professor.

"Heave alongside, and splice me to your old machine," said he, hoarsely, as he gave his trousers a hitch, and rolled a quid of tobacco about the interior of his large but expressive mouth. Like all gray-haired Ensigns, he was very nautical at times.

The Professor complied with alacrity; and we soon saw by the heavy breathing, and by the nervous twitching of his fingers, that the mental giant was in the agonies of composition. The machine began to work slowly at first, as if in great pain, but soon settled down to business. The fly-wheel began to revolve with a rapidity which plainly showed that it wanted to leave its orbit and seek new fields. The engineer looked at his safety-valve; it showed fifteen knots, and still rising. The liver-pads were groaning under their weight of compressed air. The rubber tubing began to expand to the

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size of fire-hose. The electro-magnets threw off a free display of fireworks. The paper was rolled off with such frightful rapidity that it was only saved from being ignited by the presence of mind of the Professor, who had an extinguisher at hand. Suddenly there was a loud report, like the discharge of a cannon; then a crash. The air was filled with flying fragments of p. m. (poetical machine). The mental giant had been revenged; he had accomplished p. m.'s ruin.

We lifted the Professor tenderly from the debris, and placed him in a chair.

"For heaven's sake!" he cried, as he picked a fragment of the fly-wheel from his left eye, "what *were* you thinking about?"

The cruel destroyer could not hide a malicious look of triumph as he answered deliberately:

"What was I thinking of? I was thinking of a very simple subject."

"Well, what was it?" we asked.

"Relative rank in the Navy."

* * * * * *

Funeral services to-morrow, at 10 a. m. Friends of the family are cordially invited to attend.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER:

EXPERIENCED BY THE U. S. S. JAMESTOWN ON THE PASSAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., TO NEWPORT, R. I.

PART I.—PACIFIC OCEAN.

SECTION I. SAN FRANCISCO TO N. E. TRADES.—Immediately on making our offing from the Golden Gate, we picked up the prevalent northerly winds, and carried them as a steady stiff breeze to 24° N. and 119° W. The weather was clear and pleasant, and the current the usual coast stream, setting to the southward with a mean velocity of about 0.6 knots per hour. The barometer, however, was unusually high, as is shown by the following table:

	Jamestown Bar.	Normal Bar.
Lat. 40° to 35° N.	30.37 in.	29.62 in.
Lat. 35° to 30° N.	30.26 in.	29.75 in.
Lat. 30° to 25° N.	30.24 in.	29.82 in.

These figures may be accounted for by the fact that there had been a calm off the coast for some time previous to our departure, and that consequently the Polar wind blew with more than its customary force, thus causing a rise in the mercury.

SECTION II. THE TRADE WIND REGION.—On March 7th, in 23° N. 119° W., we were just within the trade wind belt laid down for this season, and the wind shifted to northward and eastward, and eastward, with a gradually falling barometer.

The N. E. trades were more or less squally, varying from a fresh to a gentle breeze. The current westerly, with a velocity of 0.5 knots per hour. In 10° N., 119° W., with threatening weather, the S. E. trades set in, and with clearing weather we carried them across the Equator to 13° S. and 129° W., where they were lost. They never blew as strongly as the N. E. The current was generally 0.9 knots, westerly except just after we lost the

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S. E. trades, when there was a slight set to the southward and eastward.

The anomalies presented in the trade zone were, therefore, as follows: The N. E. winds should not have been as steady as the S. E.; they were both steadier and stronger. They should have been carried to 5° N.; whereas the S. E. set in at 10° N. In fact, the wind changed so gradually that it was difficult to draw any dividing line between the two trades. There was no equatorial calm, nor any counter current. The belt of S. E. trades, laid down for March, as existing between 6° N. 27° S., ended with us at 13° S., and the wind, from the line to this parallel, never blew more than a gentle breeze.

The barometer, though 0.4 in. above the normal at 23° N., fell to its proper height—29.95 in.—on crossing the Equator, and was 30.06 in. at 13° S.

Section III. From 13° S. to 30° S.—After leaving 13° S. we experienced the most anomalous weather. A short calm was, on March 25th, succeeded by a light breeze from the northward and westward, and a long swell from the same direction. The wind became squally and strong as it hauled to the westward, with vivid lightning. From the electric phenomena and the low barometer (29.79 in.), it may be inferred that there had been an equinoctial storm in the neighborhood of the Marquesas Islands. Variable winds are not uncommon in this archipelago; and when the trades are interrupted, violent gales sometimes affect large areas of the Pacific.

Between 20° and 25° S., and 120° and 125° W., both wind and weather were exceedingly variable. Between 25° and 30° S., north-westerly and westerly winds prevailed, with occasional heavy rain squalls, during which wind hauled to the westward. The sea, however, was smooth; and the barometer remained near the normal

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(29.89), showing that the atmospheric disturbance was local.

SECTION IV. THE SOUTH TEMPERATE ZONE.—We had now, on April 4th, passed the extreme trade wind limit, and from 31° S., 123° W., to 38° S., 117° W., experienced southerly and westerly winds, which were at times very fresh, and generally squally. These winds occasioned little or no current. The barometer had been gradually going up from 29.99 in. to 30.34 in., and still rising. The S. W. winds should have grown stronger. Instead, a calm; and then, on April 10th, a northerly wind, blowing at first stiffly from N. E., with *clearing* weather and, stranger still, the mercury still rising, until on the 11th, in 43° S., it attained the extraordinary height of 30.52 in.

We held the N. wind until reaching 49° S. and 103° W., the weather gradually becoming damp and finally rainy, and the breeze increasing to a gale toward the lower latitude. In all this region the glass never once foretold the coming of the wind, but invariably acted with it. In fact, the force of the wind at the moment could be known by noting the fluctuation in the level of mercury. On April 15th, the barometer reached 29.50 in. just as the northerly wind had expended its force.

SECTION V. CAPE HORN REGION.—On April 15th, in 50° S. and 101° W., we entered the region of the "brave westerly winds," and experienced them during the remainder of the passage to the Horn with all their characteristics as described in the Sailing Directions. First, a gale from the south, with hail and sleet, barometer as low as 29.36 in. and rising *after* wind had expended its force.

Between 50° and 55° S., and 90° and 95° W., westerly and north-westerly winds prevailed with sudden and strong shifts to S. W., and cold sleety weather; the wind becoming a gale near 85° W., the barometer rising and

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reaching 29.91 in. *after* the wind had abated to a stiff breeze.

Between 55° and 60° S., and 75° and 80° W., we lay to in a very strong gale from the northward. Barometer continually falling, *with* the wind, from 29.82 in., to 29.26 in. The mercury then rose to 29.37 in., but in another gale at 57° S., it again fell *with* the wind to 28.82 in. On April 22d, at 1 p. m., the force of the wind was 11, deviation N. N. W., and at 4 p. m., the glass read 28.66 in. after the wind had abated. This was the end of the bad weather in the Pacific, and we passed the meridian of the Horn in 58° 30′ S., with pleasant weather, light easterly airs and a calm, April 24th, 52 days from San Francisco.

PART II.—THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

Section I. Cape Horn Region.—We entered the Atlantic with calm, foggy weather, and variable winds, accompanied with rain and sleet. We carried this weather to the northward and eastward of the Falkland Islands. The current near this group branching into two streams, setting around the eastern and western ends of the Archipelago. We also noticed the frequent changes in the temperature of the sea water, as mentioned in the Sailing Directions.

For two days after leaving the meridian of the Horn, the barometer averaged 0.06 inches below the normal, and at one time sunk as low as 28.82 inches, in 58° S. and 64° W., the light breeze remaining steady at S. by E. The mercury then gradually rose to 29.54 inches, in 55° S., and 60° 30′ W.; but with no perceptible effect on wind or weather.

The winds between 50° and 55° S., had more decided westings in them, they never blew strongly for any length of time, and rain and sleet accompanied the S. W. wind.

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It may be well to note here, that we obtained several casts of the lead over Pottinger's bank. The soundings agreed with those laid down upon the charts. Vessels unable to sight Cape Horn can thus approximately determine the error of their chronometers.

It will be seen by referring to the Cape Horn region of the Pacific, that a marked fall in the barometer was in all cases accompanied with more or less wind, whereas in the Atlantic, the mercury not only kept well below the normal but sudden changes meant nothing, as far as wind or weather were concerned.

Section II. The South Temperate Zone.—On May 1st in 47° S., and 46° W., we experienced a heavy, though short gale from N. W. The barometer having been slowly rising to the normal 29.74 in., just as the gale set in, fell *with* the wind to 29.47 in., just as the lull came; this storm was succeeded, on May 3rd, by a calm, and, on May 4th, by another gale from northward and westward, lasting for eight hours. The mercury fell 0.06 in., during the first hour of this blow, and reached 29.54 in., when the wind was the stormiest.

The wind during the next two days was very variable, both in direction and force; the barometer tending towards the normal 28.80 in., but always below it.

On May 6th, in 42° S., and 34° W., the weather again became threatening, and the mercury fell from 29.78 in., to 29.50 in., when a fierce gale set in from northward, carrying the barometer down to 28.90 in. On May 7th, during this gale, we experienced the roughest sea of the whole cruise.

The wind then gradually hauled to the westward, the southward, and southward and eastward, during the next five days, during which time it never blew more than a fresh breeze. The current suddenly changing on May 8th—with

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a rise in the temperature of the sea-water—from an easterly to a north-westerly set. Towards 30° S., the stream became more westerly, the average velocity being about 1 knot per hour.

On May 12th, the barometer having been well above the normal, suddenly fell from 30.00 in. to 29.81, during a three hours strong gale from the eastward, the mercury then sunk 0.07 in. lower after the blow was over. This was our last storm in the South Atlantic, and for three days we had the *traditional* west winds of this region; the barometer gradually rising to the normal 30.06 in., in 23° S., and 23° W. The anomalies of wind, weather and barometer were less in this region than in any we had as yet passed through since leaving San Francisco.

SECTION III. THE S. E. TRADE WIND REGION.—The ship was on May 26th on the borders of the Trades, in 22° S., and after a calm and variable airs for two days, the easterly wind set in, in 20° S., and 23° West, the spot laid down for May in the Sailing Directions.

The wind was generally well to the eastward; beginning as a stiff breeze, it gradually became more moderate, carried us across the Line, and left us in 5° N., and 36° W. The barometer though ranging from 0.2 in. to 0.02 in., above the normal, showed few fluctuations.

The current was westerly with an average velocity of nearly 1 knot per hour, and the usual peculiarities of the trade wind region were observed.

SECTION IV. THE EQUATORIAL CALM-BELT, AND N. E., TRADE WIND REGION.—From May 28th to 30th, we were in the Doldrums, with the customary showers and disagreeable weather, the current however was still setting to the westward, although at this season there should have been an easterly drift.

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One degree north of the southern limit of the trades for June, the wind came out from N. E. by N., in 7° N., and 38° W., and on May 31st, settled down to a stiff breeze from N. E., and gradually hauling to the eastward and southward and eastward, carried us to 24° N. and 62° W. The current through this region was westerly and southerly and westerly, with an average velocity of 0.6 knots to 20° N. The barometer varied slightly from the normal and showed few fluctuations.

SECTION V. FROM THE N. E. TRADES TO NEWPORT, R. I.—We should have carried the trades to 28° N. at this season, but light westerly airs and calms prevailed from June 9th to 17th, when, in 30° N. and 66° W. a steady wind set in from westward, and southward and westward, carrying us to 36° N. and 71° W. We then, on the night of June 19th and 20th, crossed the Gulf Stream, the wind increasing suddenly at the southern edge to a heavy gale, accompanied with heavy and very warm rain. The low dense clouds were charged with electricity, and the barometer fell from 30.00 in. to 29.85 in. in five hours, rising again to 30.00 in. as the weather improved during the next ten hours. During the remainder of the voyage we experienced light northerly and westerly winds, and at 1 a. m., June 23d, sighted Montauk light, dead ahead. We anchored in Newport harbor at 11 a. m., 112 days and one hour from San Francisco.

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SOME FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE JAMESTOWN.

Launched at Gosport, Va., in 1844. Tonnage 888. Length between perpendiculars 163 feet. Draft 18 feet. Beam 36 feet. Best sailing trim 6 to 18 inches by the stern.

Sister ship to *Portsmouth*.

Greatest speed, 11 knots on the wind; 13 knots, wind free.

The *Jamestown*, Commander Robert B. Cunningham, went into commission for the first time at the Navy Yard, Gosport, Va., on the 25th day of December, 1844, at 9 a. m.

That she started out a "a taut" ship the following quotation from her log of three days later, is sufficient evidence: "Punished the following men with 12 lashes of the cat, each for fighting and disorderly conduct, viz:" here follow six names.

"Jan. 1, 1845. The U. S. S. *Portsmouth* was towed up to the Navy Yard."

Jan. 23, 1845. "Hoisted the broad pennant of Commodore C. W. S. Skinner."

Jan. 25, 1845. The *Portsmouth* and the *Jamestown* got underway together, and stood out to sea. For two weeks they kept company, noting each others points like gladiators before the fight; presumably from this time dates the *Jamestown's* faculty of beating, a habit that we know she has not lost. In a gale of wind on the 7th of February, in Lat. 28° 55′ N., Long. 35° 17′ W., "Lost sight of a sail, supposed to be the *Portsmouth*, broad off the lee bow."

On the 17th of February, the *Jamestown* reached Porto Praya, and here we have incontrovertible proof that she was cut out for a sailer, destined for many gales and

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many climates, in the following entry in her log for the 19th: "Received from the U. S. Storeship *Erie*, 8 barrels of *Whiskey*, 6 barrels of *Beans*."

These few evidences of future greatness, as they say in biographies, are all that space allow; thenceforward her logs are a recital of races, adventures, gales, and incidents accompanying voyages to all known seas. "9′ 51″." is a chapter from the volumes of her history, enlivened and exaggerated perhaps, but with no more material than another.

On the 27th of June, 1846, she left Porto Praya, homeward bound, and on Aug. 16, of the same year, at the Boston Yard, she terminated her first commission.

Prior to her next cruise, the masts of the *Jamestown*, which had previously raked considerably, were stayed nearly upright, and subsequently both the heighth of her masts and the size of her yards were reduced, as she had a reputation of being top-heavy. During her recent cruise around the Horn, it took very little wind to give the ship a slight list, but once "down to her bearings," she was very stiff and heeled no more with an increase in the breeze.

The following description of the *Jamestown's* second cruise, is kindly contributed by Capt. R. B. Forbes:

On the 22d of February, 1847, Boston merchants petitioned Congress for the loan of one or more ships of the United States, for the purpose of carrying provisions to the famine stricken people of Ireland. Through the active instrumentality of the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, a joint resolution was passed on the third day of March, on the very eve of the closing of the sesssion, of which I give you a full copy.

TWENTY-NINTH CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

At the second session began and held at the city of

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Washington on the seventh day of December, eighteen hundred and forty-six—

A resolution authorizing the employment of the United States Ships *Macedonian* and *Jamestown* in transporting provisions for the famishing poor of Ireland and Scotland.

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,

That the Secretary of the Navy be, and he is hereby authorized to place at the disposition of Captain George C. DeKay of New Jersey, the United States Ship *Macedonian*, for the purpose of transporting to the famishing poor of Ireland and Scotland, such contributions as may be made for their relief; and that the Secretary be also authorized to place at the disposal of Captain Robert B. Forbes of Boston, the United States Sloop of War *Jamestown*, for the like purpose, or if the Secretary shall be of opinion that the public interest will be better subserved thereby, he is authorized to despatch said vessels upon the service aforesaid as public Ships.

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Speaker of the House.
DAVID A. ATCHINSON,
Pres't. of the Senate, *pro tempore*.

Approved,
JAMES K. POLK.
March 3, 1847.

Whereupon, the Secretary J. Y. Mason, ordered Captain F. H. Parker, Commandant of the Navy Yard, Boston, to remove all but two guns; to fit the Ship for sea and to place her at the disposal of the writer.

The ship was placed at my disposal because my name happened to be at the head of the list of Boston merchants alluded to. I immediately placed her capacity at the disposal of the committee of relief consisting of

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prominent merchants over whom Josiah Quincy, Jr., the mayor of Boston, presided.

On the 17th day of March, (St. Patrick's Day) the ship began to receive cargo, put on board by Irishmen. On the 26th the loading was finished; on Sunday the 28th, at 8:30 a. m., she cast off from the Navy Yard and went to sea with a favorable breeze accompanied by the tug boat *R. B. Forbes* containing the members of the relief committee.* Off Boston Light, the tug was ordered to come under the port quarter of the ship when Mr. Phillips, the pilot, was dropped on to her deck by means of the spanker vang. On the 12th of April at 3:30 o'clock p. m., anchored in the outer harbor of Cork, and soon afterwards received a visit from an officer of the flag ship *Crocodile*, proffering the services of Adm. Sir Hugh Pigot. On the 22d of April, at 3:30 p. m., the *Jamestown* left her anchorage and proceeded to sea in tow of Her Majesty's steamer *Zephyr*, and at 5 she cast off. On Sunday, May 16th, at 9 a. m., came to off the Navy Yard, Boston, exactly seven weeks from the start. The same pilot was found off Boston Light to take us in.

The crew of the ship on this memorable voyage consisted of the following persons:

R. B. Forbes; Messrs. F. W. Macondray, chief mate; James D. Farwell, 2d mate, volunteers. Messrs. Foote and White, 3d and 4th mates, on pay. Dr. Luther Parks, volunteer; and a crew of 43 men.

To go into a full history of the voyage would occupy too much space. I shall therefore close this brief sketch by saying that the cargo consisted of about 800 tons of provisions, contributed by the people of New England, and costing nearly $39,000, of which Boston contributed about $30,000. A collection was taken up in the churches of Boston amounting to $3,076.69, to defray the cost of manning and victualing the ship, of which sum $1,365.12

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were returned to the relief committee, showing the cost of the voyage to have been only $1,711.52. This small outlay was owing to the fact that provisions, ice, wages, chronometers and other things were contributed by individuals, and by the British Government through Admiral Pigot.

This sketch would be incomplete without stating the fact or the causes of the fact—that *on our return on the 6th of May*, the *Macedonian* was off the battery at New York, with only about 2500 barrels of cargo on board. The Boston Relief Committee at my request, offered to finish the lading and did so, by sending about 5000 barrels on board; the Bill of Lading was placed in charge of the Rev. E. T. Taylor, the Ship sailed in June, and returned in October. The large expenses were paid by Capt. DeKay, amounting to about $30,000. After some delay he recovered nearly the whole amount from Congress and soon after died.

The contrast between the two voyages was very marked; one full of sympathy and pleasure, the other full of trouble and regrets."

R. B. FORBES.

Lack of time prevents us from obtaining any particulars concerning the succeeding cruises of the Ship, except those contained in the following table:

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Commissioned.	At.	Went out of Commission.	At.	Station on which served.	Commanding Officer.	REMARKS.
July 13, 1847.	Boston.	May 11, 1850.	Norfolk.	West coast of Africa.	Com'd'r Samuel Mercer.	Bore broad pennant of Commodore W. C. Bolton.
April15,1851.	Norfolk.	May 11, 1854.	Phila.	S. Atlantic.	Capt. S. W. Downing.	Bore broad pennant of Commodore Crabbe.
Feb. 22, 1855.	Phila.	June 6, 1857.	Phila.	N. Atlantic, then West coast of Africa.	Com'd'r F. B. Ellison.	July 16, 1855, Commander Ellison returned to U. S. on sick leave. Lieut. J. F. Armstrong commanded until Comd'r J. H. Ward arrived, April,'56.
Dec. 16, 1857.	Phila.	Feb. 14, 1860.	Phila.	N. Atlantic.	Com'd'r C. H. Kennedy.	
June 5, 1861.	Phila.	Sept. 17, 1865.	Mare Island, Cal.	N. Atlantic Blockading, then China.	Com'd'r C. Green, then Capt. C. Price.	Arrived off Charleston, S. C., July 3. On Aug. 5 drove ashore and burned the bark *Alvarado*. On Aug. 31 captured sch'r *Aigabrth*. On Sept. 4 captured and sunk sch'r *Col. Long*. On Dec. 15 captured sloop *Havelock*. On May 1, 1862, captured brig *Intended*. Capt. Price relieved Com'r Green Sept. 25, 1862. Sailed for China *via* Cape of Good Hope Oct. 3, 1862. Left Hong Kong June 17, 1865, arrived at San Francisco Aug. 8.
Sept. 3, 1866.	Mare Island, Cal.	Aug. 13, 1868.	Mare Island, Cal.	North Pacific	Com'd'r C. J. McDougal.	Cruised along Mexican coast, Panama, etc. Afterward went as Store Ship to Sitka and remained 15 months.

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Left Mare Island in June, 1879, and relieved the U. S. S. *Alaska* in July. Remained until August, 1881.

By permission, we publish a memorandum kept by the Executive Officer during her stay in this port. It will give an idea of some of the duties a man-of-war can perform without going to sea.

"Built houses, wharves and boats. Cleared forests. Developed and encouraged fisheries. Located and worked mines. Run a government. Tried and punished offenders. Established and supported schools—Sunday and day. Governed tribes of Indians far and near. Traveled thousands of miles in steam launches in winter and summer. Kept order and regularity without detailed instructions, and performed more work and made less noise about it than any other Ship in the service.

We made extensive surveys, and discovered many dangers to navigation. We opened new routes and shortened old ones. We tended the sick, fed the hungry, sheltered the homeless, supplied the destitute, and buried the dead. We set the traveler and wanderer on his way and protected him therein. We abolished slavery, made and enforced treaties between tribes, settled disputes of long standing, and stopped actual warfare. We taught improvident savages cleanliness and thrift. We extinguished fires.

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Commissioned.	At.	Went out of Commission.	At.	Station on which served.	Commanding Officer.	REMARKS.
Jan. 26, 1869.	Mare Island, Cal.	Oct. 7, 1871.	Mare Island, Cal.	N. Pacific.	Com'd'r W. T. Truxtun, then Com'd'r B. Gheradi.	Sailed in Feb. for Mazattan; 32 cases of small-pox during passage.—Surveyed Tapalabamps Bay. Sailed from Panama 21st Aug.; touched at Marquesas Islands, and arrived at Fiji Islands on 20th of October; thence made a passage of 78 days to San Francisco. The next year was spent cruising in Sandwich and other islands to the westward. Com'd'r Gheradi relieved Com'd'r Truxtun Jan. 19, 1871.
Mar. 16, 1876.	Mare Island, Cal.	Mar. 3, 1879.	Mare Island, Cal.	N. Pacific.	Com'd'r Henry Glass.	School Ship for State of California. Made four trips to and from the Sandwich Islands.
May 8, 1879.	Mare Island, Cal.	Sept. 21, 1881.	Mare Island, Cal.	N. Pacific.	Com'd'r L. A. Beardslee, then Com'd'r Henry Glass.	Memorandum below.
Feb. 14, 1882.	Mare Island, Cal.				Com'd'r A. D. Brown.	

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The following is a list of the *Jamestown's* Officers, on her cruise around Cape Horn.

Allan D. Brown, Commander, Commanding.

George W. Pigman, Lieut.-Commander, Executive Officer.

Jacob W. Miller, Lieutenant, Navigator.

John M. Hawley, " Senior Watch Officer.

Richard G. Davenport, " Watch Officer.

John O. Nicolson, Master, Watch Officer.

Frederick B. Vinton, Ensign, Watch Officer.

Ridgely Hunt, " " "

William Braunersreuther, "

William S. Hogg, "

Albert G. Winterhalter, "

Thomas M. Brumby, "

Harry S. Knapp, Midshipman.

Chas. N. Atwater, "

William C. Canfield, "

Robert S. Sloan, "

Chas. H. Harlow, "

John Gibson, "

John A. Dougherty, "

John H. Gibbons, "

John L. Purcell, "

Maurice L. Read, "

George S. Welsh, Cadet-Midshipman.

Patrick W. Howrigan, " "

Benjamin S. Mackie, Surgeon.

Thomas C. Craig, Assistant-Surgeon.

James H. Chapman, " Paymaster.

William Anderson, Boatswain.

Henry Williams, Carpenter.

And a crew of 124 men, including servants and marines.

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